

BALLADS



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THE GAY GOSS-HAWK

O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave.

The Academy Classics

BALLADS

AND

OTHER NARRATIVE POEMS

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

MAUDE M. HALL

WINTHROP COLLEGE

ROCK HILL, SOUTH CAROLINA



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ALLEN AND BACON

BOSTON

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DALLAS

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PREFACE

THE ballad is especially suited to pupils of junior high school age. It tells a story in a simple, vigorous, unaffected way, with unconscious charm. The poems presented in this collection are, for the most part, straightforward tales of high adventure and splendid achievement. In addition to its suitable theme, the ballad is written in a simple meter, free from the complexities that often deter young people from reading poetry.

Old English and Scotch ballads vivify English history. They present the splendid pageantry of outlaws, knights, churchmen, and yeomanry, and prepare the young reader for keen enjoyment of such novels as *Ivanhoe*, *Quentin Durward*, *The White Company*, and *The Black Arrow*.

In addition to the traditional ballads, examples of modern ballads and other narrative poems are included, selected because they tell stories of valor, or humor, or fantasy, and portray men and women engaged in thrilling adventure.

Difficulties in vocabulary have been cleared up in footnotes to insure, as Professor Child said, "more comfortable reading," and finer enjoyment of the poetical qualities of the ballad. The notes and questions on individual poems offer the pupil a helping hand over difficult places, in order that he may read with understanding and delight.

M. M. H.

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TRADITIONAL BALLADS

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

I

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince that was called King John;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

II

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry, 3
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his housekeeping and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

III

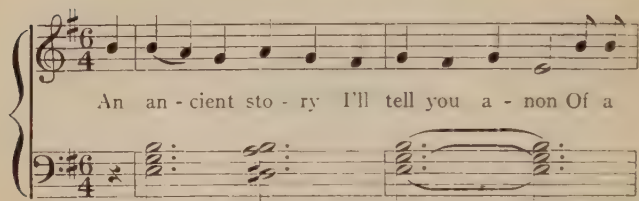
An hundred men the king did heare say, 10
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

IV

"How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee;
And for thy housekeeping and high renowne, 15
I feare thou work'st treason against my crowne."

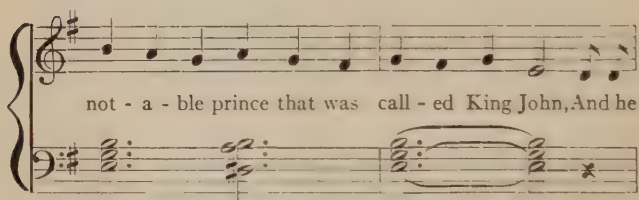
LINE 1. anon: at once, immediately. 11. chaynes:
chains — here men who wore chains. 14. farre: far.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY



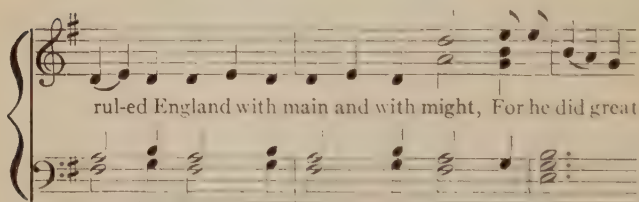
An an - cient sto - ry I'll tell you a - non Of a

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter note on G4, followed by eighth notes on A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, and A5. The bass staff provides accompaniment with chords and rests.



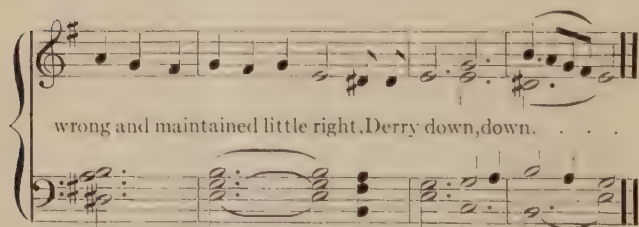
not - a - ble prince that was call - ed King John, And he

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody includes a half note on B4 and a quarter note on A4. The bass staff accompaniment features chords and a final rest.



rul-ed England with main and with might, For he did great

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody includes a half note on G4 and a quarter note on F#4. The bass staff accompaniment features chords and a final rest.



wrong and maintained little right, Derry down, down. . . .

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody includes a half note on E4 and a quarter note on D4. The bass staff accompaniment features chords and a final rest.

From *Musical Illustrations of Percy's Reliques* by Rimbault

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury

V

“My liege,” quo’ the abbot, “I would it were knowne
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;
And I trust your grace will doe me no deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.”

20

VI

“Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

VII

“And first,” quo’ the king, “when I’m in this stead, 25
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

VIII

“Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.”

30

IX

“O these are hard questions for my shallow witt.
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weeks’ space,
I’ll do my endeavor to answer your grace.”

35

LINE 17. quo’: quoth, said. 19. deere: injury. 20. geere: possessions. 22. dye: die. 25. stead: place.

Traditional Ballads

X

“Now three weeks’ space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
40 Thy lands and the livings are forfeit to mee.”

XI

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

XII

45 Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold:
“How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from good King John?”

XIII

“Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
50 That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

XIV

“The first is to tell him, there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so faire on his head,
55 Among all his liege-men so noble of birthe,
To within one penny of what he is worthe.



"Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give."

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury

XV

“The seconde, to tell him without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke.”

60

XVI

“Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never heare yet,
That a fool he may learne a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answe're youre quarrel.

XVII

“Nay, frowne not, if it hath bin told unto me,
I am like your lordship, as ever may be;
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall know us at fair London towne.”

65

XVIII

“Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our fader the pope.”

70

LINE 71. **crozier**: cross-tipped staff carried by a bishop.
mitre: official headdress of a bishop. **rochet**: ceremonial
garment of a bishop. **cope**: mantle worn by a bishop.
72. **fader**: father.

Traditional Ballads

XIX

“Now welcome, sire abbot,” the king he did say,
“ ’Tis well thou’rt come back to keepe thy day :
75 For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both savèd shall be.

XX

“And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
80 Tell me to one penny what I am worthe.”

XXI

“For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have bin told,
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than he.”

XXII

85 The king he laughed, and swore by Saint Bittel,
“I did not think I had been worth so littel !
— Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about.”

XXIII

“You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
90 Until the next morning he riseth againe ;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you’ll ride it about.”

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury

XXIV

The king he laughed, and swore by Saint Jone,
"I did not think it could be gone so soone!
— Now from the third question thou must not shrink, 95
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

XXV

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;
You thinke I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me." 100

XXVI

The king he laughed, and swore by the Masse,
"I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write ne reade."

XXVII

"Four nobles a week then I will give thee, 105
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto me;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John."

LINE 93. Saint Jone: St. John. 104. ne: nor. 105. nobles:
A noble was a coin valued at about six shillings and eight pence.

RIDDLES WISELY EXPOUNDED

I

There was a knight riding frae the east,
Jennifer gentle an' rosemaree.
Who had been wooing at monie a place,
As the dew flies ower the mulberry tree.

II

5 He cam' unto a widow's door,
And speird whare her three dochters were.

III

The auldest ane's to a washing gane,
The second's to a baking gane.

IV

10 The youngest ane's to a wedding gane,
And it will be nicht or she be hame.

V

He sat him down upon a stane,
Till thir three lasses cam' tripping hame.

LINE 2. This line has no meaning that anyone can find out, but it and line 4 were sung in each stanza, as a refrain.
3. monie: many. 6. speird: asked. whare: where.
dochters: daughters. 7. auldest: oldest. ane's: one is.
gane: gone. 10. nicht: night. or: before. 11. doun:
down. stane: stone. 12. thir: those.

Riddles Wisely Expounded

VI

The auldest ane she let him in,
And pin'd the door wi' a siller pin.

VII

The second ane she made his bed,
And laid saft pillows unto his head.

15

VIII

The youngest ane was bauld and bricht,
And she tarried for words wi' this unco knight.

IX

"Gin ye will answer me questions ten,
The morn ye sall be made my ain.

20

X

"O what is higher nor the tree?
And what is deeper nor the sea?

XI

"Or what is heavier nor the lead?
And what is better nor the breid?

XII

"O what is whiter nor the milk?
Or what is safter nor the silk?

25

-
- LINE 14. pin'd: pinned, fastened with the silver pin or peg.
17. bauld: bold. bricht: bright. 18. unco: uncanny.
19. Gin: if. 20. sall: shall. ain: own. 21. nor: than.
24. breid: bread.

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Traditional Ballads

XIII

“Or what is sharper nor a thorn?
Or what is louder nor a horn?”

XIV

30 “Or what is greener nor the grass?
Or what is waur nor a woman was?”

XV

“O heaven is higher nor the tree,
And hell is deeper nor the sea.

XVI

“O sin is heavier nor the lead,
The blessing’s better nor the breid.

XVII

35 “The snaw is whiter nor the milk,
And the down is safter nor the silk.

XVIII

“Hunger is sharper nor a thorn,
And shame is louder nor a horn.

XIX

40 “The pies are greener nor the grass,
And Clootie’s waur nor a woman was.”

LINE 30. waur: worse. 39. pies: magpies. 40. Clootie’s: the devil is.

Riddles Wisely Expounded

XX

As sune as she the fiend did name,
 Jennifer gentle an' rosemarce,
He flew awa in a blazing flame,
 As the dew flies ower the mulberry tree.

LINE 41. sune: soon. 43. awa: away.

PROUD LADY MARGARET

I

'Twas on a night, an evening bright,
When the dew began to fa',
Lady Margaret was walkin' up and doun,
Looking ower the castle wa'.

II

5 She lookit east, she lookit west,
To see what she could spy,
When a gallant knight cam' in her sight,
And to the gate drew nigh.

III

10 "God mak' you safe and free, fair maid,
God mak' you safe and free!"
"O sae fa' you, ye stranger knight,
What is your will wi' me?"

IV

15 "It's I am come to this castle,
To seek the love o' thee;
And if ye grant me not your love
All for your sake I'll die."

LINE 2. fa': fall. 4. wa': wall. 5. lookit: looked.
11. sae fa' you: may it be so to you also.

Proud Lady Margaret

V

“If ye should die for me, young man,
There’s few for ye will maen;
For mony a better has died for me,
Whose graves are growing green.” 20

VI

“O winna ye pity me, fair maid,
O winna ye pity me?
Hae pity for a courteous knight,
Whose love is laid on thee.”

VII

“Ye say ye are a courteous knight, 25
But I misdoubt ye sair;
I think ye’re but a miller lad,
By the white clothes ye wear.

VIII

“But ye maun read my riddle,” she said,
“And answer me questions three; 30
And but ye read them richt,” she said,
“Gae stretch ye out and die.

IX

“What is the fairest flower, tell me,
That grows on muir or dale?
And what is the bird, the bonnie bird, 35
Sings next the nightingale?
And what is the finest thing,” she says,
“That king or queen can wale?”

LINE 18. **maen:** mourn. 21. **winna:** will not. 29. **maun:** must. 31. **but ye:** if ye do not. richt: right 32. **Gae:** go. 34. **muir:** moor. 38. **wale:** choose, select.

Traditional Ballads

X

40 "The primrose is the fairest flower,
 That springs on muir or dale;
The mavis is the sweetest bird
 Next to the nightingale;
And yellow gowd's the finest thing,
 That king or queen can wale."

XI

45 "But what is the little coin," she said.
 "Wad buy my castle boun'?"
And what's the little boat," she said,
 "Can sail the warld all roun'?"

XII

50 "O hey, how mony small pennies
 Mak' thrice three thousand poun'?"
O hey, how mony small fishes
 Swim a' the saut sea roun'?"

XIII

55 "I think ye are my match," she said,
 "My match, an' something mair;
Ye are the first ere got the grant
 Of love frae my father's heir.

LINE 43. gowd's: gold is. 46. Wad: would. boun': domain. 52. saut: salt. 54. mair: more.

Proud Lady Margaret

XIV

“My father was lord o’ nine castles,
My mither lady o’ three;
My father was lord o’ nine castles,
And there’s nane to heir but me, 60
Unless it be Willie, my ae brither,
But he’s far ayont the sea.”

XV

“If your father’s lord o’ nine castles,
Your mither lady o’ three;
It’s I am Willie, your ae brither, 65
Was far ayont the sea.”

XVI

“If ye be my brither Willie,” she said,
“As I doubt sair ye be,
This nicht I’ll neither eat nor drink,
But gae alang wi’ thee.” 70

XVII

“Ye’ve owre ill-washen feet, Margaret,
And owre ill-washen hands,
And owre coarse robes on your body,
Alang wi’ me to gang.

LINE 61. ae: one. 62. ayont: beyond. 69. nicht: night.
71. owre ill-washen: very poorly washed, dirty.

Traditional Ballads

XVIII

75 "The worms they are my bedfellows,
 And the cauld clay my sheet,
And the higher that the wind does blaw,
 The sounder do I sleep.

XIX

80 "My body's buried in Dumfermline,
 Sae far ayont the sea :
But day nor night nae rest can I get,
 A' for the pride of thee.

XX

85 "Leave aff your pride, Margaret," he says ;
 "Use it not ony mair,
Or, when ye come where I hae been,
 Ye will repent it sair.

XXI

90 "Cast aff, cast aff, sister," he says,
 "The gowd band frae your croun ;
For if ye gang where I hae been,
 Ye'll wear it laigher doun.

XXII

 "When ye are in the gude kirk set,
 The gowd pins in your hair,
Ye tak' mair delight in your feckless dress,
 Than in your mornin' prayer.

LINE 76. cauld: cold. 88. croun: head. 90. laigher: lower.
93. feckless: worthless.

Proud Lady Margaret

XXIII

“And when ye walk in the kirkyard,
And in your dress are seen,
There is nae lady that spies your face,
But wishes your grave were green.” 95

XXIV

“Ye’re straight and tall, handsome withal,
But your pride owergangs your wit;
If ye do not your ways refrain,
In Pirie’s chair ye’ll sit.” 100

XXV

“In Pirie’s chair ye’ll sit, I say,
The lowest seat in hell;
If ye do not amend your ways,
It’s there that ye maun dwell!” 105

XXVI

Wi’ that he vanished frae her sight,
In the twinkling of an eye;
And naething mair the lady saw
But the gloomy clouds and sky.” 110

LINE 100. owergangs: is greater than.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

I

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

II

5 They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word cam' to the carline wife,
That her three sons were gane.

III

10 They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word cam' to the carline wife,
That her sons she'd never see.

IV

15 "I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fashes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me,
In earthly flesh and blood!"

LINE 5. hadna: had not. 6. ane: one. 7. cam': came.
carline wife: old peasant woman. 8. gane: gone.
14. fashes in the flood: troubles on the sea. 15. hame: home.

The Wife of Usher's Well

V

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons cam' hame,
And their hats were o' the birk. 20

VI

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneugh.

VII

"Blow up the fire, now, maidens mine, 25
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Sin' my three sons are well."

VIII

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide; 30
And she's happed her mantle them about,
Sat down at the bed-side.

IX

Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said, 35
"'Tis time we were away.

LINE 18. lang: long. mirk: dark. 20. their hats were
o' the birk: they wore a bit of birch in their hats. 21. syke:
marsh. 22. ony: any. sheugh: trench. 24. eneugh: enough.
28. Sin': since. 31. happed: wrapped.

Traditional Ballads

X

“The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin’ worm doth chide;
Gin we be miss’d out o’ our place,
40 A sair pain we maun bide.”

XI

“Lie still, lie still a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother should miss us when she wakes,
She’ll go mad ere it be day.”

XII

45 O it’s they’ve ta’en up their mother’s mantle,
And they’s hanged it on the pin:
“O lang may ye hing, my mother’s mantle,
Ere ye hap us again!

XIII

“Fare-ye-weel, my mother dear!
50 Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare-ye-weel, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother’s fire.”

LINE 37. *craw*: crow. *daw*: dawn. 38. *channerin’ worm doth chide*: fretting worm doth scold. 39. *Gin*: if. 40. *sair*: sore. *maun*: must. *bide*: endure. 46. *pin*: peg. 47. *hing*: hang. 48. *hap*: wrap. 50. *byre*: cow stable.

THOMAS THE RHYMER

I

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank ;
A ferlie he spied with his e'e ;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

II

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk, 5
Her mantle o' the velvet fine,
At ilka tett of her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

III

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
And louted low down to his knee ; 10
"All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven !
For thy peer on earth I never did see."

IV

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belang to me ;
I'm but the Queen of fair Elfland, 15
That hither am come to visit thee !

LINE 2. **ferlie**: wonder, miracle. 7. **ilka tett**: each tassel.
8. **siller**: silver. 9. **pu'd**: pulled. **aff**: off. 10. **louted**:
bowed.

Traditional Ballads

V

“Harp and carp, Thomas,” she said,
“Harp and carp alang wi’ me;
And if ye daur to kiss my lips,
20 Sure of your bodie I shall be!”

VI

“Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunton me!”
Syn e he has kissed her rosy lips,
All underneath the Eildon tree.

VII

25 “Now ye maun go wi’ me,” she said,
“True Thomas, ye maun go wi’ me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be.”

VIII

30 She’s mounted on her milk-white steed,
She’s ta’en True Thomas up behind;
And aye, whene’er her bridle rang,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

IX

35 O they rade on, and further on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

LINE 17. **Harp and carp**: play and recite, as a minstrel does. 19. **daur**: dare. 21. **Betide me**: happen to me. 22. **weird**: fate. **daunton**: frighten. 25. **maun**: must. 30. **ta’en**: taken. 32. **gaed**: goed, or, as we would say, went

Thomas the Rhymer

X

“Light down, light down now, Thomas,” she said,
“And lean your head upon my knee;
Light down, and rest a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.”

40

XI

“O see ye na that braid braid road,
That stretches o’er the lily leven?
That is the path of wickedness,
Though some call it the road to heaven.”

XII

“And see ye na yon narrow road,
Sae thick beset wi’ thorns and briers?
That is the path of righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.”

45

XIII

“And see ye na yon bonny road,
That winds about the ferny brae?
That is the way to fair Elfland,
Where you and I this night maun gae.”

50

XIV

“But, Thomas, ye maun hauld your tongue,
Whatever you may hear or see;
For if ye speak word in Elfin land,
Ye’ll ne’er win back to your ain countrie!”

55

LINE 41. na: not. braid: broad. 42. lily leven: lovely lawn or glade. 46. Sae: so. beset: bordered by. 50. brae: hillside. 53. hauld: hold. 56. ain: own.

Traditional Ballads

XV

O they rade on, and further on,
And they waded through rivers aboon the knee,
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
60 But they heard the roaring of a sea.

XVI

It was mirk mirk night, there was nae stern-light,
And they waded through red blude to the knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on earth,
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

XVII

65 Syne they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree —
"Take this for thy wages, True Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie!"

XVIII

"My tongue is my ain!" True Thomas he said,
70 "A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

XIX

"I dought neither speak to prince nor peer,
Nor ask for grace from fair ladye!"
75 "Now hauld thy tongue, Thomas!" she said,
"For as I say, so must it be."

LINE 58. aboon: above. 61. mirk: dark. stern-light: starlight. 62. blude: blood. 64. Rins: runs. 65. Syne: after a while. 66. frae: from. 70. gudely: goodly. 71. dought to: could, would be able to. 72. tryst: market.

Thomas the Rhymer

XX

He has gotten a coat of the even claith,
An a pair o' shoon of the velvet green;
And till seven years were come and gane,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

80

LINE 77. even claith: fine, smooth cloth. 78. shoon:
shoes. 79. gane: gone.

TAMLANE

I

“O forbid ye, maidens a’,
That bind in snood your hair,
To come or gae by Carterhaugh,
For young Tamlane is there.”

II

5 Fair Janet sat within her bower,
Sewing her silken seam,
And fain would be at Carterhaugh,
Amang the leaves sae green.

III

10 She let the seam fa’ to her foot,
The needle to her tae,
And she’s awa’ to Carterhaugh,
As quickly as she may.

IV

15 She’s prink’d hersell, and preen’d hersell,
By the ae light o’ the moon,
And she’s awa’ to Carterhaugh,
As fast as she could gang.

LINE 2. snood: band which a young woman ties about her hair. 7. fain: gladly. 9. fa’: fall. 10. tae: toe. 11. awa’: away. 13. prink’d: adorned. hersell: herself. preen’d hersell: arranged her clothing. 14. ae: sole. 16. gang: go.

Tamlane

V

She hadna pu'd a red red rose,
A rose but barely three,
When up and starts the young Tamlane,
Says, "Lady, let a-be!"

20

VI

"What gars ye pu' the rose, Janet?
What gars ye break the tree?
Or why come ye to Carterhaugh,
Without the leave o' me?"

VII

"O I will pu' the flowers," she said,
"And I will break the tree;
And I will come to Carterhaugh,
And ask na leave of thee."

25

VIII

But when sne cam' to her father's ha',
She looked sae wan and pale,
They thought the lady had gotten a fright,
Or with sickness sair did ail.

30

IX

Janet has kilted her green kirtle
A little aboon her knee,
And she has snooded her yellow hair
A little aboon her bree,
And she's awa' to Carterhaugh,
As fast as she can hie.

35

LINE 21. gars: makes. 32. sair: severe. 33. kilted:
tucked up. kirtle: petticoat. 34. aboon: above.
36. bree: brow. 38. hie: hurry.

Traditional Ballads

X

40 She hadna pu'd a rose, a rose,
A rose but barely twae,
When up there started young Tamlane,
Says, "Lady, thou pu's nae mae."

XI

45 "Now ye maun tell the truth," she said,
"A word ye mauna lie;
O, were ye ever in haly chapel,
Or sainted in Christentie?"

XII

50 "The truth I'll tell to thee, Janet,
A word I winna lie;
I was ta'en to the good church-door,
And sainted as well as thee.

XIII

"Randolph, Earl Murray, was my sire,
Dunbar, Earl March, was thine;
We loved when we were children small,
Which yet you well may mind.

XIV

55 "When I was a boy just turned of nine,
My uncle sent for me,
To hunt, and hawk, and ride with him,
And keep him companie.

LINE 40. twae: two. 42. thou pu's nae mae: thou pullest no more. 43. maun: must. 44. mauna: must not. 45. haly: holy. 48. winna: will not. 51. sire: father.

Tamlane

XV

“There came a wind out of the north,
A sharp wind and a snell, 60
And a dead sleep came over me,
And frae my horse I fell;
The Queen of Fairies she was there,
And took me to hersell.

XVI

“And we, that live in Fairyland, 65
Nae sickness know nor pain;
I quit my body when I will,
And take to it again.

XVII

“I quit my body when I please,
Or unto it repair; 70
We can inhabit at our ease
In either earth or air.

XVIII

“Our shapes and size we can convert
To either large or small;
An old nut-shell’s the same to us 75
As is the lofty hall.

LINE 60. snell: keen, piercing cold. 62. frae: from.
66. Nae: no. 70. repair: return.

Traditional Ballads

XIX

80 "We sleep in rose-buds soft and sweet,
 We revel in the stream ;
 We wanton lightly on the wind,
 Or glide on a sunbeam.

XX

85 "And never would I tire, Janet,
 In fairy-land to dwell ;
 But aye, at every seven years,
 They pay the teind to hell ;
 And I'm sae fat and fair of flesh,
 I fear 'twill be mysell !

XXI

90 "The morn at e'en is Hallowe'en ;
 Our fairy court will ride,
 Through England and Scotland baith,
 And through the warld sae wide,
 And if that ye wad borrow me,
 At Miles Cross ye maun bide.

XXII

95 "And ye maun gae to the Miles Cross,
 Between twelve hours and one,
 Tak' haly water in your hand,
 And cast a compass roun'."

LINE 84. teind: tribute, contribution. 85. sae: so.
89. baith: both. 90. warld: world. 91. borrow: set free,
ransom. 96. cast a compass roun': sprinkle the water
around in a circle.

Tamlane

XXIII

“But how shall I thee ken, Tamlane,
And how shall I thee knaw,
Amang the throng o’ fairy folk,
The like I never saw?”

100

XXIV

“The first court that comes alang,
Ye’ll let them a’ pass by;
The neist court that comes alang
Salute them reverently.

XXV

“The third court that comes alang
Is clad in robes o’ green,
And it’s the head court of them a’,
And in it rides the Queen.

105

XXVI

“And I upon a milk-white steed,
Wi’ a gold star in my croun;
Because I am a christen’d knight
They give me that renoun.

110

XXVII

“First let pass the black, Janet.
And syne let pass the broun,
But grip ye to the milk-white steed,
And pu’ the rider doun.

115

LINE 97. ken: recognize. 98. knaw: know. 103. neist: next. 110. Wi’: with. croun: crown. 112. renoun: honor. 114. syne: then. broun: brown. 116. doun: down.

Traditional Ballads

XXVIII

120 “My right hand will be glov’d, Janet,
 My left hand will be bare,
 And thae’s the tokens I gie thee;
 Nae doubt I will be there.

XXIX

 “Ye’ll seize upon me with a spring,
 And to the ground I’ll fa’,
 And then you’ll hear an elrish cry
 That Tamlane is awa’.

XXX

125 “They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,
 An adder and a snake;
 But haud me fast, let me not pass,
 Gin ye would be my maik.

XXXI

130 “They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,
 An adder and an aske;
 They’ll turn me in your arms, Janet,
 A bale that burns fast.

XXXII

135 “They’ll shape me in your arms, Janet,
 A dove, but and a swan:
 And last they’ll shape me in your arms
 A mother-naked man:
 Cast your green mantle over me —
 And sae I shall be wan!”

LINE 119. thae’s: these are. gie: give. 123. elrish: weird, ghastly. 128. Gin: if. maik: mate. 130. aske: asp. 132. bale: blaze. 134. but and: and also. 138. wan: won.

Tamlane

XXXIII

Gloomy, gloomy was the night,
And eerie was the way, 140
As fair Janet, in her green mantle,
To Miles Cross she did gae.

XXXIV

About the dead hour o' the night
She heard the bridles ring,
And Janet was as glad o' that 145
As ony earthly thing.

XXXV

There's haly water in her hand,
She casts a compass round;
And straight she sees a fairy band
Come riding o'er the mound. 150

XXXVI

And first gaed by the black, black steed,
And then gaed by the broun;
But fast she gript the milk-white steed,
And pu'd the rider down.

XXXVII

She pu'd him frae the milk-white steed, 155
And loot the bridle fa';
And up there raise an elrish cry;
"He's won amang us a'!"

LINE 140. eerie: weird, fearsome. 146. ony: any.
151. gaed: went. 156. loot: let. 158. He's won amang
us a': he's taken in spite of us all.

Traditional Ballads

XXXVIII

160 They shaped him in fair Janet's arms
An aske, but and an adder;
She held him fast in every shape,
To be her ain true lover.

XXXIX

165 They shaped him in her arms at last
A mother-naked man,
She cuist her mantle over him,
And sae her true love wan.

XL

170 Up then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
Out of a bush o' broom:
"She that has borrowed young Tamlane,
Has gotten a stately groom!"

XLI

Up then spake the Queen o' Fairies,
Out of a bush of rye:
"She's ta'en away the bonniest knight
In a' my companie!

XLII

175 "But had I kenned, Tamlane," she says,
"A lady wad borrow thee,
I wad hae ta'en out thy twa gray e'en,
Put in twa e'en o' tree!

LINE 165. cuist: cast. 168. bush o' broom: clump of broom grass. 175. kenned: known. 177. I would have taken out thy two gray eyes. 178. Put in two eyes of wood.

Tamlane

XLIII

“Had I but kenned, Tamlane,” she says,
Before ye came frae hame, 180
I wad hae ta'en out your heart of flesh,
Put in a heart o' stane!

XLIV

“Had I but had the wit yestreen
That I hae coft this day,
I'd hae paid my teind seven times to hell, 185
Ere you'd been won away!”

LINE 182. stane: stone. 183. yestreen: yestereven.
184. coft: learned.

THE GAY GOSS-HAWK

PART ONE

I

"O waly, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen!"
"And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean!"

II

5 "O have ye tint, at tournament,
Your sword, or yet your spear;
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,
Whom ye may not win near?"

III

10 "I have not tint, at tournament,
My sword, nor yet my spear;
But sair I mourn for my true love,
Wi' mony a bitter tear.

LINE 1. waly: alas. 2. Gin: even if. sheen: shining.
4. Gin ye: because you. 5. tint: lost. 11. sair: sorely.
12. mony: many.

The Gay Goss-Hawk

IV

“But weel’s me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee;
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me.” 15

V

“But how sall I your true love find,
Or how suld I her know?
I bear a tongue ne’er wi’ her spake,
An eye that ne’er her saw.” 20

VI

“O weel sall ye my true love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see;
For, of a’ the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

VII

“The red that’s on my true love’s cheek,
Is like the blood-drops on the snaw;
The white that is on her breast bare,
Like the down o’ the white sea-maw. 25

LINE 13. weel’s me on ye: it is well with me because of you. 14. baith: both. 15. sall: shall. 18. suld: should. 19. wi’: with. 21. ken: recognize. 22. Sae sune: so soon. 28. sea-maw: sea mew, sea gull.

Traditional Ballads

VIII

30 "And even at my love's bour-door
 There grows a flowering birk ;
And ye maun sit and sing thereon
 As she gangs to the kirk.

IX

35 "And four-and-twenty fair ladyes
 Will to the mass repair ;
But weel may ye my ladye ken,
 The fairest ladye there."

PART TWO

X

40 Lord William has written a love-letter,
 Put it under his pinion gray ;
And he is awa' to southern land
 As fast as wings can gae.

XI

And even at that ladye's bour
 There grew a flowering birk ;
And he sat down and sung thereon
 As she gaed to the kirk.

LINE 29. bour: bower, boudoir. 30. birk: birch.
31. maun: must. 32. gangs to the kirk: goes to the church.

The Gay Goss-Hawk

XII

And weel he kent that ladye fair 45
Amang her maidens free;
For the flower, that springs in May morning,
Was not sae sweet as she.

XIII

He lighted at the ladye's yate,
And sat him on a pin; 50
And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,
Till a' was cosh within.

XIV

And first he sang a low low note,
And syne he sang a clear;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang 55
Was — "Your love can no win here."

XV

"Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
The wine flows you amang,
While I gang to my shot-window,
And hear yon bonny bird's sang. 60

LINE 49. yate: gate. 50. pin: peg, paling, any projection on which a rope could be fastened. 51. fu': full. 52. cosh: entertained, pleased. 54. syne: then. 55. o'erword: inner meaning. 56. win: get. 59. shot-window: perhaps a bow-window.

Traditional Ballads

XVI

"Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen;
For weel I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye are frae my true love sen."

XVII

65 O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave;
And syne he pecked his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

XVIII

70 "Have there a letter from Lord William;
He says he's sent ye three;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll dee."

XIX

75 "Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I shall meet him at Mary's kirk,
Lang, lang ere it be stale."

XX

80 The lady's gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu' woman was she;
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,
And were about to dee.

LINE 62. yestreen: yestereven. 64. frae: from. sen: sent. 79. brash: illness.

The Gay Goss-Hawk

XXI

"A boon, a boon, my father dear,
A boon I beg of thee!"
"Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,
For him you ne'er shall see.

XXII

"But, for your honest asking else, 85
Weel granted it shall be."
"Then, gin I die in southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

XXIII

"And the first kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the mass be sung; 90
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the bells be rung.

XXIV

"And when ye come to St. Mary's kirk,
Ye's tarry there till night."
And so her father pledg'd his word, 95
And so his promise plight.

PART THREE

XXV

She has ta'en her to her bigly bour
As fast as she could fare;
And she has drunk a sleepy draught,
That she has mix'd wi' care. 100

LINE 83. **paughty**: haughty, insolent. 88. **gar**: do, make, cause. 97. **bigly bour**: spacious, pleasant boudoir or chamber.

Traditional Ballads

XXVI

And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee,
And she seem'd to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

XXVII

105 Then spak her cruel step-minnie,
"Tak ye the burning lead,
And drap a drap on her bosome,
To try if she be dead."

XXVIII

110 They took a drap o' boiling lead,
They drapp'd it on her breast;
"Alas! alas!" her father cried,
"She's dead without the priest."

XXIX

115 She neither chatter'd with her teeth,
Nor shiver'd with her chin;
"Alas! alas!" her father cried,
"There is nae breath within."

XXX

120 Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hew'd to her a bier;
They hew'd it frae the solid aik,
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

LINE 102. blee: complexion, hue. 105. step-minnie: step-mother. 119. aik: oak.

The Gay Goss-Hawk

XXXI

Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a kell;
And every steek that they put in
Sewed to a siller bell.

XXXII

The first Scots kirk that they cam' to, 125
They garr'd the bells be rung;
The next Scots kirk that they cam' to,
They garr'd the mass be sung.

XXXIII

But when they cam' to St. Mary's kirk,
There stude spearmen all on a raw; 130
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftane amang them a'.

XXXIV

"Set down, set down the bier," he said,
"Let me look her upon";
But as soon as Lord William touch'd her hand, 135
Her colour began to come.

XXXV

She brightened^o like the lily flower,
Till her pale colour was gone;
With rosy cheik, and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon. 140

LINE 122. **kell**: cap of network for a woman's hair.
123. **steek**: stitch. 130. **stude**: stood. **raw**: row. 139. **cheik**:
cheek.

Traditional Ballads

XXXVI

“A morsel of your bread, my lord,
And one glass of your wine;
For I hae fasted these three lang days,
All for your sake and mine.

XXXVII

145 “Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers,
Gae hame and blaw your horn!
I trow ye wad hae gi'en me the skaith,
But I've gi'en you the scorn.

XXXVIII

150 “Commend me to my gray father,
That wished my saul gude rest;
But wae be to my cruel step-dame,
Garr'd burn me on the breast.”

XXXIX

“Ah! woe to you, you light woman!
An ill death may you dee!
155 For we left father and sisters at hame
Breaking their hearts for thee.”

LINE 145. bauld: bold. 147. trow ye wad hae gi'en me the skaith: know you would have given me the harm (separated her from her lover). 150. saul: soul.

HYND HORN

I

Near the King's Court was a young child born,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
And his name it was called Young Hynd Horn,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

II

Seven lang years he served the King, 5
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And it's a' for the sake o' his daughter Jean,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

III

The King an angry man was he, 10
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan;
He sent Young Hynd Horn to the sea,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

LINE 2. *hey lillelu and a how lo lan*: just syllables strung together because they are musical; the ear likes the repetition of the letter *l*. 3. *Hynd*: courteous, gentle young man. 4. *birk*: birch tree. *broom*: a wild shrub which has a lovely yellow blossom.

Traditional Ballads

IV

He's gi'en to her a silver wand,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
15 With seven living lavrocks sitting thereon,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

V

O his love gave him a gay gold ring,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
With three shining diamonds set therein,
20 *And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.*

VI

"As lang as these diamonds keep their hue,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
Ye'll know I am a lover true,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

VII

25 "But when your ring turns pale and wan,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
Then I'm in love with another man,"
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

VIII

He's gone to the sea and far away,
30 *With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,*
And he's stayed for seven lang years and a day,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

LINE 13. gi'en: given. wand: bough, stick. 15. lavrocks: larks.



He's gone to the sea and far away.

Hynd Horn

IX

Seven lang years by land and sea,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And he's aften looked how his ring may be, 35
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

X

One day when he looked this ring upon,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
The shining diamonds were pale and wan,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie. 40

XI

He hoisted sails, and hame cam' he,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
Hame unto his ain countrie,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

XII

He's left the sea and he's come to land, 45
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And the first he met was an auld beggar-man,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

XIII

"What news, what news, my silly auld man?
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan, 50
For it's seven lang years since I saw this land,"
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

LINE 41. hame: home. 43. ain countrie: own country.
47. auld: old. 49. silly: in the old stories always *helpless*,
frail, never *foolish*.

Traditional Ballads

XIV

"No news, no news," doth the beggar-man say,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
55 "But our King's ae daughter she's wedded to-day,"
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

XV

"Wilt thou give to me thy begging coat?
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And I'll give to thee my scarlet cloak.
60 *And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.*

XVI

"Give me your auld pike-staff, and hat,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And ye sall be right weel paid for that,"
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

XVII

65 The auld beggar-man cast off his coat,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And he's ta'en up the scarlet cloak,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

XVIII

He's gi'en him his auld pike-staff and hat,
70 *With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,*
And he was right weel paid for that,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

LINE 55. ae: only. 61. pike-staff: long staff with metal point. 63. sall: shall. weel: well. 67. ta'en: taken.

Hynd Horn

XIX

The auld beggar-man was bound for the mill,
 With a hey lillalu and a how lo lan,
But Young Hynd Horn for the King's ain hall, 75
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

XX

When he came to the King's ain gate,
 With a hey lillalu and a how lo lan,
He asked a drink for Young Hynd Horn's sake,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie. 80

XXI

These news unto the bonny bride cam',
 With a hey lillalu and a how lo lan,
That at the gate there stands an auld man,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

XXII

There stands an auld man at the King's gate, 85
 With a hey lillalu and a how lo lan,
He asketh a drink for Young Hynd Horn's sake,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

XXIII

The bride cam' tripping down the stair,
 With a hey lillalu and a how lo lan, 90
The combs o' fine gowd in her hair,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

LINE 91. gowd: gold.

Traditional Ballads

XXIV

A cup o' red wine in her hand,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
95 And that she gave to the beggar-man,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

XXV

Out o' the cup he drank the wine,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And into the cup he dropt the ring,
100 *And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.*

XXVI

"O gat thou this by sea or by land?
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
Or gat thou it aff a dead man's hand?"
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

XXVII

105 "I gat it neither by sea nor land,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
Nor gat I it from a dead man's hand,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

XXVIII

110 "But I gat it at my wooing gay,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And I gie it to you on your wedding day,"
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

LINE 101. gat: got. 103. aff: off. 111. gie: give.

Hynd Horn

XXIX

"I'll cast aside my satin gown,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And I'll follow you frae town to town, 115
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

XXX

"I'll tak' the fine gowd frae my hair,
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
And follow you forevermair," 120
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

XXXI

He let his cloutie cloak doun fa',
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
Young Hynd Horn shone above them a',
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

XXXII

The bridegroom thought he had her wed, 125
 With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan,
But she is Young Hynd Horn's instead,
 And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

LINE 115. *frae*: from. 119. *forevermair*: forevermore.
121. *cloutie*: patched. *doun fa'*: down fall. 123. *a'*: all.

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

I

There was a youthe, and a well-beloved youthe.
And he was a squire's son ;
He loved the bayliffes daughter deare,
That lived in Islington.

II

5 Yet she was coye, and would not believe
That he did love her soe,
Noe nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him showe.

III

But when his friendes did understand
10 His fond and foolish minde,
They sent him up to faire London,
An apprentice for to binde.

LINE 1. **youthe.** The words in this ballad are not so difficult as in many others. Remove the final *e* from words like *youthe*, *soe*, and *faire* and you will have no trouble in recognizing them. With the impartiality of those times bailiff is spelled in two ways in this one ballad — *bayliffe* and *bailiff*.

4. **Islington:** a small town quite near London. 5. **coye:** coquettish. 8. **countenance:** favor.

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

IV

And when he had been seven long yeares,
And never his love could see —
“Many a teare have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of mee.” 15

V

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and playe,
All but the bayliffes daughter deare;
She secretly stole awaye. 20

VI

She pulled off her gowne of greene,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go
Her true love to enquire.

VII

And as she went along the high road, 25
The weather being hot and drye,
She sat her downe upon a greene bank,
And her true love came riding bye.

VIII

She started up, with color soe redd,
Catching hold of his bridle-reine; 30
“One penny, one penny, kind sir,” she sayd,
“Will ease me of much paine.”

Traditional Ballads

IX

“Before I give you one penny, sweet-heart,
Praye tell me where you were borne.”

35

“At Islington, kind sir,” sayd she,
“Where I have had many a scorne.”

X

“I prythee, sweet-heart, then tell to mee,
O tell me whether you knowe
The bayliffes daughter of Islington?”

40

“She is dead, sir, long agoe.”

XI

“If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also;
For I will into some farr countree,
Where noe man shall me knowe.”

XII

45

“O staye, O staye, thou goodlye youthe,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And readye to be thy bride.”

XIII

50

“O farewell griefe, and welcome joye,
Ten thousand times therefore;
For nowe I have founde mine owne true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more.”

LINE 37. prythee: pray thee.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY

I

“Rise up, rise up, now, Lord Douglas,” she says,
“And put on your armour so bright,
Let it never be said that a daughter of thine
Was married to a lord under night.

II

“Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons, 5
And put on your armour so bright,
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest’s awa the last night.”

III

He’s mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple grey, 10
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly they rode away.

IV

Lord William lookit o’er his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he spy’d her seven brethren bold, 15
Come riding o’er the lee.

LINE 4. **under night**: under cover of night, secretly. 8. **your eldest’s awa**: your eldest sister has gone away. 11. **bugelet**: bugle. 13. **lookit**: looked. 16. **lee**: open plain.

Traditional Ballads

V

"Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
20 And your father, I make a stand."

VI

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa',
And her father hard fighting, who loved her so dear.

VII

25 "O hold your hand, Lord William!" she said,
"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair."

VIII

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
30 It was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

IX

"O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret," he said,
"O whether will ye gang or bide?"

LINE 17. **Light down:** get down. 26. **sair:** heavy.
27. **ane:** one. 28. **mair:** more. 29. **ta'en:** taken.
30. **holland:** unbleached linen. **sae:** so. 31. **dighted:**
dressed, bound up. 33. **chuse:** choose. 34. **gang or bide:**
go or stay.

The Douglas Tragedy

"I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William," she said,
"For you have left me no other guide." 35

X

He's lifted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple-grey,
With a bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rade away. 40

XI

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light o' the moon,
Until they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

XII

They lighted down to tak' a drink 45
Of the spring that ran sae clear;
And down the stream ran his gude heart's blood,
And sair she 'gan to fear.

XIII

"Hold up, hold up, Lord William," she says,
"For I fear that you are slain!" 50
"'Tis naething but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water sae plain."

LINE 40. baith: both. rade: rode. 43. wan: pale.
51. naething: nothing.

Traditional Ballads

XIV

O they rade on, and on they rade,
And a' by the light o' the moon,
55 Until they cam' to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

XV

"Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
"Get up, and let me in!
Get up, get up, lady mother," he says,
60 "For this night my fair lady I've win.

XVI

"O mak my bed, lady mother," he says,
"O mak it braid and deep!
And lay Lady Marg'ret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep."

XVII

65 Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret lang ere day —
And all true lovers that go thegither,
May they have mair luck than they!

XVIII

70 Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,
Lady Marg'ret in Marie's quire;

LINE 55. ha': hall. 62. braid: broad. 67. thegither: together. 69. kirk: church. 70. quire: choir, the part of a Roman Catholic or of an Episcopal church in which the choir sit, near the altar.

The Douglas Tragedy

Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a brier.

XIX

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel, 75
They were twa lovers dear.

XX

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pull'd up the bonny brier,
And flang't in St. Marie's Loch. 80

LINE 73. **twa**: two. **plat**: twined together. 74. **fain they wad be near**: much they desired to be near each other. 75. **warld**: world. **ken**: know. **weel**: well. 78. **wow but he was rough**: my, but he was angry. 80. **flang't**: flung it. **Loch**: lake.

THE CRUEL BROTHER
OR
THE BRIDE'S TESTAMENT

I

There were three ladies play'd at the ba',
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
There came a knight, and play'd o'er them a'
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

II

5 The eldest was baith tall and fair,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
But the youngest was beyond compare,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

III

10 The midmost had a gracefu' mien,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
But the youngest look'd like beauty's queen,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

LINE 1. ba': ball. 3. a': all. 5. baith: both. 9. midmost:
middle. mien: appearance, bearing.

The Cruel Brother

IV

The knight bow'd low to a' the three,
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
But to the youngest he bent his knee,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly. 15

V

The lady turned her head aside,
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
The knight woo'd her to be his bride,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly. 20

VI

The lady blush'd a rosy red,
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And said, "Sir Knight, I'm o'er young to wed,"
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

VII

"O lady fair, give me your hand, 25
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And I'll make you ladie of a' my land,"
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

VIII

"Sir Knight, ere you my favor win,
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay; 30

Traditional Ballads

Ye maun get consent frae a' my kin,"
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

IX

He has got consent frae her parents dear
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
35 And likewise frae her sisters fair,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

X

He has got consent frae her kin each one,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
But forgot to speer at her brother John,
40 *As the primrose spreads so sweetly.*

XI

Now, when the wedding day was come,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
The knight would take his bonny bride home,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

XII

45 And many a lord and many a knight,
With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
Came to behold that lady bright,
As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

The Cruel Brother

XIII

And there was nae man that did her see,
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
But wished himself bridegroom to be,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly. 50

XIV

Her father dear led her down the stair,
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And her sisters twain they kissed her there,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly. 55

XV

Her mother dear led her through the close,
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And her brother John set her on her horse,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly. 60

XVI

She lean'd her o'er the saddle-bow,
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
To give him a kiss ere she did go,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

XVII

He has ta'en a knife, baith lang and sharp, 65
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And stabb'd the bonny bride to the heart,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

LINE 49. nae: no. 57. close: inclosure, inclosed field.
65. ta'en: taken.

Traditional Ballads

XVIII

- She hadna ridden half thro' the town,
70 *With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;*
Until her heart's blood stained her gown,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

XIX

- "Ride saftly on," said the best young man,
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
75 "For I think our bonny bride looks pale and wan,"
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

XX

- "O lead me gently up yon hill,
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
And I'll there sit down, and make my will,"
80 *As the primrose spreads so sweetly.*

XXI

- "O what will you leave to your father dear?"
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
"The silver-shod steed that brought me here,"
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

XXII

- 85 "And what will you leave to your mother dear?"
 With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;
"My velvet pall and silken gear,"
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

LINE 69. *hadna*: had not. 73. *saftly*: gently, quietly.
87. *pall*: a mantle or cloak. *gear*: clothes.

The Cruel Brother

XXIII

“And what will ye leave to your sister Ann?”

With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;

90

“My silken scarf, and my golden fan,”

As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

XXIV

“What will ye leave to your sister Grace?”

With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;

“My bloody cloaths to wash and dress,”

95

As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

XXV

“What will ye leave to your brother John?”

With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;

“The gallows-tree to hang him on,”

As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

100

XXVI

“What will ye leave to your brother John’s wife?”

With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;

“The wilderness to end her life,”

As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

XXVII

This fair lady in her grave was laid,

105

With a heigh-ho! and a lily gay;

And a mass was o’er her said,

As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

LINE 95. cloaths: clothes.

Traditional Ballads

XXVIII

110 But it would have made your heart right sair,
 With a heigh-ho! and lily gay;
To see the bridegroom rive his hair,
 As the primrose spreads so sweetly.

LINE 111. rive: tear.

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

I

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Graeme, in the West Country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

II

He sent his men down through the town, 5
To the place where she was dwelling;
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

III

O hooly, hooly, rose she up,
To the place where he was lying, 10
And when she drew the curtain by,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

IV

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And it's a' for Barbara Allan";
"O the better for me ye's never be, 15
Tho your heart's blood were a spilling.

LINE 1. **Martinmas**: feast of St. Martin, November 11.
8. **Gin**: if. 9. **hooly**: slowly.

BARBARA ALLAN

Larghetto

Larghetto

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'The First Noel'. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. Both piano staves have a key signature of one sharp and a common time signature. The piano part is written in a simple, block-chord style. The lyrics 'It was in and a-bout the Mar-tinmas time, When the' are written below the vocal staff.

It was in and a-bout the Mar-tinmas time, When the

green leaves were a fall - ing, That Sir John Graeme, in the

West Coun-try Fell in love with Bar - b'ra Al - lan.

Barbara Allan

He sent his men down thro' the town, To the

place where she was dwell-ing: "O haste and come to my

mas - ter dear, Gin ye be Bar - b'ra Al - lan."

Traditional Ballads

V

“O dinna ye mind, young man,” said she,
“When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allan?”

20

VI

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
“Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allan.”

VII

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him,
And sighing said, she could not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

25

VIII

She had not gane a mile but twa,
When she heard the dead-bell ringing,
And every jow that the dead-bell gied,
It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan!

30

LINE 17. *dinna*: do not. 28. *reft*: robbed. 29. *gane*: gone. *twa*: two. 30. *dead-bell*: church bell which tolled when a person died. 31. *jow*: stroke of a bell in tolling. *gied*: gave.

Bonny Barbara Allan

IX

“O mother, mother, make my bed!

O make it saft and narrow!

Since my love died for me to-day,

I'll die for him to-morrow.”

35

LINE 34. **saft**: soft.

LORD LOVEL

I

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate,
Combing his milk-white steed ;
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
5 To wish her lover good speed.

II

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh! where are you going?" said she ;
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
10 Strange countries for to see."

III

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" said she .
"O! when will you come back?" said she ;
"In a year or two — or three, at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy-cy,
15 I'll return to my fair Nancy."

IV

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,

Lord Lovel

Lady Nancy Belle he would go see, see,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see. 20

V

So he rode, and he rode, on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Pancras' bells,
And the people all mourning round, round,
And the people all mourning round. 25

VI

"Oh, what is the matter," Lord Lovel he said,
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he;
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy-cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy." 30

VII

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turned down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down. 35

VIII

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow. 40

LINE 23. **St. Pancras** : a borough of London.

Traditional Ballads

IX

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras' church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir ;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier, brier,
45 And out of her lover's a brier.

X

They grew, and they grew, to the church steeple top
And then they could grow no higher :
So there they entwined in a true lover's knot,
For all lovers true to admire-mire,
50 For all lovers to admire.

LORD RANDAL

I

"O where ha you been, Lord Randal, my son?
And where ha you been, my handsome young man?"
"I ha been at the greenwood; mother, mak my bed
soon,
For I'm wearied wi hunting, and fain wad lie down."

II

"An wha met ye there, Lord Randal, my son? 5
An wha met you there, my handsome young man?"
"O I met wi my true-love; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down."

III

"And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?" 10
"Eels fried in a pan; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down."

IV

"And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randal, my son?
And wha gat your leavins, my handsome young man?"
"My hawks and my hounds; mother, mak my bed soon, 15
For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down."

LINE 1. ha: have. 3. mak: make. 4. wi: with. fain
wad: gladly would.

Traditional Ballads

V

“And what becam of them, Lord Randal, my son?
And what becam of them, my handsome young man?”
“They stretched their legs out and died; mother, mak
my bed soon,
20 For I’m wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down.”

VI

“O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!
I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!”
“O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I’m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.”

VII

25 “What d’ye leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my
son?
What d’ye leave to your mother, my handsome young
man?”
“Four and twenty milk kye; mother, mak my bed
soon,
For I’m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.”

VIII

“What d’ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son?
What d’ye leave to your sister, my handsome young
30 man?”
“My gold and my silver; mother, mak my bed soon,
For I’m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.”

LINE 17. becam: became. 27. kye: kine, cows.

Lord Randal

IX

“What d’ye leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my
son?

What d’ye leave to your brother, my handsome young
man?”

“My houses and my lands; mother, mak my bed soon, 35
For I’m sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down.”

SIR PATRICK SPENS

I

The King sits in Dunfermline toun,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O whaur shall I get a skeely skipper
To sail this gude ship of mine?"

II

5 Then up an' spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the King's right knee;
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

III

10 The King has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
Was walking on the sand.

IV

15 "To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The King's daughter to Noroway,
It's thou maun tak' her hame."

LINE 1. toun: town. 2. blude-red: blood-red.
3. whaur: where. skeely: skillful. 4. gude: good.
5. eldern: old. 9. braid: broad, or long; braid letter:
one on a broad sheet. 10. wi': with. 13. Noroway: Nor-
way. 14. faem: foam. 16. maun: must. tak': take.
hame: home.

Sir Patrick Spens

V

The first line that Sir Patrick read,
A loud laugh laughed he,
The neist line that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e. 20

VI

"O wha is this hae dune this deed,
And tauld the King o' me,
To send us out at this time o' the year
To sail upon the sea?

VII

"Be it wind or weet, be it hail or sleet, 25
Our ship maun sail the faem,
The King's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis we maun tak' her hame."

VIII

They hoisted their sails on Monday morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may; 30
And they hae landed in Noroway
Upon the Wodensday.

IX

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway 35
Began aloud to say —

LINE 19. neist: next. 20. e'e: eye. 21. wha: who.
hae: has. dune: done. 22. tauld: told. 25. weet: wet.
32. Wodensday: Wednesday. 33. hadna: had not.
34. twae: two.

Traditional Ballads

X

“Ye Scotsmen spend a’ our King’s gowd,
And a’ our Queenis fee.”

40

“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
Sae loud’s I hear ye lie!

XI

“For I brouct as mickle white monie,
As gane my men and me,
And a half-fou o’ the gude red gold,
Out owre the sea wi’ me.

XII

45 “Mak’ ready, mak’ ready, my merry men a’,
Our gude ship sails the morn.”
“Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

XIII

50 “I saw the new moon late yestreen,
Wi’ the auld moon in her arm;
And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
That we shall come to harm!”

LINE 37. gowd: gold. 38. Queenis: queen's. 40. Sae loud's: so loud that. 41. brouct: brought. mickle white monie: much silver money. 42. As gane: as need. 43. half-fou: half-bushel. 44. owre: over. 45. a': all. 49. yestreen: yestereven. 50. auld: old.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

The King sits in Dun-ferm-line toun,

This system of musical notation is for the first line of the song. It features a treble and bass staff joined by a brace on the left. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'The King sits in Dun-ferm-line toun,' are centered under the treble staff.

Drink - ing the blude- red wine, O wha' will

This system of musical notation is for the second line of the song. It continues the treble and bass staff format. The melody in the treble staff includes a double bar line after the first measure. The lyrics 'Drink - ing the blude- red wine, O wha' will' are centered under the treble staff.

I get gude sail - or to sail this ship of mine?

This system of musical notation is for the third line of the song. It continues the treble and bass staff format. The melody in the treble staff ends with a double bar line. The lyrics 'I get gude sail - or to sail this ship of mine?' are centered under the treble staff.

From *Musical Illustrations of Percy's Reliques* by Rimbault

Traditional Ballads

XIV

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
55 When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

XV

The ropes they brak, and the top-masts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam' o'er the broken ship,
60 Till a' her sides were torn.

XVI

"O whaur will I get a gude sailor
Will tak' the helm in hand,
Until I win to the tall top-mast,
And see if I spy the land?"

XVII

65 "It's here am I, a sailor gude,
Will tak' the helm in hand,
Till ye win to the tall top-mast,
But I fear ye'll ne'er spy land."

XVIII

He hadna gone a step, a step,
70 A step but barely ane,
When a bolt flew out of the gude ship's side,
And the saut sea it cam in.

LINE 55. lift: air, sky. 56. gurly: stormy. 57. brak: broke. lap: leaped, bent wildly. 58. sic: such. 59. cam': came. 63. win to: climb up. 70. ane: one. 72. saut: salt.

Sir Patrick Spens

XIX

“Gae, fetch a web of the silken claith,
Anither o’ the twine,
And wap them into the gude ship’s side,
And let na the sea come in.” 75

XX

They fetched a web o’ the silken claith,
Anither o’ the twine,
And they wapp’d them into that gude ship’s side,
But aye the sea cam’ in. 80

XXI

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cock-heeled shoon,
But lang ere a’ the play was o’er
They wat their hats abune.

XXII

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords 85
To weet their milk-white hands,
But lang ere a’ the play was played
They wat their gouden bands.

LINE 73. Gae: go. claith: cloth. 74. Anither: another.
75. wap: stuff. 76. na: not. 81. laith: loath, unwilling.
82. cock-heeled shoon: perhaps cork-heeled shoes.
83. lang: long. 84. wat: wet. abune: above. 88. gouden:
golden.

Traditional Ballads

XXIII

90 O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Or ever they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the land.

XXIV

95 O lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves,
For them they'll see nae mair.

XXV

100 Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
It's fifty fathom deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

LINE 94. kaims: combs.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

I

Ye Highlands, and ye Lawlands,
Oh, where have you been?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And they layd him on the green.

II

“Now wae be to thee, Huntly ! 5
And wherefore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi’ you,
But forbade you him to slay.”

III

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring ; 10
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh, he might have been a king !

IV

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba’ ;
And the bonny Earl of Murray 15
Was the flower amang them a’.

LINE 1. Lawlands: Lowlands, southern Scotland.
5. wae: woe. 6. sae: so. 7. wi’: with. 9. braw: brave,
handsome. gallant: a gay and dashing gentleman. 10. rid:
rode. 14. ba’: ball. 16. a’: all.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

Ye . high lands and ye low lands, Oh!

where ha' ye been? They hae slain the Earl of

Mur-ray And hae laid him on the green. They hae

slain the Earl of Murray And hae laid him on the green.

From *Musical Illustrations of Percy's Reliques* by Rimbault

The Bonny Earl of Murray

V

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh, he was the queen's love!

20

VI

Oh, lang will his lady
Look o'er the castle down,
Eer she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding thro' the town!

LINE 22. down: a tract of open upland. 23. Eer: ere, before.

JOHN ARMSTRONG'S LAST GOOD-NIGHT

I

Is there never a man in all Scotland,
From the highest state to the lowest degree,
That can shew himself now before the king?
Scotland is so full of their traitery.

II

5 Yes, there is a man in Westmerland,
And John Armstrong some do him call;
He has no lands nor rents coming in,
Yet he keeps eightscore men within his hall.

III

10 He has horse and harness for them all,
And goodly steeds that be milk-white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

LINE 4. **traitery**: treachery. 5. **Westmerland**: Westmoreland, a northern county of England.

John Armstrong's Last Good-Night

IV

The king he writ a lovely letter,
With his own hand so tenderly,
And has sent it unto John Armstrong, 15
To come and speak with him speedily.

V

When John he looked the letter upon,
Then, Lord! he was as blithe as a bird in a tree:
"I was never before no king in my life,
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three. 20

VI

"But seeing we must go before the king,
Lord! we will go most valiantly;
You shall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden laces three.

VII

"And you shall every one have a scarlet cloak, 25
Laid down with silver laces five,
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hats and brave feathers all alike."

VIII

But when John he went from Guiltknock Hall,
The wind it blew hard, and full sore it did rain. 30
"Now fare you well, brave Guiltknock Hall!
I fear I shall never see thee again."

LINE 24. Laid down: decorated. 29. Guiltknock Hall:
the name of his house.

Traditional Ballads

IX

Now John he is to Edenborough gone,
And his eightscore men so gallantly,
35 And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
With their bucklers and swords hanging down to the
knee.

X

But when John he came the king before,
With his eightscore men so gallant to see,
The king he moved his bonnet to him ;
40 He thought he had been a king as well as he.

XI

"O pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,
Pardon for my eightscore men and me !
For my name it is John Armstrong,
And a subject of yours, my liege," said he.

XII

45 "Away with thee, thou false traitor !
No pardon I will grant to thee,
But, to-morrow before eight of the clock,
I will hang thy eightscore men and thee."

XIII

O how John looked over his left shoulder !
5 And to his merry men thus said he :
"I have asked grace of a graceless face,
No pardon here is for you nor me."

LINE 36. bucklers : shields. 39. moved his bonnet to him :
touched his cap, in salute.

John Armstrong's Last Good-Night

XIV

Then John pull'd out a nut-brown sword,
And it was made of mettle so free;
Had not the king moved his foot as he did, 55
John had taken his head from his body.

XV

"Come, follow me, my merry men all,
We will scorn one foot away to fly;
It never shall be said we were hung like dogs;
No, we'll fight it out most manfully." 60

XVI

Then they fought on like champions bold —
For their hearts were sturdy, stout, and free —
Till they had killed all the king's good guard;
There was none left alive but only three.

XVII

But then rise up all Edenborough, 65
They rise up by thousands three;
Then a cowardly Scot came John behind,
And run him thorow the fair body.

XVIII

Said John, "Fight on, my merry men all,
I am a little hurt, but I am not slain; 70
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
Then I'll rise and fight with you again."

LINE 54. free: supple, bending without breaking.
63. thorow: through. 72. I'll: I will.

Traditional Ballads

XIX

Then they fought on like mad men all,
Till many a man lay dead on the plain;
75 For they were resolved, before they would yield
That every man would there be slain.

XX

So there they fought courageously,
Til most of them lay dead there and slain,
But little Musgrave, that was his foot-page,
80 With his bonny grissell got away untain.

XXI

But when he came up to Guiltknock Hall,
The lady spyed him presently:
"What news, what news, thou little foot-page?
What news from thy master and his company?"

XXII

85 "My news is bad, lady," he said,
"Which I do bring, as you may see;
My master, John Armstrong, he is slain,
And all his gallant company."

XXIII

"Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny grissell!
00 Full oft thou hast fed at the corn and hay,
But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
And thy sides shall be spurred no more, I say."

LINE 80. grissell: gray horse. untain: untaken.

John Armstrong's Last Good-Night

XXIV

O then bespoke his little son,
As he was set on his nurse's knee :
"If ever I live for to be a man,
My father's blood revenged shall be."

95

ROBIN HOOD'S BIRTH, BREEDING VALOR, AND MARRIAGE

I

In Locksley town, in merry Nottinghamshire,
In merry sweet Locksley town,
There bold Robin Hood he was born and was bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.

II

5 The father of Robin a forrester was,
And he shot in a lusty strong bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know.

III

His mother was niece to the Coventry knight,
10 Which Warwickshire men call Sir Guy;
For he slew the blue bore that hangs up at the gate,
Or mine host of the Bull tells a lie.

IV

Her brother was Gamwel, of great Gamwel-hall,
A noble housekeeper was he,
15 Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
And a 'squire of famous degree.

LINE 12. the Bull: the name of an inn.

Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding, Marriage

V

The mother of Robin said to her husband,
"My honey, my love, and my dear,
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwel,
To taste of my brother's good cheer."

20

VI

And he said, "I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,
Take one of my horses, I pray:
The sun is arising, and therefore make haste,
For to-morrow is Christmas-day."

VII

Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought, 25
And saddled and bridled was he;
God-wot, a blue bonnet, his new suit of cloaths,
And a cloak that did reach to his knee.

VIII

She got on her holyday kirtle and gown,
They were of a light Lincoln-green; 30
The cloath was homespun, but for color and make
It might have beseemed our Queen.

LINE 25. *gelding*: a horse. 27. *God-wot*: an exclamation, "God knows." *cloaths*: clothes. 29. *kirtle*: a garment with a skirt.

Traditional Ballads

IX

And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,
And his dagger on his tother side;
35 And said, "My dear mother, let's haste to be gone,
We have forty long miles to ride."

X

When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey.
His father, without any trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bade her not fear,
40 For his gelding had oft carried double.

XI

And when she was settled, they rode to their neighbors
And drank and shook hands with them all;
And then Robin gallopt, and never gave o're,
'Til they lighted at Gamwel-hall.

XII

45 And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire
Was joyful his sister to see;
For he kist her, and kist her, and swore a great oath,
"Thou art welcome, kind sister, to me."

XIII

To-morrow, when mass had been said at the chappel,
50 Six tables were covered in the hall,
And in comes the 'squire, and makes a short speech,
It was, "Neighbors, you're welcome all."

LINE 33. **basket-hilt sword**: a sword whose handle is protected by a basket-shaped guard. 34. **tother**: other.

Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding, Marriage

XIV

"But, not a man here shall taste my March beer,
'Til a Christmas carol he does sing."
Then all clapt their hands, and they shouted and sung, 55
'Til the hall and the parlor did ring.

XV

Now mustard and brawn, roast beef and plum pies,
Were set upon every table;
And noble George Gamwel said, "Eat and be merry
And drink too as long as you're able." 60

XVI

When dinner was ended, his chaplain said grace,
And, "Be merry, my friends," said the 'squire;
"It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,
And lay some more wood on the fire.

XVII

"And now call ye Little John hither to me, 65
For Little John is a fine lad,
At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks,
As shall make you both merry and glad."

XVIII

When Little John came, to gambols they went,
Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown; 70
And what do you think? Why, as true as I live,
Bold Robin Hood put them all down.

LINE 57. **brawn**: the flesh of the boar. 70. **yeomen**: holders of land next in rank below gentlemen. **clown**: peasant, countryman.

Traditional Ballads

XIX

And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire
Was joyful this sight for to see ;
75 For he said, "Cousin Robin, thou'st go no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me.

XX

"Thou shalt have my land when I die, and till then,
Thou shalt be the staff of my age."
"Then grant me my boon, dear uncle," said Robin,
80 "That Little John may be my page."

XXI

And he said, "Kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon ;
With all my heart, so let it be."
"Then come hither, Little John," said Robin Hood.
"Come hither, my page, unto me.

XXII

85 "Go fetch me my bow, my longest long bow,
And broad arrows one, two, or three.
For when 'tis fair weather we'll into Sherwood,
Some merry pastime to see."

XXIII

When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
90 He winded his bugle so clear ;
And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold,
Before Robin Hood did appear.

Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding, Marriage

XXIV

"Where are your companions all?" said Robin Hood,
"For still I want forty and three."
Then said a bold yeomen, "Lo, yonder they stand,
All under the greenwood tree."

95

XXV

As that word was spoke, Clorinda came by,
The queen of the shepherds was she;
And her gown was of velvet as green as the grass,
And her buskin did reach to her knee.

100

XXVI

Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,
And her countenance free from pride;
A bow in her hand, and quiver and arrows
Hung dangling by her sweet side.

XXVII

Her eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her hair,
And her skin was as smooth as glass;
Her visage spoke wisdom, and modesty too;
Sets with Robin Hood such a lass!

105

XXVIII

Said Robin Hood, "Lady fair, whither away?
O whither, fair lady, away?"

110

LINE 100. buskin: a laced boot coming halfway up the
leg. 108. Sets with: pleases, charms.

Traditional Ballads

And she made him answer, "To kill a fat buck;
For to-morrow is Titbury day."

XXIX

Said Robin Hood, "Lady fair, wander with me
A little to yonder green bower,
115 There set down to rest you, and you shall be sure
Of a brace or a lease, in an hour."

XXX

And as we were going towards the green bower,
Two hundred good bucks we espy'd:
She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
120 And she shot him through side and side.

LINE 112. **Titbury** (also spelled Tilberry, Tidbury, Tutbury). Tutbury, or Stutesbury, in Staffordshire, the principal seat of the dukes of Lancaster, was long distinguished by festivity and splendor. So many minstrels crowded there that it was necessary to find a means of keeping them in order. Accordingly, one of them was appointed king of the minstrels, granted a charter, and given certain duties. He was required to hold a court one day each year called Titbury or Tutbury Day, to hear the complaints and claims of the minstrels and impose fines and punishments. In the afternoon after the business of the court was over, the minstrels assembled at the gate of the priory and amused themselves with bull-baiting. Old manuscripts show that the original title of this ballad was, *A New Ballad of Robin Hood, showing his Birth, Breeding, Valor and Marriage at Titbury Bull-running*. 116. **a brace**: two. **a lease**: a leash, that is, three.

Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding, Marriage

XXXI

"By the faith of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
"I never saw woman like thee.
And com'st thou from east, ay, or com'st thou from west
Thou needst not beg venison of me.

XXXII

"However, along to my bower you shall go, 125
And taste of a forrester's meat."
And when we come thither we found as good cheer
As any man needs for to eat.

XXXIII

For there was hot venison, and warden pies cold,
Cream clouted, with honey-combs plenty; 130
And the sarvitors they were, besides Little John,
Good yeomen at least four and twenty.

XXXIV

Clorinda said, "Tell me your name, gentle sir."
And he said, "'Tis bold Robin Hood;
Squire Gamwel's my uncle, but all my delight 135
Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood;

XXXV

"For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all strife."
"So 'tis, sir," Clorinda reply'd.
"But oh!" said bold Robin, "how sweet would it be,
If Clorinda would be my bride!" 140

LINE 130. clouted: clotted. 131. sarvitors: servitors.

Traditional Ballads

XXXVI

She blusht at the motion ; yet, after a pause,
Said, "Yes, sir, and with all my heart."
"Then let us send for a priest," said Robin Hood,
"And be married before we do part."

XXXVII

145 When dinner was ended, Sir Roger, the parson
Of Dubbridge, was sent for in haste ;
He brought his mass-book, and he bade them take
hands,
And joyn'd them in marriage full fast.

XXXVIII

And then, as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride
150 Went hand in hand to the green bower,
The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,
And 'twas a most joyful hour.

XXXIX

And when Robin came in sight of the bower,
"Where are my yeomen?" said he.
155 And Little John answer'd, "Lo, yonder they stand,
All under the greenwood tree."

XL

Then a garland they brought her, by two and by two,
And plac'd them upon the bride's head ;
The music struck up, and we all fell to dance,
160 So the bride and bridegroom were wed.

LINE 147. **mass-book**: book of church services.

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN

I

When Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
With a hey down down and a down,
He happened to meet Little John,
A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a lusty young man. 5

II

Tho he was call'd Little, his limbs they were large,
And his stature was seven foot high ;
Where-ever he came, they quak'd at his name,
For soon he would make them to fly.

III

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief, 10
If you will but listen a while ;
For this very jest, amongst all the rest,
I think it may cause you to smile.

IV

Bold Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,
"Pray tarry you here in this grove ; 15
And see that you all observe well my call,
While thorough the forest I rove:

LINE 4. **blade:** wild, reckless fellow. 17. **thorough:** through.

Traditional Ballads

V

“ We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go ;
20 Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,
My horn I will presently blow.”

VI

Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at present good b'w'ye ;
Then, as near a brook his journey he took,
25 A stranger he chanced to spy.

VII

They happened to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way ;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
“ I'll show you right Nottingham play.”

VIII

30 With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
A broad arrow with a goose-wing ;
The stranger reply'd, “ I'll liquor thy hide,
If thou offerst to touch the string.”

IX

Quoth bold Robin Hood, “ Thou dost prate like an ass,
35 For were I to bend but my bow,
I could send a dart quite thro thy proud heart,
Before thou couldst strike me one blow.”

LINE 23. **good b'w'ye**: good be with you, or, good-by, as we say now. 34. **prate**: to be foolishly talkative.

Robin Hood and Little John

X

"Thou talkst like a coward," the stranger reply'd ;

"Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
Have naught but a staff in my hand."

40

XI

"The name of a coward," quoth Robin, "I scorn,

Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by ;
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,
The truth of thy manhood to try."

45

XII

Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket of trees,
And chose him a staff of ground-oak ;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the stranger, and merrily spoke :

XIII

"Lo ! see my staff, it is lusty and tough,

Now here on the bridge we will play ;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win
The battle, and so we'll away."

50

XIV

"With all my heart," the stranger reply'd ;

"I scorn in the least to give out" ;
This said, they fell to't without more dispute,
And their staffs they did flourish about.

55

Traditional Ballads

XV

And first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,
So hard that it made his bones ring.
60 The stranger he said, "This must be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.

XVI

"So long as I'm able to handle my staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn."
Then to it each goes, and follow'd their blows,
65 As if they had been threshing of corn.

XVII

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown.
Which caused the blood to appear;
Then Robin, enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
And follow'd his blows more severe.

XVIII

70 So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,
With a passionate fury and ire,
At every stroke, he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on fire.

XIX

O then into fury the stranger he grew,
75 And gave him a damnable look,
And with it a blow that laid him full low,
And tumbl'd him into the brook.



And with it a blow that laid him full low,
And tumbl'd him into the brook.

Robin Hood and Little John

XX

“I prithee, good fellow, O where art thou now?”
The stranger, in laughter, he cry’d.
Quoth bold Robin Hood, “Good faith, in the flood, 80
And floating along with the tide.

XXI

“I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul;
With thee I’ll no longer contend;
For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,
Our battle shall be at an end.” 85

XXII

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
And pull’d himself out by a thorn;
Which done, at the last, he blow’d a loud blast
Straitway on his fine bugle-horn.

XXIII

The echo of which through the vallies did fly, 90
At which his stout bowmen appear’d,
All cloathed in green, most gay to be seen;
So up to their master they steer’d.

XXIV

“O what’s the matter?” quoth William Stutely;
“Good master, you are wet to the skin.” 95
“No matter,” quoth he; “the lad which you see,
In fighting, hath tumbl’d me in.”

Traditional Ballads

XXV

“He shall not go scot-free,” the others reply’d;
So strait they were seizing him there,
100 To duck him likewise; but Robin Hood cries,
“He is a stout fellow, forbear.

XXVI

“There’s no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid;
These bowmen upon me do wait;
There’s threescore and nine; if thou wilt be mine,
105 Thou shalt have my livery strait.

XXVII

“And other accoutrements fit for a man;
Speak up, jolly blade, never fear;
I’ll teach you also the use of the bow,
To shoot at the fat fallow-deer.”

XXVIII

110 “O here is my hand,” the stranger reply’d,
“I’ll serve you with all my whole heart;
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle;
Nere doubt me, for I’ll play my part.”

XXIX

“His name shall be alter’d,” quoth William Stutely,
115 “And I will his godfather be;
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
For we will be merry,” quoth he.

LINE 113. Nere: never.

Robin Hood and Little John

XXX

They presently fetched in a brace of fat does,
With humming strong liquor likewise;
They lov'd what was good; so, in the greenwood, 120
This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

XXXI

He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,
And, may be, an ell in the waste;
A pretty sweet lad; much feasting they had;
Bold Robin the christning grac'd 125

XXXII

With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,
And were of the Nottingham breed;
Brave Stutely comes then, with seven yeomen,
And did in this manner proceed.

XXXIII

"This infant was called John Little," quoth he, 130
"Which name shall be changed anon;
The words we'll transpose, so where-ever he goes,
His name shall be called Little John."

XXXIV

They all with a shout made the elements ring,
So soon as the office was ore; 135
To feasting they went, with true merriment,
And tippl'd strong liquor gillore.

LINE 118. a brace of: two. 123. ell: 45 inches. waste:
waist. 135. ore: o'er, over. 137. gillore: galore, in
abundance.

Traditional Ballads

XXXV

Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
And cloath'd him from top to the toe
o In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
And gave him a curious long bow.

XXXVI

“Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
And range in the greenwood with us :
Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,
145 While bishops have aught in their purse.

XXXVII

“We live here like squires, or lords of renown,
Without ere a foot of free land ;
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer
And every thing at our command.”

XXXVIII

150 Then musick and dancing did finish the day ;
At length, when the sun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

XXXIX

155 And so ever after, as long as he liv'd,
Altho he was proper and tall,
Yet nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they did him call.

LINE 147. ere: ever. 152. refrain: leave.

ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN-A-DALE

I

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

II

As Robin Hood in the forest stood, 5
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

III

The youngster was cloathed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay; 10
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a roundelay.

IV

As Robin Hood next morning stood,
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man 15
Come drooping along the way.

LINE 9. cloathed: clothed.

Traditional Ballads

V

The scarlet he wore the day before,
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetcht a sigh,
20 "Alack and a well a day!"

VI

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Midge the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

VII

25 "Stand off, stand off," the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight
Under yon greenwood tree."

VIII

And when he came bold Robin before,
30 Robin askt him courteously,
"O hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?"

IX

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring ;
35 And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

Robin Hood and Allin-a-Dale

X

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she is now from me tane,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

40

XI

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me, without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allin-a-Dale."

XII

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

45

XIII

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

50

XIV

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without any guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."

55

Traditional Ballads

XV

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church,
60 Where Allin should keep his wedding.

XVI

"What hast thou here?" the bishop he said,
"I prithee now tell unto me."
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

XVII

65 "O welcome, O welcome," the bishop he said,
"That musick best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no musick," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and the bridegroom I see."

XVIII

With that came in a wealthy knight,
70 Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

XIX

"This is not a fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here ;
75 For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear."

LINE 58. stint nor lin : stop nor stay. 71. finikin : delicate.

Robin Hood and Allin-a-Dale

XX

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee.

80

XXI

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all on a row,
The first man was Allin-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

XXII

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allin, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away."

85

XXIII

"That shall not be," the bishop he said,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times askt in the church,
As the law is of our land."

90

XXIV

Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloath does make thee a man."

95

LINE 80. lee: lea, meadow. 96. cloath: cloth.

Traditional Ballads

XXV

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began for to laugh ;
He askt them seven times in the church,
100 Lest three times should not be enough.

XXVI

“Who gives me this maid?” then said Little John ;
Quoth Robin Hood, “That do I,
And he that takes her from Allin-a-Dale
Full dearly he shall her buy.”

XXVII

105 And thus having ende of this merry wedding,
The bride lookt like a queen,
And so they returned to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

LINE 97. **quire**: choir, the chancel or front of the church where the singers sit.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS

I

There are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

II

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone, 5
With a link a down and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

III

"What news? what news, thou silly old woman?
What news hast thou for me?" 10
Said she, "There's my three sons in Nottingham town
To-day condemned to die."

IV

"O, have they parishes burnt?" he said,
"Or have they ministers slain?
Or have they robbed any virgin? 15
Or other men's wives have ta'en?"

LINE 7. silly: simple, childlike. 16. ta'en: taken.

Traditional Ballads

V

"They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbed any virgin,
20 Nor other men's wives have ta'en."

VI

"O, what have they done?" said Robin Hood,
"I pray thee tell to me."
"It's for slaying of the king's fallow-deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."

VII

25 "Dost thou not mind, old woman," he said,
"How thou madest me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"You could not tell it in better time."

VIII

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
30 *With a link a down and a day,*
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

IX

"What news? what news, thou silly old man?
What news, I do thee pray?"
35 Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemned to die this day."

Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's Sons

X

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine ;
Here is forty shillings in good silvèr,
Go drink it in beer or wine."

40

XI

"O, thine apparel is good," he said,
"And mine is ragged and torn ;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh ne'er an old man to scorn."

XII

"Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine ;
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine."

45

XIII

Then he put on the old man's hat,
It stood full high on the crown :
"The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down."

50

XIV

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patched black, blew, and red ;
He thought it no shame all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

55

LINE 45. **churl**: peasant, poor fellow. 54. **blew**: blue.

Traditional Ballads

XV

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patched from leg to side.
"By the truth of my body," bold Robin can say,
50 "This man loved little pride."

XVI

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patched from knee to wrist.
"By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
"I'd laugh if I had any list."

XVII

65 Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patched both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
"It's good habit that makes a man."

XVIII

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
70 *With a link a down and a down,*
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

XIX

"O Christ you save, O sheriff!" he said;
"O Christ you save and see!
75 And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be?"

LINE 57. breeks: breeches. 64. list: desire. 73. O
Christ you save: may Christ save you.

Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's Sons

XX

"Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he said,
"Some suits I'll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
To-day's a hangman's fee."

80

XXI

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone.
"By the truth of my body," the sheriff he said,
"That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man."

XXII

"I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade;
But curst be he," said bold Robin,
"That first a hangman was made!"

85

XXIII

"I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

90

XXIV

"I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good."

95

Traditional Ballads

XXV

“Oh, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,
Of thee I have no doubt.
I wish that thou give such a blast,
100 Till both thy eyes fall out.”

XXVI

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

XXVII

105 The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain.
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

XXVIII

110 “Oh, who are these,” the sheriff he said,
“Come tripping over the lee?”
“They're my attendants,” brave Robin did say;
“They'll pay a visit to thee.”

XXIX

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
115 They hanged the proud sheriff on that,
Released their own three men.

LINE 110. lee: grassy field. 113. slack: common, village green.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP

I

Come, gentlemen all, and listen a while,
 Hey down down and a down
And a story I'll to you unfold;
I'll tell you how Robin Hood served the Bishop,
 When he robbed him of his gold. 5

II

As it fell out on a sun-shiny day,
 When Phoebus was in his prime,
Then Robin Hood, that archer good,
 In mirth would spend some time.

III

And as he walked the forest along, 10
 Some pastime for to spy,
There was he aware of a proud bishop,
 And all his company.

IV

"O what shall I do?" said Robin Hood then, '
 " If the bishop he doth take me, 15
No mercy he'll show unto me, I know,
 But hanged I shall be."

LINE 7. Phoebus: the sun.

Traditional Ballads

V

Then Robin was stout, and turned him about,
And a little house there he did spy;
20 And to an old wife, for to save his life,
He loud began for to cry.

VI

"Why, who art thou?" said the old woman,
"Come tell it to me for good."
25 "I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.

VII

"And yonder's the bishop and all his men,
And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he'll work me spight,
And hanged I shall be."

VIII

30 "If thou be Robin Hood," said the old wife,
"As thou dost seem to be,
I'll for thee provide, and thee I will hide
From the bishop and his company.

IX

35 "For well I remember, one Saturday night
Thou bought me both shoes and hose;
Therefore I'll provide thy person to hide,
And keep thee from thy foes."

LINE 28. spight: spite.

Robin Hood and the Bishop

X

“Then give me soon thy coat of gray,
And take thou my mantle of green;
Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,
And take thou my arrows so keen.” 40

XI

And when that Robin Hood was so araid,
He went straight to his company;
With his spindle and twine, he oft lookt behind
For the bishop and his company. 45

XII

“O who is yonder,” quoth Little John,
“That now comes over the lee?
An arrow I will at her let flie,
So like an old witch looks she.”

XIII

“O hold thy hand, hold thy hand,” said Robin then, 50
“And shoot not thy arrows so keen;
I am Robin Hood, thy master good,
And quickly it shall be seen.”

XIV

The bishop he came to the old woman's house,
And he called with a furious mood, 55
“Come let me soon see, and bring unto me,
That traitor Robin Hood.”

LINE 42. araid: arrayed, dressed. 47. lee: open plain.

Traditional Ballads

XV

The old woman he set on a milk-white steed,
Himself on a dapple-gray,
60 And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way.

XVI

But as they were riding the forest along,
The bishop he chanced for to see
A hundred brave bowmen bold
65 Stand under the greenwood tree.

XVII

"O who is yonder," the Bishop then said,
"That's ranging within yonder wood?"
"Marry," said the old woman, "I think it to be
A man call'd Robin Hood."

XVIII

70 "Why, who art thou," the Bishop he said,
"Which I have here with me?"
"Why, I am an old woman, thou lordly bishop:
Lift up my cap and see."

XIX

"Then woe is me," the Bishop he said,
75 "That ever I saw this day!"
He turned him about, but Robin so stout
Call'd him and bid him stay.

Robin Hood and the Bishop

XX

Then Robin took hold of the Bishop's horse,
And ty'd him fast to a tree;
Then Little John smil'd his master upon, 80
For joy of that company.

XXI

Robin Hood took his mantle from's back,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the Bishop's portmantle he
Soon told fine hundred pound. 85

XXII

"So now let him go," said Robin Hood;
Said Little John, "That may not be;
For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass
Before that he goe from me."

XXIII

Then Robin Hood took the Bishop by the hand, 90
And bound him fast to a tree,
And made him sing a mass, God wot,
To him and his yeomandree.

XXIV

And then they brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple-gray, 95
And gave the tail within his hand,
And bade him for Robin Hood pray.

LINE 82. from's: from his. 84. portmantle: bag.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL

I

When Robin Hood and Little John,
 Down a down, a down, a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
5 "We have shot for many a pound,"
 Hey down, a down, a down.

II

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
 My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
10 Please God, she will bleed me."

III

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
 As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
 He was taken very ill.

IV

15 And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
 He knocked all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
 For to let bold Robin in.

Robin Hood's Death and Burial

V

"Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin," she said,

"And drink some beer with me?"

20

"No, I will neither eat nor drink,

Till I am blooded by thee."

VI

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said,

"Which you did never see,

And if you please to walk therein,

25

You blooded by me shall be."

VII

She took him by the lily-white hand,

And led him to a private room,

And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,

Whilst one drop of blood would run.

30

VIII

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,

And locked him up in the room ;

There did he bleed all the livelong day,

Until the next day at noon.

IX

He then bethought him of a casement door,

Thinking for to be gone ;

He was so weak he could not leap,

Nor he could not get down.

35

Traditional Ballads

X

40 He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee;
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

XI

45 Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree,
"I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily."

XII

50 Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dri'e;
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
He broke locks two or three,

XIII

Until he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee.
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

XIV

55 "What is that boon," quoth Robin Hood,
"Little John, thou begs of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
And all their nunnery."

Robin Hood's Death and Burial

XV

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
"That boon I'll not grant thee ; 60
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

XVI

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be ;
But give me my bent bow in my hand, 65
And a broad arrow I'll let flee ;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digg'd be.

XVII

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet ; 70
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet ;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

XVIII

"Let me have length and breadth enough, 75
With under my head a green sod ;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

Traditional Ballads

XIX

80 These words they readily promised him,
 Which did bold Robin please ;
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
 Near to the fair Kirlèys.

MODERN BALLADS

HORATIUS

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

I

Lars Porsena of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.

By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

5

II

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome!

10

15

LINE 2. **Nine Gods:** the nine great gods of the Etruscans.
6. **trysting:** meeting.

Modern Ballads

III

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
20 From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
25 Of purple Apennine;

IV

From lordly Volaterrae,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old;
30 From sea-girt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky;

V

From the proud mart of Pisae,
35 Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes
Heavy with fair-haired slaves;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers;
40 From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

LINE 36. **triremes**: warships propelled by three banks of oars.

VI

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
 Drop in dark Auser's rill;
 Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
 Of the Ciminian hill; 45
 Beyond all streams Clitumnus
 Is to the herdsman dear;
 Best of all pools the fowler loves
 The great Volsinian mere.

VII

But now no stroke of woodman 50
 Is heard by Auser's rill;
 No hunter tracks the stag's green path
 Up the Ciminian hill;
 Unwatched along Clitumnus
 Grazes the milk-white steer; 55
 Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip
 In the Volsinian mere.

VIII

The harvests of Arretium
 This year old men shall reap;
 This year young boys in Umbro 60
 Shall plunge the struggling sheep;
 And in the vats of Luna
 This year the must shall foam
 Round the white feet of laughing girls,
 Whose sires have marched to Rome. 65

LINE 49. *mere*: sea, lake. 63. *must*: grape juice.

Modern Ballads

IX

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand ;
70 Evening and morn the Thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

X

And with one voice the Thirty
75 Have their glad answer given :
“Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena ;
Go forth, beloved of Heaven ;
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome,
80 And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome.”

XI

And now hath every city
Set up her tale of men ;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
85 The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon this trysting day.

LINE 70. the Thirty: augurs or priests who explained the prophecies concerning Rome, written in verse. 80. Nurscia: a goddess of the Volscians. 83. tale: number.

Horatius

XII

For all the Etruscan armies 90
 Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
 And many a stout ally ;
And with a mighty following
 To join the muster came 95
The Tusculan Mamilius,
 Prince of the Latian name.

XIII

But by the yellow Tiber
 Was tumult and affright ;
From all the spacious champaign 100
 To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city
 The throng stopped up the ways ;
A fearful sight it was to see
 Through two long nights and days. 105

XIV

For aged folk on crutches,
 And women great with child,
And mothers sobbing over babes
 That clung to them and smiled,
And sick men borne in litters 110
 High on the neck of slaves,
And troops of sunburnt husbandmen
 With reaping-hooks and staves,

LINE 100. *champaign*: open country.

Modern Ballads

XV

And droves of mules and asses
115 Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons,
That creaked beneath the weight
120 Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI

Now from the rock Tarpeian
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
125 Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

XVII

130 To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house nor fence nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
135 Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

LINE 122. rock Tarpeian: a lofty cliff from which traitors were hurled. 123. burghers: citizens. 126. Fathers: senators. 136. Janiculum: a hill across the Tiber from Rome.

Horatius

XVIII

I wis, in all the Senate
There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached and fast it beat, 140
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Consul,
Up rose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall. 145

XIX

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly : 150
“The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town.”

XX

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear : 155
“To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here.”
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust 160
Rise fast along the sky.

Modern Ballads

XXI

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still and still more loud,
165 From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet's war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
170 Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

XXII

And plainly and more plainly,
175 Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine ;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all,
180 The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
185 Each warlike Lucumo.
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen ;

LINE 185. Lucumo: an Etruscan prince.

Horatius

And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield,
Tolumnius with the belt of gold, 190
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

XXIV

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium 195
Sat in his ivory car.
By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame. 200

XXV

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the towns arose.
On the house-tops was no woman 205
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses
And shook its little fist.

LINE 199. **Sextus**: the dishonorable son of Tarquin.

Modern Ballads

XXVI

210 But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down ;
215 And if they once may win the bridge.
What hope to save the town?"

XXVII

220 Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate :
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods,

XXVIII

225 "And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
230 Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus
That wrought the deed of shame?

LINE 229. holy maidens: virgins who kept the sacred fire burning in the Temple of Vesta.

Horatius

XXIX

“Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me, 235
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?” 240

XXX

Then out spake Spurius Lartius —
A Ramnian proud was he:
“Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.”
And out spake strong Herminius — 245
Of Titian blood was he:
“I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.”

XXXI

“Horatius,” quoth the Consul,
“As thou sayest, so let it be.” 250
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life, 255
In the brave days of old.

Modern Ballads

XXXII

Then none was for a party ;
Then all were for the State ;
Then the great man helped the poor,
260 And the poor man loved the great ;
Then lands were fairly portioned ;
Then spoils were fairly sold :
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

XXXIII

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe ;
And the Tribunes beard the high,
And the Fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
270 In battle we wax cold ;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

XXXIV

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
275 The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe ;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
280 And loosed the props below.

LINE 267. **Tribunes:** officers whose special purpose was the protection of the poor.

Horatius

XXXV

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold. 285
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head, 290
Where stood the dauntless Three.

XXXVI

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose; 295
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way; 300

XXXVII

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;

Modern Ballads

305 And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
310 O'er the pale waves of Nar.

XXXVIII

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath ;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth ;
315 At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX

Then Ocnus of Falerii
320 Rushed on the Roman Three ;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea ;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar,
325 The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields and slaughtered men
Along Albinia's shore.

Horatius

XL

Herminius smote down Aruns ;
 Lartius laid Ocnus low ; 330
 Right to the heart of Lausulus
 Horatius sent a blow.
 "Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !
 No more, aghast and pale,
 From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark 335
 The track of thy destroying bark.
 No more Campania's hinds shall fly
 To woods and caverns, when they spy
 Thy thrice accursed sail."

XLI

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

XLII

But hark ! the cry is "Astur !"
And lo ! the ranks divide,
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.

LINE 337. hinds: laboring men.

Modern Ballads

Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

355

XLIII

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stands savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

360

XLIV

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh;
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

365

370

Horatius

XLV

He reeled, and on Herminius
 He leaned one breathing-space ; 375
Then, like a wildcat mad with wounds,
 Sprang right at Astur's face ;
Through teeth and skull and helmet
 So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out 380
 Behind the Tuscan's head.

XLVI

And the great Lord of Luna
 Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
 A thunder-smitten oak. 385
Far o'er the crashing forest
 The giant arms lie spread ;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
 Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII

On Astur's throat Horatius 390
 Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
 Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
 Fair guests, that waits you here ! 395
What noble Lucumo comes next
 To taste our Roman cheer?"

Modern Ballads

XLVIII

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
400 Mingled of wrath and shame and dread
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
405 Were round the fatal place.

XLIX

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three;
410 And from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood
All shrank, like boys who, unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
415 Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

L

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
420 And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;

Horatius

And on the tossing sea of steel
To and fro the standards reel,
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away. 425

LI

Yet one man for one moment
Stood out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud : 430
“Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !
Now welcome to thy home !
Why dost thou stay and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome.”

LII

Thrice looked he at the city, 435
Thrice looked he at the dead ;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread,
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way, 440
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering 445
Above the boiling tide.

Modern Ballads

"Come back, come back, Horatius!"

Loud cried the Fathers all.

"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!

450

Back, ere the ruin fall!"

LIV

Back darted Spurius Lartius,

Herminius darted back;

And, as they passed, beneath their feet

They felt the timbers crack.

455

But when they turned their faces,

And on the farther shore

Saw brave Horatius stand alone,

They would have crossed once more.

LV

But with a crash like thunder

460

Fell every loosened beam,

And, like a dam, the mighty wreck

Lay right athwart the stream.

And a long shout of triumph

Rose from the walls of Rome,

465

As to the highest turret-tops

Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI

And, like a horse unbroken

When first he feels the rein,

The furious river struggled hard,

470

And tossed his tawny mane,

Horatius

And burst the curb and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And, whirling down in fierce career
Battlement and plank and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea. 475

LVII

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him !” cried false Sextus, 480
With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

LVIII

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see; 485
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home,
And he spake to the noble river 490
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

LIX

“O Tiber ! father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day !” 495

LINE 488. **Palatinus**: one of the seven hills of Rome.

Modern Ballads

So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX

500 No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
505 And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI

510 But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain ;
And fast his blood was flowing,
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
515 And spent with changing blows ;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

LXII

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,

LINE 515. *changing*: exchanged. 518. *ween*: think.

Horatius

Struggle through such a raging flood 520
Safe to the landing place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bore bravely up his chin. 525

LXIII

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena, 530
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

LXIV

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands; 535
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate, 540
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV

They gave him of the corn-land
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plow from morn till night; 545

Modern Ballads

And they made a molten image
And set it up on high,
And there it stands until this day
To witness if I lie.

LXVI

550 It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see,
Horatius in his harness
Halting upon one knee ;
And underneath is written
555 In letters all of gold
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LXVII

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
560 As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home ;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
565 In the brave days of old.

LXVIII

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;

Horatius

When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ; 570

LXIX

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ; 575
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets, 580
And the lads are shaping bows ;

LXX

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ; 585
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

KING ALFRED AND THE SHEPHERD

PART ONE — WHEREIN KING ALFRED FIGHTS FOR HIS DINNER

I

An elder time there was of yore,
When gibes of churlish glee
Were used among our country carles,
Tho' no such thing now be ;

II

5 The which King Alfred liking well,
Forsook his stately Court,
And in disguise unknown went forth
To see that jovial sport ;

III

10 How Dick and Tom in clouted shoon,
And coats of russet grey,
Esteemed themselves more brave than them
That went in golden ray.

LINE 2. **gibes**: expressions of ridicule. **churlish**: lowbred, of the peasants. 3. **carles**: country people. 9. **clouted shoon**: patched shoes. 10. **russet grey**: homespun gray. 12. **ray**: array, dress.

King Alfred and the Shepherd

IV

In garments fit for such a life
The good King Alfred went,
Ragged and torn as from his back
The beggar his clothes had rent. 15

V

A sword and buckler good and strong,
To give Jack Sauce a rap ;
And on his head, instead of a crown,
He wore a Monmouth cap. 20

VI

Thus coasting thorough Somersetshire :
Near Newton-Court he met
A shepherd swain of lusty limb,
That up and down did jet :

VII

He wore a bonnet of good grey, 25
Close-buttoned to his chin ;
And at his back a leather scrip,
With much good meat therein.

VIII

“God speed, good Shepherd,” quoth the King,
“I come to be thy guest, 30
To taste of thy good victuals here,
And drink that’s of the best.

LINE 23. swain: young country fellow. 24. jet: strut.

Modern Ballads

IX

“Thy scrip, I know hath cheer good store”;
“What then?” the Shepherd said,
35 “Thou seem’st to be some sturdy thief,
And mak’st me sore afraid.

X

“Yet if thou wilt thy dinner win,
Thy sword and buckler take:
And, if thou canst, into my scrip
40 Therewith an entrance make.

XI

“I tell thee, roister, it hath store
Of beef and bacon fat,
With sheaves of barley-bread to make
Thy chaps to water at!

XII

45 “Here stands my bottle, here my bag,
If thou canst win them, roister;
Against thy sword and buckler here,
My sheep-hook is my master.”

XIII

50 “*Benedicite!*” quoth our good King,
“It never shall be said,
That Alfred, of the Shepherd’s hook,
Will stand a whit afraid.”

LINE 41. **roister**: blusterer, swaggerer. 43. **sheaves**: slices.
44. **chaps**: lips.

King Alfred and the Shepherd

XIV

So soundly thus they both fell to't,
And giving bang for bang ;
At ev'ry blow the Shepherd gave
King Alfred's sword cried *twang* ! 55

XV

His buckler proved his chiefest fence ;
For still the Shepherd's hook
Was that the which King Alfred could
In no good manner brook. 60

XVI

At last, when they had fought four hours,
And it grew just midday,
And wearied both, with right good will,
Desired each other's stay :

XVII

"A truce, I crave," quoth Alfred then. 65
"Good Shepherd, hold thy hand ;
A sturdier fellow than thyself
Lives not within the land !"

XVIII

"Nor a lustier roister than thou art,"
The churlish Shepherd said ; 70
"To tell thee plain, thy thievish look
Now makes my heart afraid.

Modern Ballads

XIX

75 "Else sure thou art some prodigal,
 Which hast consumed thy store,
And now com'st wand'ring in this place
 To rob and steal for more."

XX

80 "Deem not of me, then," quoth our King,
 "Good Shepherd, in this sort.
A gentleman well known I am
 In good King Alfred's Court."

PART TWO — WHEREIN KING ALFRED BECOMES A SHEPHERD

XXI

"The Devil thou art!" the Shepherd said,
 "Thou go'st in rags all torn;
Thou rather seem'st, I think, to be
 Some beggar basely born.

XXII

85 "But if thou wilt mend thy estate,
 And here a shepherd be;
At night, to Gillian, my sweet wife,
 Thou shalt go home with me;

King Alfred and the Shepherd

XXIII

“For she’s as good a toothless dame
As mumbleth on brown bread ; 90
Where thou shalt lie in hurden sheets,
Upon a fresh straw bed.

XXIV

“Of whig and whey we have good store,
And keep good pease-straw fire ;
And now and then good barley-cakes, 95
As better days require.

XXV

“But for my master, which is Chief
And Lord of Newton-Court,
He keeps, I say, his shepherd swains
In far more braver sort. 100

XXVI

“We there have curds and clouted cream
Of red cow’s morning milk ;
And now and then fine buttered cakes
As soft as any silk.

XXVII

“Of beef and reifed bacon store, 105
That is most fat and greasy,
We have likewise, to feed our chaps
And make them glib and easy.

LINE 91. **hurden**: coarse linen. 93. **whig**: curd, butter-milk. **whey**: watery part of milk after curd is removed.
101. **clouted**: clotted. 105. **reifed**: stolen.

Modern Ballads

XXVIII

110 "Thus if thou wilt my man become,
 This usage thou shalt have ;
 If not, adieu ; go hang thyself ;
 And so farewell, Sir Knave."

XXIX

115 King Alfred hearing of this glee
 The churlish Shepherd said,
 Was well content to be his man ;
 So they a bargain made ;

XXX

120 A penny round the Shepherd gave
 In earnest of this match,
 To keep his sheep in field and fold,
 As shepherds use to watch.

XXXI

 His wages shall be full ten groats,
 For service of a year ;
 Yet was it not his use, old lad,
 To hire a man so dear ;

XXXII

125 "For, did the King himself," quoth he,
 "Unto my cottage come,
 He should not, for a twelve-month's pay,
 Receive a greater sum."

LINE 113. glee: merriment. 121. groats: old English coins, each worth about ten cents in our money.

King Alfred and the Shepherd

PART THREE — WHEREIN KING ALFRED BURNS THE CAKES

XXXIII

Hereat the bonny King grew blithe,
To hear the clownish jest ; 130
How silly sots, as custom is,
Do descant at the best.

XXXIV

But not to spoil the foolish sport,
He was content, good King,
To fit the Shepherd's humour right 135
In ev'ry kind of thing.

XXXV

A sheep-hook then, with Patch his dog,
And tar-box by his side ;
He, with his master, cheek by jowl,
Unto old Gillian hied, 140

XXXVI

Into whose sight no sooner come,
"Whom have you here?" quoth she,
"A fellow, I doubt, will cut our throats,
So like a knave looks he."

LINE 132. **descant**: hold forth, discourse at length.

Modern Ballads

XXXVII

145 "Not so, old Dame," quoth Alfred straight,
 "Of me you need not fear ;
My master hired me for ten groats,
 To serve you one whole year ;

XXXVIII

150 "So, good Dame Gillian, grant me leave
 Within your house to stay ;
For, by St. Anne, do what you can,
 I will not yet away."

XXXIX

155 Her churlish usage pleased him still,
 And put him to such proof,
That he at night was almost choked
 Within that smoky roof.

XL

160 But as he sat with smiling cheer
 The event of all to see,
His dame brought forth a piece of dough
 Which in the fire throws she.

XLI

Where lying on the hearth to bake,
 By chance, the cake did burn ;
"What ! canst thou not, thou lout," quoth she,
 "Take pains the same to turn ?

LINE 163. lout: an awkward, clumsy fellow.

King Alfred and the Shepherd

XLII

“Thou art more quick to take it out, 165
And eat it up half dough,
Than thus to stay till’t be enough,
And so thy manners show!

XLIII

“But serve me such another trick,
I’ll thwack thee on the snout”; 170
Which made the patient King, poor man,
Of her to stand in doubt.

PART FOUR — WHEREIN KING ALFRED BLOWS HIS BUGLE-HORN

XLIV

But, to be brief, to bed they went
The old man and his wife;
But never such a lodging had 175
King Alfred in his life!

XLV

For he was laid in white sheep’s wool,
New-pulled from tanned fells;
And o’er his head hanged spiders’ webs
As if they had been bells. 180

LINE 178. fells: hides or skins.

Modern Ballads

XLVI

"Is this the country guise?" thought he,
"Then here I will not stay,
But hence be gone, as soon as breaks
The peeping of next day!"

XLVII

185 The cackling hens and geese kept roost,
And perched at his side;
Where, at the last, the watchful cock
Made known the morning tide.

XLVIII

190 Then up got Alfred, with his horn,
And blew so long a blast,
That it made Gillian and her groom,
In bed, full sore aghast.

XLIX

195 "Arise," quoth she, "we are undone!
This night we lodged have,
At unawares, within our house,
A false dissembling knave.

L

200 "Rise! husband, rise! he'll cut our throats!
He calleth for his mates.
I'd give, old Will, our good cade lamb,
He would depart our gates!"

LINE 181. *guise*: manner, behavior. 199. *cade*: brought up by hand, a pet.

King Alfred and the Shepherd

LI

But still King Alfred blew his horn,
Before them, more and more,
Till that an hundred Lords and Knights
All lighted at the door.

LII

Who cried, "All hail! all hail, good King! 205
Long have we sought your Grace!"
"And here you find, my merry men all,
Your Sov'reign in this place."

LIII

"We surely must be hanged up both,
Old Gillian, I much fear," 210
The Shepherd said, "for using thus,
Our good King Alfred here."

LIV

"Oh, pardon, my Liege!" quoth Gillian then,
"For my husband, and for me.
By these ten bones, I never thought 215
The same that now I see!"

LV

"And by my hook," the Shepherd said,
"An oath both good and true!
Before this time, O noble King,
I ne'er your Highness knew! 220

Modern Ballads

LVI

"Then pardon me and my old wife,
That we may after say,
When first you came into our house,
It was a happy day."

LVII

225 "It shall be done," said Alfred straight,
"And Gillian, thy old dame,
For this her churlish using me,
Deserveth not much blame ;

LVIII

230 "For 'tis thy country guise, I see,
To be thus bluntish still,
And where the plainest meaning is,
Remains the smallest ill.

LIX

235 "And, Master, lo ! I tell thee now ;
For thy late manhood shown,
A thousand wethers I'll bestow
Upon thee, for thy own ;

LX

240 "And pasture-ground, as much as will
Suffice to feed them all :
And this thy cottage, I will change
Into a stately hall."

King Alfred and the Shepherd

LXI

“And for the same, as duty binds,”
The Shepherd said, “good King,
A milk-white lamb, once ev’ry year,
I’ll to your Highness bring :

LXII

“And Gillian, my wife, likewise, 245
Of wool to make you coats,
Will give you as much at New Year’s tide,
As shall be worth ten groats.

LXIII

“And in your praise my bag-pipes shall
Sound sweetly once a year, 250
How Alfred, our renowned King,
Most kindly hath been here.”

LXIV

“Thanks, Shepherd, thanks,” quoth he again ;
“The next time I come hither,
My Lords with me, here in this house, 255
Will all be merry together.”

KING CANUTE

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

I

King Canute was weary hearted; he had reigned for
years a score,
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much,
and robbing more;
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild
sea-shore.

II

'Twixt the Chancellor and the Bishop, walked the King
with steps sedate;
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silver-sticks and
5 gold-sticks great,
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages — all the officers of
state.

III

Sliding after like his shadow, pausing when he chose to
pause,
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers
dropped their jaws;
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud
hee-haws.

King Canute

IV

But that day a something vexed him ; that was clear to
old and young ; 10
Thrice His Grace had yawned at table when his favorite
gleemen sung ;
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade
her hold her tongue.

V

“Something ails my gracious master !” cried the Keeper
of the Seal ;
“Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys served for dinner, or
the veal ?”
“Psha !” exclaimed the angry monarch, “Keeper, ’tis
not that I feel. 15

VI

“’Tis the *heart*, and not the dinner, fool, that doth my
rest impair ;
Can a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no
care ?
Oh, I’m sick, and tired, and weary.” Some one cried :
“The King’s arm-chair !”

VII

Then toward the lackeys turning, quick my Lord the
Keeper nodded ;
Straight the King’s great chair was brought him, by two
footmen able-bodied ; 20
Languidly he sank into it ; it was comfortably wadded.

Modern Ballads

VIII

"Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, "over
storm and brine,

I have fought and I have conquered. Where was
glory like to mine?"

Loudly all the courtiers echoed: "Where is glory like to
thine?"

IX

25 "What avails me all my kingdoms? Weary am I now
and old;

Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and
cold.

Would I were, and quiet buried underneath the silent
mold!

X

"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, "that my end is
drawing near."

"Don't say so!" exclaimed the courtiers (striving each
to squeeze a tear).

30 "Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this
fifty year!"

XI

"Live these fifty years!" the Bishop roared, with
actions made to suit.

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of
King Canute!

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty
will do't.

King Canute

XII

“With his wondrous skill in healing ne’er a doctor can
 compete,
Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon
 their feet ;
Surely he could raise the dead up, did His Highness
 think it meet.

35

XIII

“Did not once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon the
 hill,
And the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon
 stand still?
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his
 sacred will.”

XIV

“Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop?”
 Canute cried ;
“Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly
 ride?
If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the
 tide!

40

XV

“Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make
 the sign?”
Said the Bishop, bowing lowly: “Land and sea, my
 Lord, are thine.”
Canute turned toward the ocean: “Back!” he said,
 “thou foaming brine.

45

Modern Ballads

XVI

“From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to
retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy
master’s seat;
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my
feet!”

XVII

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper
roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on
50 the shore;
Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and
courtiers bore.

XVIII

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to
human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and
seas obey;
And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that
day.

TAILLEFER THE MINSTREL

Translated by Walter William Skeat from the German
of
LUDWIG UHLAND

I

Duke William the Norman spake out one day :
"Who sings in my court and my room alway ?
Who sings from the morning till late at night,
So sweetly, my heart seems to laugh outright ?"

II

"'Tis Taillefer, my liege, that so sweetly sings, 5
In the court, as the windlass around he swings,
In the room, as the fire he fans and rakes,
When at eve he lies down, and at morn awakes."

III

"'Tis well," quoth the Duke, "I've a servant rare
In Taillefer, who serves me with faith and care. 10
The wheel he turns and the fire makes bright,
And so clearly he sings that my heart grows light."

IV

Then Taillefer answered : "Were I but *free*,
Far better I'd labor and sing for thee !
How well on horseback I'd serve my lord, 15
And sing, as I clashed my shield and sword !"

Modern Ballads

V

Soon Taillefer rode to the battle-field
On a war-horse stout, with sword and shield ;
Duke William's sister, as down she gazed
20 From a turret, the knight's bold bearing praised.

VI

And when 'neath her turret he rode, he sang ;
Like a breeze, and next like a storm it rang ;
She cried : "When he singeth, what joys awake !
The tower is shaken, my heart doth quake !"

VII

25 Duke William sailed with a mighty host
O'er the rolling billows to England's coast.
He sprang from the ship — on his hands he fell.
"Ha ! England !" he shouted, "I grasp thee well !"

VIII

As the Norman host to the battle strode,
30 For a boon, to the Duke brave Taillefer rode.
"Many years have I sung, while thy fire I made,
Many years, while the sword and the lance I've swayed.

IX

"If I've served thee and sung to thy heart's delight,
At first as a servant, and last as a knight,
45 Then grant me this boon — when the morn shall shine,
Let the first blow struck at the foe be mine !"

Taillefer the Minstrel

X

With sword and spear he his horse bestrode,
Before the whole army brave Taillefer rode;
Over Hastings field his song rang out,
Of Roland he sang, and of heroes stout.

40

XI

When the "Roland-Song" rose loud as a blast,
Many standards waved, many hearts beat fast;
Its notes with courage the knights inspire:
For well, as he sang, could he *fan their fire!*

XII

Then, charging, his first quick thrust he gave,
An English knight to the ground he drave;
His sword he swung for the first swift blow,
An English knight on the ground lay low.

45

XIII

The Normans beheld it, and stayed not long;
With yells and smiting of shields they throng;
Hark! arrows are whirring, swords clash in the fray,
Till Harold is slain and his host gives way.

50

LINE 39. **Hastings field:** the place of the battle in which William the Conqueror defeated the Saxons in 1066.
40. **Roland:** a famous knight of the court of Charlemagne who lived in the eighth century. His brave deeds were the subject of many songs.

Modern Ballads

XIV

The Duke on the field his standard spread,
His tent he pitched i' the midst o' the dead ;
55 A golden beaker his table graced,
And the English crown on his head was placed.

XV

"Come, pledge me, my Taillefer brave, this day !
In love and in grief thou hast tuned thy lay,
But on Hastings' field thou hast sung me a song
60 Shall ring in my ears for my whole life long !"

LINE 55. **beaker**: a large, wide-mouthed cup or goblet.
58. **lay**: song.

A BALLAD FROM FROISSART

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY

(*Note.* — On one occasion, during the wars of the Black Prince, in the fourteenth century, Sir John Chandos, the Seneschal of Poitou, separated himself from the young Earl of Pembroke, who, in a moment of pride, had refused to accompany him in a foray into Anjou. The Earl soon after, while halting at Charente, was surprised by a band of Frenchmen, who broke into the town, crying, "Our Lady of Sancerre * for the Marshal of France!" and blockaded him in a preceptory of the Templars. The conclusion of the story and the rescue of the Earl are given in the following ballad. Froissart was a French chronicler and poet.)

I

The nights are cold at Candlemas, and the snow is on
the roof,
It lies on the broad roads three foot deep, and muffles
every hoof;
The spider's glued unto his web, the bird to roosting
bough,
The shepherd, frozen by the fold, prays for the morning
now;

II

The cressets on the whitened road cast shadows black
and strange,
Wavering o'er buried hedge and fence, past cabin and
past grange;

* Shrine of the Virgin Mary at Sancerre. LINE 5. **cressets**: tall torches. 6. **grange**: farm.

Modern Ballads

'Tis Pembroke and stout Chandos, with twice three
hundred lances,
And the red light that before them goes upon their
spear-heads dances.

III

Before those knights so amorous, so brave, and debonair,
The archers marched, their carol rings clear through the
10 thin frozen air;
But the earl rides silent and alone, wrathful and
discontent;
More like their prisoner than their chief, to Puirenon
he went.

IV

Behind crowd merchants of Narbonne, with many
muleteers,
Their beasts bear cloth from Brussels, and furs from
proud Bergères;
And golden silks from Alesandre and Damas cross the
15 sea,
Bright pearls from Ormuz, eastern gems, and bales of
spicerie.

V

Leap'd up the beacons as they came, from roof and
turret tall,
And woke the burghers as the light shone ruddy in the
hall;

LINE 9. *amorous*: quick to love. *debonair*: gentle or
courteous. 13. *muleteers*: drivers of mules. 15. *Alesandre*:
Alexandria. *Damas*: Damascus. 18. *burghers*: citizens.

A Ballad from Froissart

The torches flashed down winding streets, and lit the
market-place,
And there was joy in every eye, and welcome on each
face.

20

VI

The knights of Brabant and Navarre, and they of
Portingale,
Put down the cup unemptied, and ceased the half-told
tale ; '
For when the horns were three times wound the draw-
bridge rattled down,
And all the mailed horsemen rode trampling through
the town.

VII

The sleeping city starts to life at that deep hollow
sound,
Like will-o'-the-wisps the clustering lights ran gathering
around ;
And every voice united then in the universal glee,
"All hail to Chandos and the flower of England's
chivalry !"

25

VIII

Stern Pembroke, frowning in the van, brook'd ill that
cordial shout,
He bit his lip in anger hot at Chandos and the rout ;
By all the saints of France he vow'd he'd not disgrace
his peers,
But, with his sixty lancers, would gallop to Poitiers.

30

LINE 21. **Portingale**: Portugal.

Modern Ballads

IX

“Give place, ye rabble, mean and base!” and, without
bow or sign,
He turn’d again his charger’s head — “Now follow,
men of mine!”
And the fire-sparks from their clattering heels lit all the
35 path they went,
As they spurr’d down the rocky path that leadeth to
Charente.

X

“Now foul befall the black earl’s pride,” quoth Chandos,
with a smile;
“There’ll come a day he’ll need our help; let’s rest us
now the while.
And I swear, by our lady of Sancerre, he shall bend twice
his knee,
40 Ere I put a lance in rest for him, whate’er his jeopardy.”

XI

’Tis merry in the castle hall, where noble Chandos
stands,
And holds a cup of Cyprus wine in his uplifted hands;
“God save ye, gallant gentlemen, ye noble hearts and
true,
I pray you drink to every dame that dwells in fair
Anjou.”

LINE 40. jeopardy: danger.

A Ballad from Froissart

XII

Gay arras, Babylonian wove, shone bright with threads
of gold ; 45
The forked banners o'er their heads shook each its
rustling fold ;
And gleeful minstrels hushed their harps, and ceased
their song and tale,
As every knight waved high his hand, with "Noble
Chandos, hail !"

XIII

There the hippocras and spices were handed to each
guest,
Round went the flagon ceaselessly, for with it went the
jest ; 50
The feathers waved, steel armor shone, the tabards
glitter'd fair,
And Pleasure laugh'd as he barred out the frozen beggar,
Care.

XIV

The feast went on, the lights grew pale, 'twas very near
the dawn,
But still the harp was vibrating, and still rang loud the
horn ;
The very warder at the gate was merry as his lord — 55
When there broke in a weary squire, holding a broken
sword.

LINE 45. **arras**: woven hangings on the walls. 49. **hippocras**: spiced wine. 51. **tabards**: short sleeveless garments worn over the armor, often richly embroidered.

Modern Ballads

XV

“Fair sir,” he says, with feeble voice, “I’ve gallop’d
from Charente,

And my best blood the rocky path — I’m worn and
travel-spent.

The earl hath need of instant help, for he is sore bested.”

He spoke, and at the dais rested — they raised him —

60 he was dead!

XVI

But Chandos gazed upon the ground, and then looked
slowly up,

Struck the oak board till the sparkling wine leap’d from
the golden cup,

Then bit his lips till the blood sprang out, and cried,
with a look of pain,

“The fool that sows the whirlwind must reap the
hurricane.”

XVII

He startled as the door flew wide, and a second page
65 rush’d in.

“What news, boy, from the earl — speak — speak!
Do they the castle win?

Art dumb — be quick — dost bear to us a letter or a
sign?”

The fainting varlet could not speak, but beckoned for
the wine.

LINE 59. **bested**: beset, endangered.

A Ballad from Froissart

XVIII

He knelt, and from his doublet torn, drew out a golden ring :

"This, this, with danger and with toil, from the brave earl I bring.

In Mary's name, brave gentlemen, as you do hope for ^{7c}
grace,

As you do hope to look upon — once more, your lady's face" —

XIX

But Chandos turned him away, and leant upon his hand,
He mutter'd low unto himself, and stirred the smolder-
ing brand,

Then struck the log that flash'd up sparks with his war-
axe a blow, ⁷⁵

And crush'd it with his mailed heel, as one would do a
foe.

XX

Quoth he, "If all Touraine is out, 'twere but in vain to
ride ;

And if he *were* struck down and ta'en, it would but cool
his pride."

But gloom broke sudden from his brow : all knew the
chief's intent,

As he rose up, and shouted out, "*We'll gallop to
Charentel*" ⁸⁰

Modern Ballads

XXI

He thrust the table from its place, and callèd for his
steed.

“We must not leave this gallant soul to perish in his
need.”

He drew his visor slowly close, as they rose up to cheer,
And knelt him down to breathe a prayer — *some* say to
hide a tear.

XXII

Then rang the hall with shout and cry, and every eye
85 grew bright,

The helms were laced, the spurs put on, and saddle-
girths pulled tight;

The seats were left in fiery haste, and sword-belts
girded fast,

The maces tied to saddle-bows, and cups to pages cast.

XXIII

Some caps and mantles cast aside, some pennons do
unfurl,

Then shields braced on, and tighten'd bands, to hurry
90 to the earl.

“Advance the banners, in God's name!” the standard-
bearer cries.

“Set on,” shouts Chandos, spurring fast, “lest the
stout Pembroke dies!”

LINE 86. **helms**: helmets. 88. **maces**: war clubs.

A Ballad from Froissart

XXIV

'Twas brave to see the banners wave the glittering spears
among ;

'Twas brave to see the streamers all, bright glistening
'gainst the sun ;

But braver far to see stout Chandos, and his spears, 95

Break through the ford by Auberoche with cries and
lusty cheers.

XXV

The archers all together shot, the lances were in rest,
Plumed heads were to the saddle bent, stout shields
before each breast,

With the sound of drum and bugle horn, with shout and
battle din,

They swept into the leaguer'd town, and through the 100
press broke in.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN

I

It was upon an April morn,
While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
Sound by the rocky shore.

II

5 Then down we went, a hundred knights,
All in our dark array,
And flung our armor in the ships
That rode within the bay.

III

10 We spoke not as the shore grew less,
But gazed in silence back,
Where the long billows swept away
The foam behind our track.

IV

15 And aye the purple hues decayed
Upon the fading hill,
And but one heart in all that ship
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

The Heart of the Bruce

V

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck,
And O, his face was wan!
Unlike the flush it used to wear
When in the battle-van.

20

VI

“Come hither, come hither, my trusty knight,
Sir Simon of the Lee;
There is a freit lies near my soul
I fain would tell to thee.

VII

“Thou know’st the words King Robert spoke
Upon his dying day:
How he bade take his noble heart
And carry it far away;

25

VIII

“And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Savior trod,
Since he might not bear the blessèd Cross,
Nor strike one blow for God.

30

IX

“Last night as in my bed I lay,
I dreamed a dreary dream:
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand
In the moonlight’s quivering beam.

35

LINE 23. **freit**: a superstitious notion, a fancy.

Modern Ballads

X

“ His robe was of the azure dye,
Snow-white his scattered hairs,
And even such a cross he bore
40 As good Saint Andrew bears.

XI

“ ‘Why go ye forth, Lord James,’ he said,
‘With spear and belted brand?
Why do you take its dearest pledge
From this our Scottish land?’

XII

45 “ ‘The sultry breeze of Galilee
Creeps through its groves of palm,
The olives on the Holy Mount
Stand glittering in the calm.

XIII

50 “ ‘But ’tis not there that Scotland’s heart
Shall rest, by God’s decree,
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea !

XIV

55 “ ‘Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede !
That heart shall pass once more
In fiery fight against the foe,
As it was wont of yore.

The Heart of the Bruce

XV

“And it shall pass beneath the Cross,
And save King Robert’s vow;
But other hands shall bear it back,
Not, James of Douglas, thou!’

60

XVI

“Now by thy knightly faith, I pray,
Sir Simon of the Lee,
For truer friend had never man
Than thou hast been to me,

XVII

“If ne’er upon the Holy Land
’Tis mine in life to tread,
Bear thou to Scotland’s kindly earth
The relics of her dead.”

65

XVIII

The tear was in Sir Simon’s eye
As he wrung the warrior’s hand,
“Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I’ll hold by thy command.

70

XIX

“But if in battle-front, Lord James,
’Tis ours once more to ride,
Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend,
Shall cleave me from thy side!”

75

Modern Ballads

XX

And aye we sailed and aye we sailed
Across the weary sea,
Until one morn the coast of Spain
80 Rose grimly on our lee.

XXI

And as we rounded to the port,
Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
We heard the clash of the atabals,
And the trumpet's wavering call.

XXII

85 "Why sounds yon Eastern music here
So wantonly and long,
And whose the crowd of armèd men
That round yon standard throng?"

XXIII

90 "The Moors have come from Africa
To spoil and waste and slay,
And King Alonzo of Castile
Must fight with them to-day."

XXIV

95 "Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,
"Shall never be said of me
That I and mine have turned aside
From the Cross in jeopardie!

LINE 80. lee: side of vessel protected from the wind.
83. atabals: small Moorish drums.

The Heart of the Bruce

XXV

“Have down, have down, my merry men all,
Have down unto the plain;
We’ll let the Scottish lion loose
Within the fields of Spain!”

100

XXVI

“Now welcome to me, noble lord,
Thou and thy stalwart power;
Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,
Who comes in such an hour!

XXVII

“Is it for bond or faith you come,
Or yet for golden fee?
Or bring ye France’s lilies here,
Or the flower of Burgundie?”

105

XXVIII

“God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
Thee and thy belted peers,
Sir James of Douglas am I called,
And these are Scottish spears.

110

XXIX

“We do not fight for bond or plight,
Nor yet for golden fee;
But for the sake of our Blessèd Lord,
Who died upon the tree.

115

Modern Ballads

XXX

“We bring our great King Robert’s heart
Across the weltering wave,
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Savior’s grave.

120

XXXI

“True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way;
And therefore are we here, Lord King,
To ride with thee this day!”

XXXII

The King has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne,
“God’s blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine!

125

XXXIII

“I know thy name full well, Lord James;
And honored may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me!

130

XXXIV

“Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain;
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain!”

135

LINE 126. *eyne*: old plural, *eyes*.

The Heart of the Bruce

XXXV

The Douglas turnèd towards us then,
O, but his glance was high !
“There is not one of all my men
But is as bold as I.

140

XXXVI

“There is not one of all my knights
But bears as true a spear ;
Then onward, Scottish gentlemen,
And think King Robert’s here !”

XXXVII

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts flew,
The arrows flashed like flame,
As spur in side and spur in rest,
Against the foe we came.

145

XXXVIII

And many a bearded Saracen
Went down, both horse and man ;
For through their ranks we rode like corn,
So furiously we ran !

150

XXXIX

But in behind our path they closed,
Though fain to let us through,
For they were forty thousand men,
And we were wondrous few.

155

Modern Ballads

XL

160 We might not see a lance's length,
So dense was their array,
But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
Still held them hard at bay.

XLI

"Make in! make in!" Lord Douglas cried;
"Make in, my brethren dear!
Sir William of St. Clair is down;
We may not leave him here!"

XLII

165 But thicker, thicker grew the swarm,
And sharper shot the rain,
And the horses reared amid the press,
But they would not charge again.

XLIII

170 "Now Jesu help thee," said Lord James,
"Thou kind and true St. Clair!
An' if I may not bring thee off,
I'll die beside thee there!"

XLIV

175 Then in his stirrups up he stood,
So lion-like and bold,
And held the precious heart aloft,
All in its case of gold.

The Heart of the Bruce

XLV

He flung it from him, far ahead,
And never spake he more,
But "Pass thou first, thou dauntless heart,
As thou wert wont of yore!" 180

XLVI

The roar of fire rose fiercer yet,
And heavier still the stour,
Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
And swept away the Moor.

XLVII

"Now praised be God, the day is won!
They fly, o'er flood and fell!
Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
Good knight, that fought so well?" 185

XLVIII

"O, ride ye on, Lord King!" he said,
"And leave the dead to me, 190
For I must keep the dreariest watch
That ever I shall dree!

XLIX

"There lies above his master's heart,
The Douglas stark and grim;
And woe is me I should be here, 195
Not side by side with him!

LINE 182. *stour*: battle. 186. *fell*: a barren hill
192. *dree*: endure.

Modern Ballads

L

200 "The world grows cold, my arm is old,
 And thin my lyart hair,
And all that I loved best on earth
 Is stretched before me there.

LI

"O Bothwell banks, that bloom so bright
 Beneath the sun of May!
The heaviest cloud that ever blew
 Is bound for you this day.

LII

205 "And Scotland! thou mayst veil thy head
 In sorrow and in pain,
The sorest stroke upon thy brow
 Hath fallen this day in Spain!

LIII

210 "We'll bear them back unto our ship,
 We'll bear them o'er the sea,
And lay them in the hallowed earth
 Within our own countrie.

LIV

215 "And be thou strong of heart, Lord King,
 For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas' blood
 Shall never bear the Moor!"

198. lyart : gray.

The Heart of the Bruce

LV

The King he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

220

LVI

“God give thee rest, thou valiant soul !
That fought so well for Spain ;
I'd rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again !”

LVII

We bore the good Lord James away,
And the priceless heart we bore,
And heavily we steered our ship
Towards the Scottish shore.

225

LVIII

No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread,
But all were dumb and hushed as death
Before the mighty dead.

230

LIX

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose ;
And woful men were we that day.
God grant their souls repose !

235

QUIVIRA *

(1540)

ARTHUR GUTTERMAN

I

Francisco Coronado rode forth with all his train,
Eight hundred savage bowmen, three hundred spears of
Spain,
To seek the rumored glory that pathless deserts hold —
The City of Quivira whose walls are rich with gold.

II

Oh, gay they rode with plume on crest and gilded spur
5 at heel,
With gonfalon of Aragon and banner of Castile :
While High Emprise and Joyous Youth, twin marshals
of the throng,
Awoke Sonora's mountain peaks with trumpet note
and song.

III

Beside that brilliant army, beloved by serf and lord,
There walked as brave a soldier as ever smote with
10 sword,

* Reprinted from *Pioneers* by permission of E. P. Dutton and Company. LINE 6. **gonfalon**: banner carried on a lance.

Quivira

Though naught of knightly harness his russet gown revealed —
The cross he bore as weapon, the missal was his shield.

IV

But rugged oaths were changed to prayers, and angry
 hearts grew tame,
And fainting spirits waxed in faith where Fray Padilla
 came;
And brawny spearmen bowed their heads to kiss the
 helpful hand 15
Of him who spake the simple truth that brave men
 understand.

V

What pen may paint their daring — those doughty
 cavaliers!
The cities of the Zuni were humbled by their spears,
And Arizona's barrens grew pallid in the glow
Of swords that won Granada and conquered Mexico. 20

VI

They fared by lofty Acoma; their rally-call was blown
Where Colorado rushes down through God-hewn walls
 of stone;
Still, north and east, where deserts spread and tree-
 less prairies rolled,
A Fairy City lured them on with pinnacles of gold.

LINE 12. missal: book containing services of the Church.
14. Fray: Brother. 17. doughty: daring.

Modern Ballads

VII

Through all their weary marches, in all their pain and
25 dole,
They turned to Fray Padilla for aid of heart and soul.
He bound the wounds that lance-thrust and flinty arrow
 made;
He cheered the sick and failing, above the dead he
 prayed.

VIII

Two thousand miles of war and woe behind their banners lay;
And sadly fever, drought, and toil had lessened their
30 array,
When came a message fraught with hope for all the
 steadfast band:
“Good tidings from the northward, friends! Quivira
 lies at hand!”

IX

How joyously they spurred them! How sadly drew the
 rein!
Here gleamed no golden palace, there blazed no jeweled
 fane!
Rude tents of hide of bison, dog-guarded, met their
35 view —
A squalid Indian village, the lodges of the Sioux.

LINE 34. fane: temple.

Quivira

X

Then Coronado bowed his head ; he spake unto his men :
“Our quest is vain, true hearts of Spain ; now turn we
home again.

And would to God that I could give that phantom
city's pride

In ransom for the gallant souls that here have sunk and
died !”

40

XI

Back, back to Compostela the wayworn handful bore ;
But sturdy Fray Padilla took up the quest once more.
His soul still longed for conquest, though not by lance
and sword ;

He burned to show the heathen the pathway to the
Lord.

XII

Again he trudged the flinty hills and parching desert
sands ;

45

While few were they that walked with him, and weapon-
less their hands —

But faithfully the man-at-arms, Docampo, rode him
near

Like Great Heart warding Christian's way through
wastes of Doubt and Fear.

XIII

Where still in silken harvests the prairie lilies toss,
Among the red Quiviras, Padilla reared his cross.

50

Within its sacred shadow the warriors of the Kaw
In wonder heard the gospel of love and peace and law.

Modern Ballads

XIV

They gloried in their brown-robed priest; and oft in
twilight's gold
The tribesmen grouped, a silent ring, to hear the tale
he told,
While round the kindly man-at-arms their lithe-limbed
55 children played
And shot blunt arrows at his shield and rode his guarded
blade.

XV

When thrice the silver crescent had filled its curving
- shell,
The friar rose at dawning and bade his flock farewell:
“— And if your brothers northward be cruel, as ye say,
My Master bids me seek them; and dare I answer,
60 ‘Nay’?”

XVI

But where, unfaltering, he trod the path of thorns once
more,
A savage cohort swept the plain in paint and plume of
war.
Then Fray Padilla spake to them whose hearts were
most his own:
“My children, bear the tidings home; let me die here
alone.”

Quivira

XVII

He knelt upon the prairie, begirt by yelling Sioux — 65

“Forgive them, O my Father, they know not what they
do!”

The twanging bowstrings answered. Before his eyes,
unrolled

The City of Quivira whose streets are paved with gold.

THE *REVENGE*

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I

At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far
away:

"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-
three!"

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I am
no coward;

But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of
gear,

5 And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow
quick.

We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-
three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no
coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.

10 But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I left them, my
Lord Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

The *Revenge*

III

So Lord Howard passed away with five ships of war
that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the
land 15
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not
left to Spain, 20
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the
Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to
fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came
in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly? 25
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die !
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again : "We be all good English
men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the
devil, 30
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Modern Ballads

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a
hurrah, and so
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the
foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick
below ;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left
35 were seen,
And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-lane
between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their
decks and laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad
little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hun-
40 dred tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning
tiers of guns,
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

VII

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like
a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
45 Long and loud,

The *Revenge*

Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
board lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself
and went, 50
Having that within her womb that had left her ill
content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us
hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
musqueteers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes
his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land. 55

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the
fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built
galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-
thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with
her dead and her shame. 60

Modern Ballads

For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so
could fight us no more —
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before?

X

For he said "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer
65 night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be dressed he had left the deck.
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly
dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and the
head,
And he said "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far
70 over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us
all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that
we still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
75 But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate
strife;

The *Revenge*

And the sick men down in the hold were most of them
stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder
was all of it spent ; 80
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
“We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again !
We have won great glory, my men ! 85
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when ?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner — sink her, split her
in twain !
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of
Spain !” 90

XII

And the gunner said “Ay, ay,” but the seamen made
reply :
“We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us
go ;
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.” 95
And the lion lay there dying, and they yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him
then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard
caught at last,

Modern Ballads

And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace ;
100 But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :
“ I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man
and true ;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die ! ”
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant
105 and true,
And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English
few ;
Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they
knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they mann'd the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien
110 crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her
own ;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke
from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earth-
115 quake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their
masts and their flags,

The *Revenge*

And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd
navy of Spain,

And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island
crag

To be lost evermore in the main.

THE LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS*

RUDYARD KIPLING

I

The King has called for priest and cup,
The King has taken spur and blade
To dub True Thomas a belted knight,
And all for the sake o' the songs he made.

II

5 They have sought him high, they have sought him low,
They have sought him over down and lea;
They have found him by the milk-white thorn
That guards the gates o' Faerie.

III

Tw'as bent beneath and blue above,
10 *Their eyes were held that they might not see*
The kine that grazed beneath the knowes,
Oh, they were the Queens o' Faerie !

* Reprinted, by permission of Doubleday, Page and Company and A. P. Watt and Son, London, from *The Seven Seas*, by Rudyard Kipling. LINE 9. *bent*: grass. 11. *kine*: cows. *knowes*: hillocks.

The Last Rhyme of True Thomas

IV

"Now cease your song," the King he said,
"Oh, cease your song and get you dight
"To vow your vow and watch your arms,
"For I will dub you a belted knight. 15

V

"For I will give you a horse o' pride,
"Wi' blazon and spur and page and squire;
"Wi' keep and tail and seizin and law,
"And land to hold at your desire." 20

VI

True Thomas smiled above his harp,
And turned his face to the naked sky,
Where, blown before the wastrel wind
The thistle-down she floated by.

VII

"I ha' vowed my vow in another place,
"And bitter oath it was on me,
"I ha' watched my arms the lee-long night,
"Where five-score fighting men would flee. 25

LINE 14. **dight**: dressed, equipped. 18. **blazon**: coat of arms. 19. **keep**: castle. **tail**: attendants, followers. **seizin**: estates. 23. **wastrel**: wandering. 27. **lee-long**: livelong.

Modern Ballads

VIII

30 "My lance is tipped o' the hammered flame,
"My shield is beat o' the moonlight cold;
"And I won my spurs in the Middle World,
"A thousand fathom beneath the mould.

IX

35 "And what should I make wi' a horse o' pride,
"And what should I make wi' a sword so brown
"But spill the rings o' the Gentle Folk
"And flyte my kin in the Fairy Town?

X

40 "And what should I make wi' blazon and belt,
"Wi' keep and tail and seizin and fee,
"And what should I do wi' page and squire
"That am a king in my own countrie?

XI

"For I send east and I send west,
"And I send far as my will may flee,
"By dawn and dusk and the drinking rain,
"And syne my Sendings return to me.

XII

45 "They come wi' news of the groanin' earth,
"They come wi' news o' the roarin' sea,
"Wi' word of Spirit and Ghost and Flesh,
"And man, that's mazed among the three."

LINE 36. flyte: quarrel with. 44. syne: afterward.

The Last Rhyme of True Thomas

XIII

The King he bit his nether lip,
And smote his hand upon his knee :
"By the faith o' my soul, True Thomas," he said,
"Ye waste no wit in courtesie !

50

XIV

"As I desire, unto my pride,
"Can I make earls by three and three,
"To run before and ride behind
"And serve the sons o' my body."

55

XV

"And what care I for your row-foot earls,
"Or all the sons o' your body?
"Before they win to the Pride o' Name,
"I trow they all ask leave o' me.

60

XVI

"For I make Honour wi' muckle mouth,
"As I make Shame wi' mincin' feet,
"To sing wi' the priests at the market-cross,
"Or run wi' the dogs in the naked street.

XVII

"And some they give me the good red gold,
"And some they give me the white money,
"And some they give me a clout o' meal,
"For they be people o' low degree.

65

LINE 57. row-foot: standing in a row. 61. muckle: big.
67. clout: a cloth.

Modern Ballads

XVIII

- “And the song I sing for the counted gold
70 “The same I sing for the white money,
“But best I sing for the clout o’ meal
“That simple people given me.”

XIX

- The King cast down a silver groat,
A silver groat o’ Scots money,
75 “If I come wi’ a poor man’s dole,” he said,
“True Thomas, will ye harp to me?”

XX

- “Whenas I harp to the children small,
“They press me close on either hand.
“And who are you,” True Thomas said,
80 “That you should ride while they must stand?”

XXI

- “Light down, light down from your horse o’ pride,
“I trow ye talk too loud and hie,
“And I will make you a triple word,
“And syne, if ye dare, ye shall ‘noble me.”

XXII

- 85 He has lighted down from his horse o’ pride
And set his back against the stone.
“Now guard you well,” True Thomas said,
“Ere I rax your heart from your breast-bone!”

LINE 73. *groat*: fourpence. 82. *hie*: high. 84. *'noble*: ennoble, make noble. 88. *rax*: tear.

The Last Rhyme of True Thomas

XXIII

True Thomas played upon his harp,
The fairy harp that couldna' lee, 90
And the first least word the proud King heard,
It harpit the salt tear out o' his e'e.

XXIV

"Oh, I see the love that I lost long syne,
"I touch the hope that I may not see,
"And all that I did o' hidden shame, 95
"Like little snakes they hiss at me.

XXV

"The sun is lost at noon — at noon!
"The dread o' doom has grippit me.
"True Thomas, hide me under your cloak,
"God wot, I'm little fit to dee!" 100

XXVI

*'Twas bent beneath and blue above,
'Twas open field and running flood,
Where, hot on heath and dyke and wall,
The high sun warmed the adder's brood.*

XXVII

"Lie down, lie down," True Thomas said. 105
"The God shall judge when all is done;
"But I will bring you a better word
"And lift the cloud that I laid on."

Modern Ballads

XXVIII

True Thomas played upon his harp,
110 That birled and brattled to his hand,
And the next least word True Thomas made
It garred the King take horse and brand.

XXIX

"Oh, I hear the tread o' the fighting-men,
"I see the sun on splent and spear.
115 "I mark the arrow outen the fern
"That flies so low and sings so clear !

XXX

"Advance my standards to that war,
"And bid my good knights prick and ride ;
"The glen shall watch as fierce a fight
120 "As e'er was fought on the Border side !"

XXXI

*'Twas bent beneath and blue above,
'Twas nodding grass and naked sky,
Where, ringing up the wastrel wind,
The eyass stooped upon the pye.*

LINE 110. birled: hummed. brattled: rattled.
112. garred: caused. 124. eyass: young hawk. pye:
magpie. An old riddle asks, "When is a pie not a pie?"
The answer is, "When it is a magpie."

The Last Rhyme of True Thomas

XXXII

True Thomas sighed above his harp, 125
And turned the song on the midmost string;
And the last least word True Thomas made,
He harpit his dead youth back to the King.

XXXIII

"Now I am prince, and I do well
"To love my love withouten fear; 130
"To walk wi' man in fellowship,
"And breathe my horse behind the deer:

XXXIV

"My hounds they bay unto the death,
"The buck has couched beyond the burn,
"My love she waits at her window 135
"To wash my hands when I return.

XXXV

"For that I live am I content
"(Oh! I have seen my true love's eyes)
"To stand wi' Adam in Eden-glade,
"And run in the woods o' Paradise!" 140

XXXVI

*'Twas nodding grass and naked sky,
'Twas blue above and bent below,
Where, checked against the wastrel wind,
The red deer belled to call the doe.*

LINE 134. burn: brook. 144. belled: roared.

Modern Ballads

XXXVII

145 True Thomas laid his harp away,
And louted low at the saddle-side;
He has taken stirrup and hauden rein,
And set the King on his horse o' pride.

XXXVIII

"Sleep ye or wake," True Thomas said,
150 "That sit so still, that muse so long;
"Sleep ye or wake? Till the latter sleep
"I trow ye'll not forget my song.

XXXIX

"I ha' harpit a shadow out o' the sun
"To stand before your face and cry;
155 "I ha' armed the earth beneath your heel,
"And over your head I ha' dusked the sky.

XL

"I ha' harpit ye up to the Throne o' God,
"I ha' harpit your secret soul in three;
"I ha' harpit ye down to the Hinges o' Hell,
160 "And — ye — would — make — a Knight o' me!"

LINE 146. louted: bowed. 147. hauden: held.

ALAN-A-DALE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

I

Alan-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
Alan-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Alan-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Alan-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale! 5
And tell me the craft of bold Alan-a-Dale.

II

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame; 10
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Alan-a-Dale!

III

Alan-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
Alan-a-Dale is no baron or lord, 15
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Alan-a-Dale.

LINE 9. mere: sea.

Modern Ballads

IV

Alan-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;

20 The mother, she asked of his household and home :

“Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall,” quoth bold Alan, “shows gallanter still ;

’Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles !” said Alan-a-Dale.

V

25 The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;

They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone ;

But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry ;

He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,

And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale.

30 And the youth it was told by was Alan-a-Dale.

LOCHINVAR

SIR WALTER SCOTT ..

I

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the West;
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar. 5

II

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late; 10
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

III

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all,
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword, 15
— For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word —
“Oh! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?”

LINE 7. **brake**: thicket. 11. **dastard**: coward.

Modern Ballads

IV

“I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied —
20 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now am I come with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine,
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

V

25 The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar ;
30 “Now tread we a measure,” said young Lochinvar.

VI

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, “ ’Twere better by
35 far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochin-
var.”

VII

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
stood near ;





"They'll have fleet steeds that follow."

Lochinvar

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung ! 40
“She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young
Lochinvar.

VIII

There was mounting ’mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran ;
There were racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea, 45
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

SIR WALTER SCOTT

I

“Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I’ll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride.
5 And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen ” —
But aye she loot the tears down fa’
For Jock of Hazeldean.

II

“Now let this wilfu’ grief be done,
10 And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha’,
His sword in battle keen ” —
15 But aye she loot the tears down fa’
For Jock of Hazeldean.

LINE 1. tide: stream. 4. sall: shall. 7. loot: let.
fa’: fall. 13. ha’: hall.

Jock of Hazeldean

III

“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair; 20
And you, the foremost of them a’,
Shall ride our forest queen” —
But aye she loot the tears down fa’
For Jock of Hazeldean.

IV

The kirk was deck’d at morning-tide, 25
The tapers glimmer’d fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha’;
The ladie was not seen! 30
She’s o’er the Border, and awa’
Wi’ Jock of Hazeldean.

LINE 19. **mettled**: brave, spirited. **managed**: trained.
20. **palfrey**: a woman’s saddle-horse. 29. **baith**: both.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

THOMAS CAMPBELL

I

A Chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries: "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry!"

II

5 "Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

III

10 "And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

IV

15 "His horsemen hard behind us ride —
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Lord Ullin's Daughter

V

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight :

“I'll go, my chief — I'm ready :

It is not for your silver bright,

But for your winsome lady.

20

VI

“And by my word ! the bonny bird

In danger shall not tarry ;

So, though the waves are raging white,

I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

VII

By this the storm grew loud apace,

The water-wraith was shrieking ;

And in the scowl of heaven each face

Grew dark as they were speaking.

25

VIII

But still, as wilder blew the wind,

And as the night grew drearer,

Adown the glen rode armed men,

Their trampling sounded nearer.

30

IX

“O haste thee, haste !” the lady cries ;

“Though tempests round us gather,

I'll meet the raging of the skies,

But not an angry father !”

35

Modern Ballads

X

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, oh ! too strong for human hand,
40 The tempests gather'd o'er her.

XI

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing ;
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore ;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

XII

45 For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover ;
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

XIII

50 "Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water :
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter ! O my daughter !"

XIV

'Twas vain : the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
55 The water wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

A RUNNABLE STAG *

JOHN DAVIDSON

I

When the pods went pop on the broom, green broom,
And apples began to be golden-skinned,
We harbored a stag in the Priory coomb,
And we feathered his trail up-wind, up-wind,
We feathered his trail up-wind —
A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
A runnable stag, a kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
A stag, a runnable stag.

5

II

Then the huntsman's horn rang yap, yap, yap,
And "Forwards" we heard the harborer shout;
But 'twas only a brocket that broke a gap
In the beechen underwood, driven out,
From the underwood antlered out

10

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LINE 3. **harbored**: traced to its hiding place. **coomb**: bowl-shaped hollow. 5. **feathered**: followed against the wind. 6. **of warrant**: of sufficient age to be hunted, i.e. one in its sixth year. 8. **bay and tray and three on top**. The bay antler was the branch of a deer's horn next above the brow; the tray was the third branch. This stag had three more branches above the tray. 11. **harborer**: guide, leader who had found the trail. 12. **brocket**: a two-year-old deer, having but one fork to his antler.

Modern Ballads

- 15 By warrant and might of the stag, the stag,
The runnable stag, whose lordly mind
Was bent on sleep, though beamed and tined
He stood, a runnable stag.

III

- So we tufted the covert till afternoon
20 With Tinkerman's Pup and Bell-of-the-North,
And hunters were sulky and hounds out of tune
Before we tufted the right stag forth,
Before we tufted him forth,
The stag of warrant, the wily stag.
25 The runnable stag with his kingly crop,
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The royal and runnable stag.

IV

- It was Bell-of-the-North and Tinkerman's Pup
That stuck to the scent till the copse was drawn.
30 "Tally ho! tally ho!" and the hunt was up,
The tufters whipped and the pack laid on,
The resolute pack laid on,
And the stag of warrant away at last,
The runnable stag, the same, the same,
35 His hoofs on fire, his horns like flame,
A stag, a runnable stag.

LINE 17. beamed and tined: referring to his broad antlers with many forks. 19. tufted the covert: searched all through the shady places. 29. copse was drawn: the deer was driven from his hiding place. 30. Tally ho: a cry to urge on the hounds. 31. tufters: hunters, beating the thickets, to drive out game.

A Runnable Stag

V

“Let your gelding be: if you check or chide
He stumbles at once and you're out of the hunt;
For three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
On hunters accustomed to bear the brunt, 40
Accustomed to bear the brunt,
Are after the runnable stag, the stag,
The runnable stag with his kingly crop
Brow, bay and tray and three on top,
The right, the runnable stag.” 45

VI

By perilous paths in coomb and dell,
The heather, the rocks, and the river-bed,
The pace grew hot, for the scent lay well,
And a runnable stag goes right ahead,
The quarry went right ahead — 50
Ahead, ahead, and fast and far;
His antlered crest, his cloven hoof,
Brow, bay and tray and three aloof,
The stag, the runnable stag.

VII

For a matter of twenty miles and more, 55
By the densest hedge and the highest wall,
Through herds of bullocks he baffled the lore
Of harborer, huntsman, hounds, and all,
Of harborer, hounds, and all —

LINE 37. **gelding**: horse. 50. **quarry**: creature being hunted.

Modern Ballads

60 The stag of warrant, the wily stag,
 For twenty miles, and five and five,
 He ran, and he never was caught alive,
 This stag, this runnable stag.

VIII

 When he turned at bay in the leafy gloom,
65 In the emerald gloom where the brook ran deep,
He heard in the distance the rollers boom,
 And he saw in a vision of peaceful sleep,
 In a wonderful vision of sleep,
 A stag of warrant, a stag, a stag,
70 A runnable stag in a jewelled bed,
 Under the sheltering ocean dead,
 A stag, a runnable stag.

IX

 So a fateful hope lit up his eye,
 And he opened his nostrils wide again,
75 And he tossed his branching antlers high
 As he headed the hunt down the Charloch glen,
 As he raced down the echoing glen -
 For five miles more, the stag, the stag,
 For twenty miles, and five, and five,
80 Not to be caught now, dead or alive,
 The stag, the runnable stag.

X

 Three hundred gentlemen, able to ride,
 Three hundred horses as gallant and free,
 Beheld him escape on the evening tide,
85 Far out till he sank in the Severn Sea,

A Runnable Stag

Till he sank in the depths of the sea —
The stag, the buoyant stag, the stag
That slept at last in a jewelled bed
Under the sheltering ocean spread,
The stag, the runnable stag.

90

NATHAN HALE

I

The breezes went steadily thro' the tall pines,
A saying "oh! hu-ush!" a saying "oh! hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

II

5 "Keep still!" said the thrush as she nestled her young,
In a nest by the road; in a nest by the road.
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear,
What bodes us no good; what bodes us no good."

III

10 The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home,
In a cot by the brook; in a cot by the brook,
With mother and sister and memories dear,
He so gaily forsook; he so gaily forsook.

IV

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace;
The tattoo had beat; the tattoo had beat;
15 The noble one sprang from his dark lurking place,
To make his retreat; to make his retreat.

LINE 14. **tattoo**: signal to return to quarters, usually about 9 P.M.

Nathan Hale

V

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,
As he pass'd thro' the wood ; as he pass'd thro' the
wood ;
And silently gain'd his rude launch on the shore,
As she play'd with the flood ; as she play'd with the
flood.

20

VI

The guards of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,
Had a murderous will ; had a murderous will ;
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill ; to a hut on the hill.

VII

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer, 25
In that little stone cell ; in that little stone cell ;
But he trusted in love, from his Father above.
In his heart, all was well ; in his heart, all was well.

VIII

An ominous owl with his solemn bass voice,
Sat moaning hard by ; sat moaning hard by ; 30
"The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die ; for he must soon die."

LINE 29. **ominous**: foretelling evil. 31. **minions**: favorite servants.

Modern Ballads

IX

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrain'd,
The cruel gen'ral; the cruel gen'ral,
35 His errand from camp, of the ends to be gain'd,
And said that was all; and said that was all.

X

They took him and bound him and bore him away.
Down the hill's grassy side; down the hill's grassy
side;
'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal array,
40 His cause did deride; his cause did deride.

XI

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent; for him to repent;
He pray'd for his mother; he ask'd not another,
To Heaven he went; to Heaven he went.

XII

45 The faith of a martyr the tragedy shew'd,
As he trod the last stage; as he trod the last stage:
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage; as his words do presage.

XIII

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
50 'Go frighten the slave; go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants, to you, their allegiance they owe.
No fears for the brave; no fears for the brave."

LINE 48. *presage*: foretell.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

ROBERT T. S. LOWELL

I

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort !
We knew that it was the last ;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

II

To yield to that foe meant worse than death ;
And the men and we all worked on ;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

III

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

IV

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee ;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she
said,
"Oh ! then please waken me."

LINE 15. hame frae the pleugh: home from the plow.

Modern Ballads

V

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
20 And the mother's wheel is stayed.

VI

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

VII

25 I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden; but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

VIII

30 There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my hand
And drew me near as she spoke;

IX

35 "The Hielanders! Oh! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregor's. Oh! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'!

LINE 34. slogan: battle cry of a Highland clan.

The Relief of Lucknow

X

“God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We’re saved! we’re saved!” she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

40

XI

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back; they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?

XII

They listened for life; the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

45

XIII

But Jessie said, “The slogan’s done;
But winna ye hear it noo,
The Campbells are comin’? It’s no a dream;
Our succors hae broken through!”

50

XIV

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
But the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

55

LINE 50. winna: will not. noo: now.

Modern Ballads

XV

It was not long ere it made its way,
A thrilling, ceaseless sound :
It was no noise from the strife afar,
60 Or the sappers under ground.

XVI

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders !
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*.
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

XVII

65 And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd ;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

XVIII

70 That happy time, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first ;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

XIX

75 And the pipers' ribbons and tartans streamed,
Marching round and round our line ;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
And the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

LINE 60. **sappers** : soldiers digging tunnels.

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST*

RUDYARD KIPLING

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judg-
ment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
from the ends of the earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border side, ⁵
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Col-
onel's pride;
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the
dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her
far away.
Then up and spake the Colonel's son that led a troop
of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where
Kamal hides?"

10

*Reprinted by permission of A. P. Watt and Son, London, and Doubleday, Page and Company, from *Barrack Room Ballads* by Rudyard Kipling. LINE 8. *calkins*: calks, spurs on a horse's shoe to prevent slipping.

Modern Ballads

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the
Ressaldar,

"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know
where his pickets are.

"At dusk he harries the Abazai — at dawn he is into
Bonair,

"But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to
fare,

15 "So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,

"By the favor of God ye may cut him off, ere he win
to the Tongue of Jagai.

"But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly
turn ye then,

"For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is
sown with Kamal's men.

"There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and
low, lean thorn between,

20 "And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a
man is seen."

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough
dun was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell, and the
head of the gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him
stay to eat —

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long
at his meat.

25 He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the
Tongue of Jagai,

LINE 11. **Ressaldar**: commander of a troop of native Indian
cavalry.

The Ballad of East and West

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal
upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made
the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling
ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if
ye can ride."
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-
devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a
barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head
above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a
maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and
low, lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a
man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their
hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare
like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course — in a woful heap
fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled
the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand — small
room was there to strive,

LINE 34. snaffle-bars: 'bit.

Modern Ballads

" 'Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long alive :

"There was not a rock for twenty miles, there was not a clump of tree,

"But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.

"If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,

45 "The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row :

"If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,

"The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good to bird and beast,

50 "But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.

"If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,

"Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.

"They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,

"The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.

55 "But if thou thinkest the price be fair — thy brethren wait to sup,

"The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn — howl, dog, and call them up !

LINE 54. byres: cow stables.

The Ballad of East and West

"And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,

"Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!"

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.

"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and gray wolf meet. 60

"May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;

"What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the blood of my clan:

"Take up the mare for my father's gift — by God, she has carried a man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast; 65

"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best.

"So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,

"My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,

"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take the mate from a friend?" 70

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk of a limb.

"Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"

Modern Ballads

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from
a mountain-crest —

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked
like a lance in rest.

75 “Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “who leads a
troop of the Guides,

“And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoul-
der rides.

“Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board
and bed,

“Thy life is his — thy fate is to guard him with thy
head.

“So thou must eat the White Queen’s meat, and all her
foes are thine,

80 “And thou must harry thy father’s hold for the peace
of the Border-line,

“And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy
way to power —

“Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am
hanged in Peshawur.”

They have looked each other between the eyes, and
there they have found no fault,

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
leavened bread and salt;

85 They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
fire and fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the
Wondrous Names of God.

LINE 74. ling: heather. 79. White Queen: Queen
Victoria.



"Now here is thy master, who leads a troop of the Guides."

The Ballad of East and West

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy
the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there
went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty
swords flew clear —

There was not a man but carried his feud with the
blood of the mountaineer. 90

“Ha' done! ha' done!” said the Colonel's son. “Put
up the steel at your sides!

“Last night ye had struck at a Border thief — to-night
'tis a man of the Guides!”

*Oh, East is East and West is West, and never the twain
shall meet,*

*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judg-
ment Seat;*

*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor
Birth,* 95

*When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
from the ends of the earth.*

A BALLAD FOR A BOY

WILLIAM CORY

I

When George the Third was reigning, a hundred years
ago,
He ordered Captain Farmer to chase the foreign foe.
"You're not afraid of shot," said he, "you're not afraid
of wreck;
So cruise about the west of France, in the frigate called
Quebec.

II

"Quebec was once a Frenchman's town, but twenty
5 years ago
King George the Second sent a man called General
Wolfe, you know,
To clamber up a precipice and look into Quebec,
As you'd look down a hatchway when standing on the
deck.

III

"If Wolfe could beat the Frenchmen then, so you can
beat them now.
10 Before he got inside the town he died, I must allow;
But since the town was won for us it is a lucky name;
And you'll remember Wolfe's good work, and you shall
do the same."

LINE 8. **hatchway**: an opening in a deck.

A Ballad for a Boy

IV

Then Farmer said, "I'll try, sir," and Farmer bowed
so low

That George could see his pigtail tied in a velvet bow.
George gave him his commission, and that it might be
safer,

15

Signed "King of Britain, King of France," and sealed
it with a wafer.

V

Then proud was Captain Farmer in a frigate of his own,
And grander on his quarter-deck than George upon the
throne;

He'd two guns in his cabin, and on the spar-deck ten,
And twenty on the gun-deck, and more than ten-score
men.

20

VI

And as the huntsman scours the brakes with sixteen
brace of dogs,

With two and thirty cannon the ship explored the fogs.
From Cape la Hogue to Ushant, from Rochefort to
Belleisle,

She hunted game till reef and mud were rubbing on her
keel.

LINE 18. **quarter-deck**: deck for officers only. 19. **spar-deck**: upper deck. 21. **brakes**: brushwood. **brace**: pair, couple.

Modern Ballads

VII

The fogs are dried, the frigate's side is bright with melt-
25 ing tar,
The lad up in the foretop sees square white sails afar;
The east wind drives three square-sailed masts from out
the Breton Bay,
And "Clear for action!" Farmer shouts, and reefers
yell "Hooray!"

VIII

The Frenchman's captain had a name I wish I could
pronounce;
A Breton gentleman was he, and wholly free from
30 bounce,
One like those famous fellows who died by guillotine
For honor and the fleur-de-lis, and Antoinette the
Queen.

IX

The Catholic for Louis, the Protestant for George,
Each drew as bright a sword as saintly smiths could
forge;
And both were simple seamen, but both could under-
35 stand
How each was bound to win or die for flag and native
land.

LINE 30. bounce: bluster, swagger.

A Ballad for a Boy

X

The French ship was *La Surveillante*, which means
The Watchful Maid;
She folded up her head-dress and began to cannonade.
Her hull was clean, and ours was foul ; we had to spread
more sail ;
On canvas stays, and topsail yards her bullets came
like hail.

40

XI

Sore smitten were both Captains, and many lads beside,
And still to cut our rigging the foreign gunners tried.
A sail-clad spar came flapping down athwart a blazing
gun ;
We could not quench the rushing flames, and so the
Frenchman won.

XII

Our quarter-deck was crowded, the waist was all aglow ; 45
Men hung upon the taffrail, half-scorched but loath
to go ;
Our Captain sat where once he stood, and would not
quit his chair.
He bade his comrades leap for life, and leave him bleed-
ing there.

LINE 45. waist: middle part or section of a ship. 46. taff-
rail: rail around a vessel's stern.

Modern Ballads

XIII

The guns were hushed on either side, the Frenchmen
lowered boats,
They flung us planks and hen-coops, and everything
50 that floats.
They risked their lives, good fellows! to bring their
rivals aid.
'Twas by the conflagration the peace was strangely
made.

XIV

La Surveillante was like a sieve; the victors had no rest.
They had to dodge the east wind to reach the port of
Brest.
And where the waves leaped lower and the riddled
55 ship went slower,
In triumph, yet in funeral guise, came fisher boats to
tow her.

XV

They dealt with us as brethren, they mourned for
Farmer dead;
And as the wounded captives passed each Breton
bowed the head.
Then spoke the French lieutenant, "'Twas the fire that
won, not we,
You never struck your flag to us; you'll go to England
60 free."

A Ballad for a Boy

XVI

'Twas the sixth day of October, seventeen hundred
seventy-nine,
A year when nations ventured against us to combine.
Quebec was burnt and Farmer slain, by us remembered
not ;
But thanks be to the French book wherein they're not
forgot.

XVII

Now you, if you've to fight the French, my youngster,
bear in mind 65
Those seamen of King Louis so chivalrous and kind ;
Think of the Breton gentlemen, who took our lads to
Brest,
And treat some rescued Breton as a comrade and a
guest.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

LADY CAROLINA NAIRNE

I

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

II

5 Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

III

His wig was well pouthered, and guid as when new;
10 His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat —
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

LINE 3. **braw**: handsome. 4. **fashious**: troublesome.
5. **Doun**: down. **dyke-side**: ditch-side. 7. **ae**: only.
9. **pouthered**: powdered. **guid**: good.

The Laird o' Cockpen

IV

He took the gray mare, and rade cannilie,
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee;
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben;
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen." 15

V

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine;
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down. 20

VI

And when she cam' ben, he boued fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know.
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said, "Na,"
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turnèd awa'.

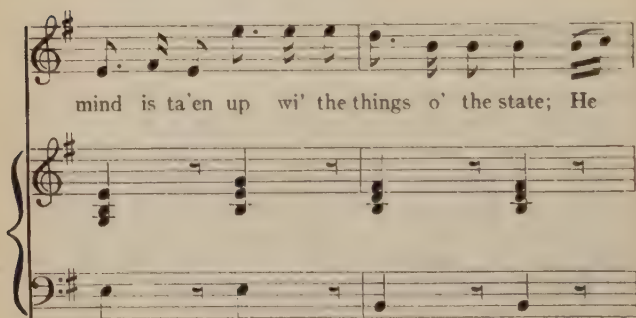
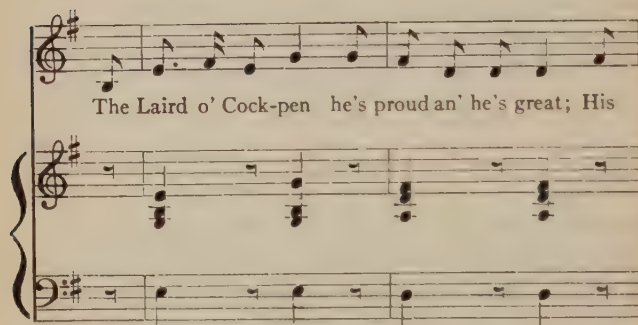
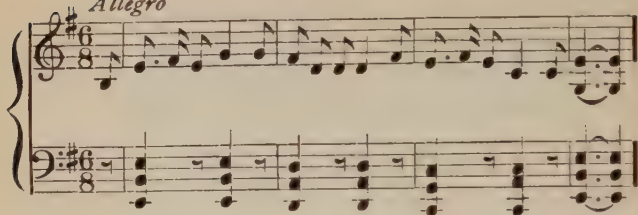
VII

Dumfounded he was, but nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare, and rade cannilie,
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen." 25

LINE 13. *cannilie*: cautiously, carefully. 14. *yett*: entrance. 15. *Gae*: go. *ben*: in, toward the inner part of the house. 18. *sic*: such. 20. *mutch*: a woman's close frilled cap. 21. *boued*: bowed. *fu'*: full. 23. *Na*: no. 24. *laigh curtsie*: low curtsey. 25. *nae*: no. *gie*: give. 28. *daft*: silly, foolish.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

Allegro



The Laird o' Cockpen

want-ed a wife his braw house to keep, But

The first system of the musical score for 'The Laird o' Cockpen'. It features a single melodic line in the treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'want-ed a wife his braw house to keep, But' are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment is shown in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs, with the left hand playing a simple harmonic accompaniment.

fa - vor wi' woo - in was fash-ious to seek.

The second system of the musical score. The melodic line continues with the lyrics 'fa - vor wi' woo - in was fash-ious to seek.' The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic pattern.

The third system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The melodic line ends with a final note and a double bar line. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a final chord and a double bar line.

Modern Ballads

VIII

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
30 Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"O, for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten;
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

IX

Neist time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm and arm to the kirk on the green;
35 Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

LINE 31. ane: one. waur: worse. 33. Neist: next
34. gaun: going. 35. weel-tappit: well crested.

JOCK JOHNSTONE THE TINKLER

JAMES HOGG

I

“O, came ye ower by the Yoke-burn Ford,
Or down the King’s Road o’ the cleuch?
Or saw ye a knight and a lady bright,
Wha ha’e gane the gate they baith shall rue?”

II

“I saw a knight and a lady bright
Ride up the cleuch at the break of day;
The knight upon a coal-black steed,
And the dame on one of a silver-gray.

5

III

“And the lady’s palfrey flew the first,
With many a clang of silver bell:
Swift as the raven’s morning flight
The two went scouring ower the fell.

10

IV

“By this time they are man and wife,
And standing in St. Mary’s fane;
And the lady in the grass-green silk
A maid you will never see again.”

15

LINE 1. ower: over. 2. o’ the cleuch: through the narrow glen. 4. baith: both.

Modern Ballads

V

20 "But I can tell thee, saucy wight —
And that the runaway shall prove —
Revenge to a Douglas is as sweet
As maiden charms or maiden's love."

VI

"Since thou say'st that, my Lord Douglas,
Good faith some clinking there will be ;
Beshrew my heart but and my sword,
If I winna turn and ride with thee !"

VII

25 They whipped out ower the Shepherd Cleuch,
And doun the links o' the Corsecleuch Burn ;
And aye the Douglas swore by his sword
To win his love, or ne'er return.

VIII

30 "First fight your rival, Lord Douglas,
And then brag after, if you may ;
For the Earl of Ross is as brave a lord
As ever gave good weapon sway,

LINE 22. **clinking**: striking. 23. **Beshrew**: tie upon.
24 **winna**: will not. 26. **doun**: down. **Burn**: brook.

Jock Johnstone the Tinkler

IX

“But I for ae poor siller merk,
Or thirteen pennies and a bawbee,
Will tak in hand to fight you baith, 35
Or beat the winner, whiche’er it be.”

X

The Douglas turned him on his steed,
And I wat a loud laughter leuch he;
“Of a’ the fools I have ever met,
Man, I ha’e never met ane like thee. 40

XI

“Art thou akin to lord or knight,
Or courtly squire or warrior leal?”
“I am a tinkler,” quo’ the wight,
“But I like croun-cracking unco weel.”

XII

When they came to St. Mary’s kirk, 45
The chaplain shook for very fear;
And aye he kissed the cross, and said,
“What deevil has sent that Douglas here!

LINE 33. **merk**: mark, a former silver coin of Scotland worth about 27½ cents. 34. **bawbee**: half-penny. 38. **wat**: wot, know. **leuch**: laughed. 42. **leal**: true, loyal. 43. **tinkler**: a wandering mender of household utensils. 44. **croun**: crown. **unco**: very.

Modern Ballads

XIII

50 "He neither values Book nor ban,
But curses all without demur;
And cares nae mair for a holy man
Than I do for a worthless cur."

XIV

55 "Come here, thou bland and brittle priest,
And tell to me without delay
Where have you hid the lord of Ross
And the lady that came at break of day?"

XV

60 "No knight or lady, good Lord Douglas,
Have I beheld since break of morn;
And I never saw the lord of Ross
Since the woful day that I was born."

XVI

Lord Douglas turned him round about,
And looked the Tinkler in the face,
Where he beheld a lurking smile,
And a deevil of a dour grimace.

XVII

65 "How's this, how's this, thou Tinkler loun?
Hast thou presumed to lie on me?"
"Faith that I have!" the Tinkler said,
"And a right good turn I have done to thee;

LINE 49. ban: curse. 51. nae mair: no more.
64. dour: hard. 65. loun: loon, rogue.

Jock Johnstone the Tinkler

XVIII

“For the lord of Ross and thy own true-love,
The beauteous Harriet of Thirlestane, 70
Rade west away, ere the break of day,
And you’ll never see the dear maid again;

XIX

“So I thought it best to bring you here,
On a wrang scent, of my own accord;
For had you met the Johnstone clan, 75
They wad ha’e made mince-meat of a lord.”

XX

At this the Douglas was so wroth
He wist not what to say or do;
But he strak the Tinkler o’er the croun,
Till the blood came dreeping ower his brow. 80

XXI

“Beshrew my heart,” quo’ the Tinkler lad,
“Thou bear’st thee most ungallantlye!
If these are the manners of a lord,
They are manners that winna gang doun wi’ me.”

XXII

“Hold up thy hand,” the Douglas cried, 85
“And keep thy distance, Tinkler loun!”
“That will I not,” the Tinkler said,
“Though I and my mare should both go doun!”

LINE 79. **strak**: struck.

Modern Ballads

XXIII

"I have armor on," cried the Lord Douglas,

90 "Cuirass and helm, as you may see."

"The deil me care!" quo' the Tinkler lad;

"I shall have a skelp at them and thee."

XXIV

"You are not horsed," quo' the Lord Douglas.

"And no remorse this weapon brooks."

95 "Mine's a right good yaud," quo' the Tinkler lad,

"And a great deal better nor she looks."

XXV

"So stand to thy weapons, thou haughty lord,

What I have taken I needs must give;

Thou shalt never strike a tinkler again,

100 For the langest day thou hast to live."

XXVI

Then to it they fell, both sharp and snell,

Till the fire from both their weapons flew;

But the very first shock that they met with,

The Douglas his rashness 'gan to rue.

XXVII

105 For though he had on a sark of mail,

And a cuirass on his breast wore he,

With a good steel bonnet on his head,

Yet the blood ran trickling to his knee.

LINE 90. Cuirass: a breastplate. 92. have a skelp: give a blow or slap. 95. yaud: work horse. 101. snell: severe. 105. sark: shirt.

Jock Johnstone the Tinkler

XXVIII

The Douglas sat upright and firm,
Aye as together their horses ran; 110
But the Tinkler laid on like the very deil,
Siccan strokes were never laid on by man.

XXIX

“Hold up thy hand, thou Tinkler loun,”
Cried the poor priest with whining din;
“If thou hurt the brave Lord James Douglas, 115
A curse be on thee and all thy kin!”

XXX

“I care no more for Lord James Douglas
Than Lord James Douglas cares for me;
But I want to let his proud heart know
That a tinkler’s a man as well as he.” 120

XXXI

So they fought on, and they fought on,
Till good Lord Douglas’ breath was gone;
And the Tinkler bore him to the ground,
With rush, with rattle, and with groan.

XXXII

“O hon! O hon!” cried the proud Douglas, 125
“That I this day should have lived to see!
For sure my honor I have lost,
And a leader again I can never be!

Modern Ballads

XXXIII

130 "But tell me of thy kith and kin,
 And where was bred thy weapon hand?
For thou art the wale of tinkler louns
 That ever was born in fair Scotland."

XXXIV

135 "My name's Jock Johnstone," quo' the wight;
 "I winna keep in my name frae thee;
And here, tak thou thy sword again,
 And better friends we two shall be."

XXXV

140 But the Douglas swore a solemn oath,
 That was a debt he could never owe;
He would rather die at the back of the dike
 Than owe his sword to a man so low.

XXXVI

 "But if thou wilt ride under my banner,
 And bear my livery and my name,
My right-hand warrior thou shalt be
 And I'll knight thee on the field of fame."

XXXVII

145 "Woe worth thy wit, good Lord Douglas,
 To think I'd change my trade for thine;
Far better and wiser would you be,
 To live a journeyman of mine,

LINE 131. wale: the pick, the choicest. 134. winna: will not.

Jock Johnstone the Tinkler

XXXVIII

“To mend a kettle or a casque,
Or clout a goodwife’s yettlin’ pan — 150
Upon my life, good Lord Douglas,
You’d make a noble tinkler-man !

XXXIX

“I would give you a drammock twice a day,
And sunkets on a Sunday morn,
And you should be a rare adept 155
In steel and copper, brass and horn !

XL

“I’ll fight you every day you rise,
Till you can act the hero’s part ;
Therefore, I pray you, think of this,
And lay it seriously to heart.” 160

XLI

The Douglas writhed beneath the lash,
Answering with an inward curse,
Like salmon wriggling on a spear,
That makes his deadly wound the worse.

XLII

But up there came two squires renowned ; 165
In search of Lord Douglas they came ;
And when they saw their master down,
Their spirits mounted in a flame.

LINE 149. casque: helmet. 150. clout: patch, mend.
yettlin’ pan: small iron pot with legs. 153. drammock:
raw oatmeal and water. 154. sunkets: choice victuals.

Modern Ballads

XLIII

And they flew upon the Tinkler wight,
170 Like perfect tigers on their prey :
But the Tinkler heaved his trusty sword,
And made him ready for the fray.

XLIV

“Come one to one, ye coward knaves,
Come hand to hand, and steed to steed ;
175 I would that ye were better men,
For this is glorious work indeed !”

XLV

Before you could have counted twelve,
The Tinkler's wondrous chivalrye
Had both the squires upon the sword
180 And their horses galloping o'er the lea.

XLVI

The Tinkler tied them neck and heel,
And many a biting jest gave he :
“O fie, for shame !” said the Tinkler lad ;
“Siccan fighters I never did see !”

XLVII

185 He slit one of their bridle reins —
O, what disgrace the conquered feels ! —
And he skelpit the squires with that good tawse,
Till the blood ran off at baith their heels.

LINE 187. skelpit: struck.

Jock Johnstone the Tinkler

XLVIII

The Douglas he was forced to laugh
Till down his cheek the salt tear ran : 190
“I think the deevil be come here
In the likeness of a tinkler man !”

XLIX

Then he has to Lord Douglas gone,
And he raised him kindly by the hand,
And set him on his gallant steed, 195
And bore him away to Henderland :

L

“Be not cast down, my Lord Douglas,
Nor writhe beneath a broken bane ;
For the leech’s art will mend the part,
And your honor lost will spring again. 200

LI

“ ’Tis true, Jock Johnstone is my name ;
I’m a right good tinkler, as you see ;
For I can crack a casque betimes,
Or clout one, as my need may be.

LII

“Jock Johnstone is my name, ’tis true, 205
But noble hearts are allied to me ;
For I am the lord of Annandale,
And a knight and earl as well as thee.”

Modern Ballads

LIII

Then Douglas strained the hero's hand,
210 And took from it his sword again :
"Since thou art the lord of Annandale,
Thou hast eased my heart of meikle pain.

LIV

"I might have known thy noble form
In that disguise thou'rt pleased to wear ;
215 All Scotland knows thy matchless arm,
And England by experience dear.

LV

"We have been foes as well as friends,
And jealous of each other's sway ;
But little can I comprehend
220 Thy motive for these pranks to-day."

LVI

"Sooth, my good lord, the truth to tell,
'Twas I that stole your love away,
And gave her to the lord of Ross
An hour before the break of day ;

LVII

"For the lord of Ross is my brother,
225 By all the laws of chivalrye ;
And I brought with me a thousand men
To guard him to my ain countrye.

Jock Johnstone the Tinkler

LVIII

“But I thought meet to stay behind,
And try your lordship to waylay, 23c
Resolved to breed some noble sport,
By leading you so far astray.

LIX

“Judging it better some lives to spare —
Which fancy takes me now and then —
And settle our quarrel hand to hand, 235
Than each with our ten thousand men.

LX

“God send you soon, my Lord Douglas,
To Border foray sound and hail!
But never strike a tinkler again,
If he be a Johnstone of Annandale.” 24c

THE YERL O' WATERYDECK *

A NEW OLD BALLAD

GEORGE MACDONALD

I

The wind it blew, and the ship it flew;
And it was "Hey for hame!
And ho for hame!" But the skipper cried,
"Haud her oot o'er the saut sea faem."

II

5 Then up and spoke the King himsel':
"Haud on for Dumfermline!"
Quo the skipper, "Ye're king upo' the land —
I'm king upo' the brine."

III

10 And he took the helm intil his hand,
And he steered the ship sae free;
Wi' the wind astarn, he crowded sail,
And stood right out to sea.

* Reprinted by permission of A. P. Watt and Son, London, from the *Poetical Works* of George MacDonald. LINE 4. **Haud**: hold. **oot**: out. **saut**: salt.

The Yerl o' Waterydeck

IV

Quo the king, "There's treason in this I vow,
This is something underhand!
Bout ship!" Quo the skipper, "Yer grace forgets 15
Ye are king but o' the land!"

V

And still he held to the open sea;
And the east-wind sank behind;
And the west had a bitter word to say,
Wi' a white-sea roarin' wind. 20

VI

And he turned her head into the north.
Said the king: "Gar fling him o'er."
Quo the fearless skipper: "It's a' ye're worth!
Ye'll ne'er see Scotland more."

VII

The king crept down the cabin-stair, 25
To drink the gude French wine.
And up she came, his daughter fair,
And luikit ower the brine.

VIII

She turned her face to the drivin' hail,
To the hail but and the weet; 30
Her snood it brak, and, as lang's hersel',
Her hair drave out i' the sleet.

Modern Ballads

IX

She turned her face frae the drivin' win' —
 “What's that ahead?” quo she.
35 The skipper he threw himsel' frae the win',
 And he drove the helm a-lee.

X

“Put to yer hand, my lady fair!
 Put to yer hand,” quo he;
“Gin she dinna face the win' the mair,
40 It's the waur for you and me.”

XI

For the skipper kenned that strength is strength
 Whether woman's or man's at last.
To the tiller the lady she laid her han',
 And the ship laid her cheek to the blast.

XII

45 For that slender body was full o' soul,
 And the will is mair than shape;
As the skipper saw when they cleared the berg,
 And he heard her quarter scrape.

XIII

Quo the skipper: “Ye are a lady fair,
50 And a princess grand to see;
But ye are a woman, and a man wad sail
 To hell in yer company.”

The Yerl o' Waterydeck

XIV

She liftit a pale and queenly face ;
Her een flashed, and syne they swim.
“And what for no to heaven?” she says, 55
And she turned awa' frae him.

XV

But she took na' her han' frae the good ship's helm,
Until the day did daw ;
And the skipper he spak, but what he said
It was said atween them twa. 60

XVI

And then the good ship she lay to,
With the land far on the lee ;
And up came the king upo' the deck,
Wi' wan face and bluidshot ee.

XVII

The skipper he louted to the king : 65
“Gae wa', gae wa',” said the king.
Said the king like a prince, “I was a' wrang,
Put on this ruby ring.”

XVIII

And the wind blew lowne, and the stars cam' oot,
And the ship turned to the shore ; 70
And, afore the sun was up again,
They saw Scotland ance more.

Modern Ballads

XIX

That day the ship hung at the pier-heid,
And the king he stept on the land.
75 "Skipper, kneel down," the king he said,
"Hoo daur ye afore me stand?"

XX

The skipper he louted on his knee,
The king his blade he drew :
Said the king, "How daured ye contre me?
80 I'm aboard my ain ship noo.

XXI

"I canna mak ye a king," said he,
"For the Lord alone can do that ;
And besides ye took it intil yer ain han'
And crooned yersel' sae pat !

XXII

85 "But wi' what ye will I redeem my ring ;
For ance I am at your beck.
And first, as ye loutit Skipper o' Doon,
Rise up Yerl o' Waterydeck."

XXIII

90 The skipper he rose and looked at the king
In his een for all his croon ;
Said the skipper, "Here is yer grace's ring,
And yer daughter is my boon."

LINE 79. *contre*: oppose. 84. *crooned*: crowned.

The Yerl o' Waterydeck

XXIV

The reid blude sprang into the king's face —
A wrathful man to see;
"The rascal loon abuses our grace;
Gae hang him upon yon tree."

95

XXV

But the skipper he sprang aboard his ship,
And he drew his biting blade;
And he struck the chain that held her fast,
But the iron was ower weel made.

100

XXVI

And the king he blew a whistle loud;
And tramp, tramp, down the pier,
Cam' twenty riders on twenty steeds,
Clankin' wi' spur and spear.

XXVII

"He saved your life!" cried the lady fair;
"His life ye daurna spill!"
"Will ye come atween me and my hate?"
Quo the lady, "And that I will!"

105

XXVIII

And on cam' the knights wi' spur and spear,
For they heard the iron ring.
"Gin ye care na for yer father's grace,
Mind ye that I am the king."

110

Modern Ballads

XXIX

115 "I kneel to my father for his grace,
Right lowly on my knee;
But I stand and look the king in the face,
For the skipper is king o' me."

XXX

125 She turned and she sprang upo' the deck,
And the cable splashed in the sea.
The good ship spread her wings sae white,
And away with the skipper goes she.

XXXI

Now was not this a king's daughter,
And a brave lady beside?
And a woman with whom a man might sail
Into the heaven wi' pride?

THE YARN OF THE *NANCY BELL**

WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT

I

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

II

His hair was weedy, his beard was long, 5
And weedy and long was he;
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key:

III

"O, I am a cook and a captain bold, 10
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

IV

And he shook his fist and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking, 15
And so I simply said:

* From *The Bab Ballads*.

Modern Ballads

V

“O elderly man, it’s little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea.
And I’ll eat my hand if I understand
20 How you can possibly be

VI

“At once a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig!”

VII

25 Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid
He spun this painful yarn :

VIII

30 “ ’Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

IX

“And pretty nigh all o’ the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o’ soul);
35 And only ten of the *Nancy’s* men
Said ‘Here’ to the muster-roll.

The Yarn of the *Nancy Bell*

X

“There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig.

40

XI

“For a month we’d neither wittles nor drink,
Till a-hungry we did feel,
So we drawed a lot, and accordin’, shot
The captain for our meal.

XII

“The next lot fell to the *Nancy’s* mate,
And a delicate dish he made;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

45

XIII

“And then we murdered the bo’sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain’s gig.

50

XIV

“Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, ‘Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?’ arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

55

Modern Ballads

XV

“For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me;
But we’d both be blowed if we’d either be stowed
60 In the other chap’s hold, you see.

XVI

“‘I’ll be eat if you dines off me,’ says Tom.
‘Yes, that,’ says I, ‘you’ll be.
I’m boiled if I die, my friend,’ quoth I;
And ‘Exactly so,’ quoth he.

XVII

65 “Says he: ‘Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don’t you see that you can’t cook me,
While I can — and will — cook you!’

XVIII

70 “So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

XIX

75 “‘Come here,’ says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell;
‘Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you’ll smell.’

The Yarn of the *Nancy Bell*

XX

“And he stirred it round, and round, and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth ;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth. 80

XXI

“And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a vessel in sight I see.
.

XXII

“And I never larf, and I never smile, 85
And I never lark nor play ;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have — which is to say :

XXIII

““O, I am a cook and a captain bold
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig, 90
And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain’s gig !””

OTHER NARRATIVE POEMS

KING EDWIN'S FEAST

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

I

There was feasting in the hall
And the beards wagged all.
Oh! the board was heaped with food,
And the ale was like a flood,
And 'twas bitter winter weather
When King Edwin and his Eldormen and Thanes
Were a-feasting thus together.

5

II

As the board was heaped with food,
So the hearth was piled with wood;
Ay, with oaken logs a score;
And the flames did leap and roar,
And they cast a ruddy glow
On King Edwin and his Eldormen and Thanes
As they feasted in a row.

10

III

All at once they were aware
Of a flutter in the air,
As a little sparrow came
In between them and the flame,

15

LINE 6. **Eldormen and Thanes:** counselors and warrior companions.

Other Narrative Poems

Then a moment flew around,
20 While King Edwin and his Eldormen and Thanes
Wondered whither he was bound.

IV

Then he vanished through the door,
And they never saw him more ;
But up spoke a noble Thane,
25 As a silence seemed to reign,
And a wonder seemed to fall
On King Edwin and his Eldormen and Thanes
As they feasted in the hall :

V

“What is all this life of ours,
30 With its graces and its powers?
It is like the bird that came
In between us and the flame,
Stayed a moment in the room
With King Edwin and his Eldormen and Thanes,
35 Then was off into the gloom.

VI

“So we come out of the night,
Stay a moment in the light
Of a warm and pleasant room,
Then go forth into the gloom ;
40 Hither somewhat tempest-tost,
O King Edwin ! and you, Eldormen and Thanes,
Then again in darkness lost.”

King Edwin's Feast

VII

Then another silence fell
And the first who broke the spell
Was Paulinus, the Christian, and he said, 45
Bowing low a reverent head
That was white with many years,
To King Edwin and his Eldormen and Thanes,
And his words were dim with tears :

VIII

"Oh ! not merely tempest-tost, 50
Not again in darkness lost,
Is the little bird that came
In between us and the flame ;
For the bird will find his nest.
So, King Edwin, and you, Eldormen and Thanes, 55
Be not your hearts distressed.

IX

"Not from darkness comes the soul,
Nor shall darkness be its goal.
For that, too, there is a nest,
Whither flying it shall rest 60
Evermore. It must be so."
Said King Edwin and his Eldormen and Thanes :
"Would to God that we might know !"

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

PART ONE

I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
5 To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

II

10 Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
15 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

LINE 3. wold: a tract of rolling upland.

The Lady of Shalott

III

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed 20
By slow horses; and unhailed
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed
 Skimming down to Camelot;
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand? 25
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

IV

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly 30
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to towered Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the Fairy 35
 Lady of Shalott."

PART TWO

V

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay 40

Other Narrative Poems

To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

45

VI

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot ;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market-girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

50

VII

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
Goes by to towered Camelot ;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The Knights come riding two and two
She hath no loyal Knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

55

60

VIII

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,

65

The Lady of Shalott

For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
And music, went to Camelot ;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed : 70
"I am half sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

PART THREE

IX

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves, 75
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A Red-cross Knight for ever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field, 80
Beside remote Shalott.

X

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle-bells rang merrily 85
As he rode down to Camelot :

LINE 66. In the Middle Ages funerals were nearly always held at night. 84. golden Galaxy: Milky Way.

Other Narrative Poems

And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

90

XI

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jeweled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot ;
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

95

XII

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed ;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

100

105

XIII

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,

110

The Lady of Shalott

She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
 115 "The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART FOUR

XIV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
 120 Heavily the low sky raining
 Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote,
 125 *The Lady of Shalott.*

XV

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —
 130 With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
 135 The Lady of Shalott.

Other Narrative Poems

XVI

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
Thro' the noises of the night

140

She floated down to Camelot ;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

XVII

145

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot.

150

For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

XVIII

155

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

160

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

The Lady of Shalott

XIX

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer; 165
And they crossed themselves for fear,
 All the Knights at Camelot;
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace, 170
 The Lady of Shalott."

THE JUGGLER OF TOURAINÉ *

EDWIN MARKHAM

PART ONE

I

Once in the time of Louis the King
Happened a smiling and holy thing.
'Twas all in the out-door days of old,
Days that fancy has warmed with gold,
5 Days that are gone with the leaves, alas!
When the light-legged juggler Barnabas
From city to wondering city went,
Sprinkling the world with his merriment.

II

He would startle the Square on festival days,
10 When all the town was a sudden blaze,
A clamor of tongues, and a clack of feet,
A flurry of thousands filling the street —
Princes with plumes and gartered knees;
Sailors back from the Indian seas;
15 Mayors and marshals viewing the town,
Horsed and robed in the violet gown;
Thieves alert for the thoughtless purse,
And ever free with the easy curse;

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The Juggler of Touraine

Shepherds leading their April flocks ;
Damsels driving their turkey-cocks ; 20
Beggars droning their practiced whine ;
Troopers red from the tavern wine ;
Ladies in feathers and flaring hoops ;
Monks with relics and pious stoops ;
Bullies with long mustachio twirls 25
Teasing the fops with the scented curls ;
Quacks with doses for all the ills —
Coughs and colics, and gripes and chills ;
Brigands home from their sorry trade,
And marked to dance with the hempen maid ; 30
Hucksters bragging across the din ;
Gaffers agaze with shaking chin ;
Gamesters, too, with the shifty eye
And the conical hat an arm's-length high,
Clackering loud their lottery dice, 35
Shouting the winning numbers thrice,
Giving to all their wild advice.

III

In through it all, like a straddling ape,
The juggler strode, with the town agape ;
A punchinello on tipsy stilts, 40
Wading his way with leaps and lilts.
A peaked hat on his bobbing head
Was half of yellow and half of red.

LINE 30. dance with the hempen maid: be hanged.
32. Gaffers: old men. 40. punchinello: a character in a
puppet-show, usually represented as humpbacked and having
a big nose.

Other Narrative Poems

On his powdered face was the unicorn,
45 One cheek for the tail and one for the horn.
His gown, puffed out over belly and back,
Was sprinkled with signs of the Zodiac.
His sleeves, blown up like young balloons,
Were floating skies stuck full of moons.
50 And his quips and cranks seemed never to fail
To draw the crowd like a comet's tail!

IV

Why, even duennas on way to Mass
Would follow the train with their maids, alas;
And the First Epistle be reached and read,
55 While they were held by a feather-head!
For he stretched a carpet along the grass,
Where the murmurs mix and the laughters pass;
And rippling the skies from arms and back,
He stood trim-trig as a tumbling jack.
60 Like a blowing bough was his whimsy grace;
Like a rising moon was his fresh young face.

Now he poised on hands on a rolling sphere,
And cracked his heels at the marshal's ear.
Now he scattered nine balls to the morning air,
65 And kept them a-shine and a-weaving there;
For they flew to their places, one by one,
As planets tethered about the sun.
With toes to head, in a spangling round,
He ran as a light wheel over the ground.
70 He swallowed the Notary's signet-ring,
And down in your pocket you found the thing!

The Juggler of Touraine

On, on he went till the crowd was full
Of tarradiddle and cock-and-bull;
And a shower of coins on the carpet fell,
Like a rain of leaves on an autumn well.

75

PART TWO

V

Oh, blithe is the trade of Pantaloon,
Light as the flight of an April moon;
Blithe are the travels of Harlequin,
Till the leaves turn red and the frosts begin.
And light went the days of Barnabas —
Light as the dew on a blade of grass,
Till the first faint frost at Michaelmas.

80

He and the cricket went chirruping by
Till the delicate snows began to fly.
Then all things crept to a snug abode —
Squirrel and lizard and lumbering toad —
And he and the wind were alone on the road.
For his purse was lean, his friends were few,
And the lodge for the night he never knew.
But however the hours ran dark with ill,
He only smiled on the old world still:
Wide was his love as the sun's wide will.

85

90

LINE 73. **tarradiddle and cock-and-bull**: nonsense and hocus-pocus or make-believe magic. 76. **Pantaloon**: in pantomimes an absurd old man on whom the clown plays tricks. 78. **Harlequin**: a character in pantomime commonly dressed in many-colored clothes and carrying a wooden sword. 82. **Michaelmas**: September 29.

Other Narrative Poems

VI

And he kept him clear of the deadly sins,
Nor bragged and brawled in the noisy inns,
95 Where unfrocked abbés and tipsy churls
Made light-hour love to the loveless girls.
Through all the ways that went so wild,
He kept the heart of a little child.
And he never failed at a wayside shrine
100 With the bended knee and the holy sign,
And a candle, tipt with a tender flame,
Lighted in praise of Our Lady's name.
And he never failed of his parting prayer :
"Mother of Jesus, Queen of the skies,
105 Shine on the ways my feet may fare ;
And when God pleases to shut my eyes,
Take me home to your paradise !"

VII

One eve, on the edge of a lonely town,
As the clouds drove by and the rain shot down,
110 Poor Barnabas, hugging his knives and balls,
And seeking a bed in the cattle stalls,
Fell in with a friar from the cloistral halls —
A cheery friar, with a wind of words
And a head crooked out like a long-necked bird's.
115 "How is it, son," said the beaming friar,
"That a grasshopper green is your winter tire?
Are you trigged for the clown in a mystery play?
Are you out as a droll till the break o' day?"

LINE 95. **churls**: rough fellows. 117. **trigged**: dressed.
118. **droll**: clown.

The Juggler of Touraine

"Father," said Barnabas, "this that you see,
This is the kill-care Barnabas, he 120
Who has lighted with laughter a hundred towns,
Driving before him the phlegms and frowns —
Lord of the revels; but now, ah, now,
Blown in the wind as a leafless bough.
Oh, the juggler's trade would the sweetest be 125
Of all in the world, if bread were free!"

VIII

"Beware," said the friar, "beware, my son:
The cloistral trade is the sweetest one.
For the friars keep orison day and night,
And join the song of the souls in light, 130
And the Seven Throne Angels burning white."
"Father, my tongue ran loose and long:
Your trade is the sweetest: I did God wrong.
It is much to dance with a feather thin
Or a crookèd sword on the upturned chin, 135
And to get the laugh and the *rat-tat-tat*,
When I pull the hen out of Gaston's hat.
But little are these to the cloistral ways,
Where long hours go to Our Lady's praise;
Where the pale friars pass with feet unshod, 140
And the bread is changed to the body of God.
Oh, would that I might the great hours know,
Where the Sanctus sounds and the gray monks go,
And the candles burn in a saintly row!"

LINE 122. *phlegms*: bad humors. 143. *Sanctus*: the bell rung when the bread and wine are blessed in the Mass.

Other Narrative Poems

IX

145 So simply told was the wistful tale
That the words of the juggler had avail.
"Come," said the friar, "to the cloistral rest;
For the God who gives to the bird a nest,
And guides the worm on its lampless quest,
150 Has sent me out on the edge of night
To lead your soul to the place of light."
Sweet as the sound of a sudden stream
That cools the heat of a traveler's dream,
So sweet was the sound of the friendly word
155 The weary heart of the juggler heard.
That night he entered the convent door,
That night he slept on the frater's floor.
He had found a home for his heart at last,
And the piteous chance of the road was past.

X

160 Lightly and still went the busy days
Where each one toiled in Our Lady's praise.
The almoner lauded in lovely words
That went to the heart like a flight of birds:
She was the Lily, the Tower of Gold,
165 Gate of Ivory, Roof of the Fold,
The Rock of Vision, the Well that Flows,
The Star of the Sea, the Mystic Rose.
And ever the good Friar Estevan,
A little mysterious thread of a man,
170 Lauded her grace in Virgilian verse,

LINE 162. *almoner*: the monk who gave alms at the monastery gate. 170. *Virgilian*: made after the same pattern as the verse of Virgil, the greatest of the Latin poets.

The Juggler of Touraine

In numbers majestic, tender and terse.
Friar Glorian copied the stately chants
With all of his scholarly curves and slants,
Prinking the pages in rainbow dyes,
Strewing them over with butterflies, 175
Winding the border with loop and lock
Of the fleur-de-lis and the hollyhock.
Bonaccord, Basil, and Théophile
Praised her in music, as others kneel,
Blowing silver and touching string, 180
Till hearts were struck by the mystic wing.
Bonaccord's love in the 'cello sang;
Théophile's praise in the hautboy rang
Or tenderly cried in the violin.
Basil, puffing his horn, came in, 185
Bladdering wide his jovial cheeks,
Till his eyes went out into little streaks.
Friar Julian painted Madonnas — one
The throne of the great King Solomon,
With lions at corners, awake, aware, 190
And Our Lady bowed in her beauty there.
Two souls at her feet cried not in vain
For the grace that whitens the mortal stain.
Around her head, in a haloed light,

Were seven doves whirled in a silver flight, 195
The seven great gifts of the Holy Breath —
Devotion that saveth the soul from death,
Strength that steadies us, Awe that stills,

LINES 196-200. The seven gifts of the Holy Spirit, given to each child of the Church in confirmation.

Other Narrative Poems

Science that measures the seas and hills,
200 Wisdom, Intelligence, Good Advice
That balks the throw of the devil's dice.
And ever the stout Friar Palemone
Chiseled and hammered the patient stone,
Carving her beauty the whole day long,
205 Edging the time with a quiet song.
Like bearded rye were his bristling brows,
And white with the dust, as bended boughs
Are white with the sift of the early snow,
When dead leaves stir and begin to go.

XI

210 But to laud in marble, to praise in brass,
To honor in color, poor Barnabas,
Nothing of these could he do, alas!
As leaves on a desert his learning was scant:
He knew neither litany, credo, nor chant;
215 Nor Pater, nor Ave — not even a prayer,
Like a sheep of the field, like a hawk of the air.
One day, when his heart was nigh to fail,
The Prior to comfort him told a tale —
Told of a friar from a southern isle,
220 His face all lit with a heavenly smile,
So lean in learning he could recite
Only an Ave — and that half right!

LINE 214. *litany*: a series of prayers for deliverance from evils. *credo*: creed, from the first word, *credo*, "I believe."

215. *Pater*: the Lord's Prayer, from the first word, *Pater*, "Our Father." *Ave*: *Ave Maria*, "Hail, Mary," the first words of a prayer to the Virgin Mary. 218. *Prior*: the monk next in rank below the abbot.

The Juggler of Touraine

Yet beautiful tremblings went over his soul,
As stars go over a hidden shoal.
He died, and out of his bosom sprang 225
Four doves that flew to a wood and sang.
The four white doves that so lightly came
Were the four white letters of Mary's name!

XII

But the Prior's story was little relief
To Barnabas, bearing his daily grief. 230
So morning by morning the young friar slipped
Through doors and halls to a secret crypt,
And kneeling low at the altar cried :
"O Madam and Mother, O Virgin Bride,
Here am I only a tethered ox, 235
Eating the grass of the useful flocks !
The choir can sing, and the deacons read
The Gospel to scatter the living seed.
Others can praise where the censers swing,
And the white smoke circles, ring on ring. 240
And the learned can laud you with art and craft,
In the Latin chant and the marble shaft.
But I, poor Barnabas, nothing can I,
But drone in the sun as a drowsy fly."

PART FOUR

XIII

So the year crept on till a white dawn came 245
When a thought flashed over his soul like flame ;
And he leaped from his cell all legs and arms,
Filling the cloister with looks and alarms,

Other Narrative Poems

As he shot his way to the chapel dim,
250 Running for joy in the heart of him.
And when he came out of the hidden place,
A light as of stars was over his face.
Now day after day to the secret crypt,
He sped light-foot as the old earth dipped
255 Softly and still in the fire of dawn ;
For the restless pain of his heart was gone.

XIV

The friars were a-flutter that this should be,
Till at last the Prior with two or three —
Elders and fraters of high degree —
260 Followed the juggler on tipping toe,
Their breath held mightily, hoping to know.
And they heard him cry at Our Lady's shrine :
" All that I am, Madam, all is thine !
Again I am come with spangle and ball
265 To lay at your altar my little, my all.
The friars know all of the saints — what they do ;
But of all up in Heaven, I know only you !
Of holy St. Francis a little I've heard,
But not of St. Plato or Peter a word.
270 I know not Quintilian — nothing he said
Of the Three and the One, and the Wine and the Bread.
Ah, nothing know I of the holy books,
And nothing of paints to put beautiful looks
Of your eyes on the wall, nor the blowing of brass
275 To make sound of my love — ah, nothing, alas,
But the trade of the wandering Barnabas.
Yet, Lady and Queen, if my heart would live,
I must give the gift that I have to give."

The Juggler of Touraine

XV

And then the eyes of the elders shone,
As they peered from the shade of a pillared stone; 280
For laying his friar's robe tenderly by,
He flickers as light as a dragon-fly.
Then whirls into many a whimsical shape,
As once he had whirled with the crowd agape.
And softly he cried as his breath came quick : 285
"Look down, for, O Madam, this is the trick
I did at Toulon, when I took the eye
Of the King himself as he galloped by. . . .
This trick drew a duchess at Chateauroux. . . .
But this is the one I have made for you !" 290
So flinging his feet in the air, he stands,
Or goes and comes on his nimble hands,
Or tosses the balls up to twinkle and run
Like planets that circle about a sun.
"Lady," he cries again, "look, I entreat : 295
I worship with fingers and body and feet !"

XVI

At this all the elders mutter and chide :
"Nothing like this do the rules provide !
This is a scandal, this is a shame,
This madcap prank in Our Lady's name. 300
Out of the doors with him ; back to the street :
He has no place at Our Lady's feet !"

XVII

But why do the elders suddenly quake,
Their eyes a-stare and their knees a-shake?

Other Narrative Poems

305 Down from the rafters arching high,
 Her blowing mantle blue with the sky —
 Lightly down from the dark descends
 The Lady of Beauty, and lightly bends
 Where Barnabas lies in the altar place,
310 And wipes the dew from his shining face ;
 Then touching his hair with a look of light,
 Passes again from the mortal sight.
 An odor of lilies hallows the air ;
 And sounds as of harpings are everywhere.

XVIII

315 “Ah,” cry the elders, beating the breast,
 “So the lowly deed is a lofty test !
 And whatever is done from the heart to Him
 Is done from the height of the Seraphim !”



Lightly down from the dark descends
The Lady of Beauty.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

LEIGH HUNT

I

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the
court.

The nobles fill'd the benches, with the ladies in their
pride,

And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one
for whom he sigh'd :

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning
show,

5

Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts
below.

II

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws ;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind
went with their paws.

With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd on
one another,

Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous
smother ;

10

The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through
the air ;

Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better
here than there."

Other Narrative Poems

III

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively
dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always
seem'd the same;
She thought, "The Count my lover is brave as brave
15 can be;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of
me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will
be mine."

IV

She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love, then look'd at
him and smil'd;
20 He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regain'd
his place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the
lady's face.
"By heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!" and he
rose from where he sat.
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task
like that."

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Appareled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's Eve, at vespers, proudly sat 5
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes*
De sede, et exaltavit humiles"; 10
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learnèd clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer
meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree." 15
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
"'Tis well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!" 20
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

LINE 2. **Allemaine**: Germany. 5. **St. John's Eve**: June 23.
6. **Magnificat**: the song of the Virgin Mary, *Luke*, i, 46-54.

Other Narrative Poems

When he awoke, it was already night ;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
25 Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
30 He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls !

II

35 At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
40 "Open: 'tis I, the King: art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide ;
A man rushed by him at a single stride.
45 Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a specter from his sight.
Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
50 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,

LINE 32. *imprecations*: curses. 34. *stalls*: choir seats
in a cathedral.

King Robert of Sicily

Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage 55
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed, 60
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

III

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height, 65
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there
With divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize. 70

IV

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his looks of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;

LINE 52. besprent: besprinkled. 56. seneschal: steward.
68. effulgence: splendor.

Other Narrative Poems

Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou
75 here?"

To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
80 Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counselor shalt lead an ape;
85 Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

V

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
90 And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

VI

95 Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,

LINE 92. men-at-arms: armed men. 94. plaudits:
applause.

King Robert of Sicily

Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls, 100
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

VII

Days came and went; and now returned again 105
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest. 110

VIII

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn, 115
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left — he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say, 120

LINE 106. **Saturnian**: referring to the fabled reign of Saturn in which all were happy. 110. **Enceladus**: a giant who conspired against Jupiter, and was buried alive under Mt. Etna.

Other Narrative Poems

Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
125 And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

IX

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
130 Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
135 And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
140 By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jeweled bridle and of golden spur.

X

And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,

LINE 132. **Holy Thursday**: Thursday in Holy Week, the week preceding Easter. 144. **piebald**: spotted.

King Robert of Sicily

His clack of fox-tails flapping in the wind, 145
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

XI

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square, 150
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd, 155
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a King's disguise. 160
Do you not know me? Does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport 165
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

XII

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky; 170
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,

Other Narrative Poems

And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
175 Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw.
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
180 Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

XIII

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
185 Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
190 As if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
And when they were alone the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then bowing down his head,
195 King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
200 Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven!"

King Robert of Sicily

XIV

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street : 205
“He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!”
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string :
“I am an Angel, and thou art the King!” 210

XV

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !
But all appareled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there 215
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

CHARLES WOLFE

I

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

II

5 We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

III

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
10 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

IV

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
15 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

The Burial of Sir John Moore

V

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow ! 20

VI

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

VII

But half of our heavy task was done 25
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

VIII

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ; 30
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

HIGH-TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE

JEAN INGELOW

I

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull! if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
5 "Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells!
Play uppe *The Brides of Enderby!*"

II

Men say it was a "stolen tyde" —
The Lord that sent it, he knows all;
10 But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall;
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied,
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

III

15 I sat and spun within the doore;
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes:
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;

High-Tide on Coast of Lincolnshire

And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth —
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

20

IV

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Faintly came her milking-song.

25

V

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dewes will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow!
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow!
Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Lightfoot!
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow!
Come uppe, Jetty! rise and follow;
From the clovers lift your head!
Come uppe, Whitefoot! come uppe, Lightfoot!
Come uppe, Jetty! rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

30

35

40

Other Narrative Poems

VI

If it be long — ay, long ago —

45 When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of *Enderby*.

50 Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where, full fyve good miles away,
 The steeple towered from out the greene.
And lo! the grèat bell farre and wide
55 Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

VII

The swannerds, where their sedges are,
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath;
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
60 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The Brides of Mavis Enderby.

VIII

65 Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
 And where the lordly steeple shows.

High-Tide on Coast of Lincolnshire

They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of *Enderby*.

70

IX

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys, warping down,
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring *The Brides of Enderby*?"

75

X

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again:
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

80

XI

"The olde sea-wall (he cryed) is downe!
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place!"
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he sayth;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

85

90

Other Narrative Poems

XII

“Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play,
95 Afar I heard her milking-song.”
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, *Ho, Enderby!*
They rang *The Brides of Enderby.*

XIII

With that he cried and beat his breast;
100 For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud,
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
105 Or like a demon in a shroud.

XIV

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
110 Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout,
Then beaten foam flew round about,
Then all the mighty floods were out.

LINE 101. eygre: extraordinarily high wave, a wall of water.

High-Tide on Coast of Lincolnshire

XV

So farre, so fast, the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat
Before a shallow seething wave 115
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet :
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

XVI

Upon the roofe we sate that night ; 120
The noise of bells went sweeping by ;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church-tower, red and high,
A lurid mark, and dread to see ;
And awesome bells they were to mee, 125
That in the dark rang *Enderby*.

XVII

They rang the sailor lads to guide,
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;
And I — my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed ; 130
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
“O, come in life, or come in death !
O, lost ! my love, Elizabeth !”

XVIII

And didst thou visit him no more ?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ! 135

Other Narrative Poems

The waters laid thee at his doore
Ere yet the early dawn was clear;
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
140 Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

XIX

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea,
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee;
145 But each will mourne his own (she sayth)
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

XX

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
150 "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
155 Goeth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth,
Where the water, winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

High-Tide on Coast of Lincolnshire

XXI

I shall never see her more,
Where the reeds and rushes quiver, 16c
 Shiver, quiver,
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy, lonesome shore ;
I shall never hear her calling, 165
“Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow !
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow !
Come uppe, Whitefoot ! come uppe, Lightfoot !
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow, 17c
 Hollow, hollow !
Come uppe, Lightfoot ! rise and follow ;
 Lightfoot ! Whitefoot !
From your clovers lift the head ;
Come uppe, Jetty ! follow, follow, 175
Jetty, to the milking-shed !”

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM (THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.)

- The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair !
Bishop and abbot and prior were there ;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,
5 With a great many more of lesser degree.
In sooth, a goodly company ;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
 Never, I ween,
 Was a prouder seen,
10 Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims !
 In and out,
 Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about :
15 Here and there,
 Like a dog in a fair,
 Over comfits and cates,
 And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
20 Mitre and crozier, he hopped upon all.

LINES 19, 20. See the notes on page 7 and the word list in the appendix.

The Jackdaw of Rheims

With a saucy air,
He perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat,
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;
And he peered in the face 25
Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"WE TWO are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe,
As such freaks they saw, 30
Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"
The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little singing-boys — dear little souls
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles — 35
Came, in order due,
Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure 40
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau-de-Cologne ; 45
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope!
One little boy more
A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink, 50
And a cardinal's hat marked in "permanent ink."

LINE 33. **flawns**: pies. 50. **diaper**: linen or cotton cloth.

Other Narrative Poems

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white :

From his finger he draws

55 His costly turquoise :

And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws.

Deposits it straight

By the side of his plate,

While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait :

60 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,

That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

There's a cry and a shout,

And a deuce of a rout,

And nobody seems to know what they're about,

65 But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out

The friars are kneeling,

And hunting and feeling

The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.

The Cardinal drew

70 Off each plum-colored shoe,

And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;

He peeps, and he feels

In the toes and the heels.

They turn up the dishes, they turn up the plates,

75 They take up the poker and poke out the grates

— They turn up the rugs,

They examine the mugs,

But, no ! — no such thing —

They can't find THE RING !

80 And the abbot declared that "when nobody twigged it,

Some rascal or other had popped in and priggged it !"

LINE 80. **twigged**: noticed. 81. **priggged**: stolen.



That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

The Jackdaw of Rheims

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book !
In holy anger and pious grief
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief ! 85
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the Devil, and wake in a
fright.
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking, 90
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking ;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying ;
He cursed him living, he cursed him dying !
Never was heard such a terrible curse ! 95
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse !

The day was gone,
The night came on, 100
The monks and the friars they searched till dawn ;
When the sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !
No longer gay, 105
As on yesterday ;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way ;
His pinions drooped, he could hardly stand,
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;
His eye so dim, 110
So wasted each limb,

Other Narrative Poems

That, heedless of grammar, they all cried,

“THAT’S HIM!

That’s the scamp that has done this scandalous thing.

115 That’s the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal’s ring!”

The poor little Jackdaw,

When the monks he saw,

Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw,

And turned his bald head as much as to say,

120 “Pray be so good as to walk this way!”

Slower and slower

He limped on before,

Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,

Where the first thing they saw,

125 Midst the sticks and the straw,

Was the RING, in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,

And off that terrible curse he took:

The mute expression

130 Served in lieu of confession,

And, being thus coupled with full restitution,

The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!

When those words were heard,

That poor little bird

135 Was so changed in a moment, ’twas really absurd:

He grew sleek and fat;

In addition to that,

A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail wagged more

140 Even than before;

LINE 130. lieu: place. 132. plenary absolution: full forgiveness.

The Jackdaw of Rheims

But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair :

He hopped now about

With a gait devout ;

At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out ; 145

And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,

He always seemed telling the confessor's beads.

If any one lied, or if any one swore,

Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,

That good Jackdaw 150

Would give a great "Caw!"

As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"

While many remarked, as his manners they saw,

That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"

He long lived the pride 155

Of that country side,

And at last in the odor of sanctity died ;

When, as words were too faint

His merits to paint,

The Conclave determined to make him a Saint. 160

And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,

It is the custom of Rome new names to bestow,

So they canonized him by the name of Jem Crow !

LINE 145. **Matins**: morning prayers. **Vespers**: evening prayers.

REVEILLE

A. E. HOUSMAN

*Wake: the silver dusk returning
Up the beach of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims.*

*Wake: the vaulted shadow shatters,
Trampled to the floor it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land.*

*Up, lad, up, 'tis late for lying:
Hear the drums of morning play
Hark, the empty highways crying
"Who'll beyond the hills away?"*

*Towns and countries woo together,
Forelands beacon, belfries call;
Never lad that trod on leather
Lived to feast his heart with all.*

*Up, lad: thews that lie and cumber
Sunlit pallets never thrive;
Morns abed and daylight slumber
Were not meant for man alive.*

*Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;
Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad: when the journey's over
There'll be time enough to sleep.*

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

THE ORIGIN OF THE BALLAD

The Ballad as Accompaniment to the Dance. — A ballad is a song that tells a story. The oldest ballads, some say, are older than the alphabet even, having been composed and sung far, far back in man's history, at old tribal dances for which they were the only music. The very word *ballad* comes from the same root as *ballet*, meaning *to move rapidly*. In the early days of man's social life, dancing and singing played a very large part in the community life. Occasions of joy or of sorrow were celebrated by all in the village or community joining together in a dance of appropriate rhythm, accompanied by words made then and there to fit the rhythm. As Hamilton Mabie expresses it, "Originally the ballads were not only sung, but they gave the measure to the dance; they grew from mouth to mouth in the very act of dancing; individual dancers adding verse to verse, and the frequent refrain coming in as a kind of chorus. Gesture and, to a certain extent, acting would naturally accompany so free and general an expression of community feeling. There was no poet, because all were poets." Once sung, if the song was liked, it was sung over and over, often being added to or changed as the singers chose. The dance rhythm is strongly felt in *Hynd Horn* and in *The Cruel Brother*.

Appendix

The Ballad Recited. — In the course of time, interest in the dance lessened, while it increased correspondingly in the words. People came to feel that the dance and the song could be separated. Then began the period of the composed and recited ballads, transmitted by word of mouth, from father to son and from mother to daughter, never written down for hundreds of years. "Events of interest were sung in almost contemporary and entirely improvised verse; and the resulting ballads, carried over the borders of their community and passed down from generation to generation, served as newspapers to their own times and as chronicles to posterity." *Thomas the Rhymer* and *Sir Patrick Spens* are examples of this type of ballad.

A Community Composing a Ballad. — In 1905 a missionary in the Faroe Islands had an opportunity of seeing a community of people still very primitive in their habits in the act of composing a communal ballad. "On the remote Faroe Islands, where the community even now (1905) is homogeneous¹ to a remarkable degree, where the old dances, with joined hands, in a great circle, are still danced to the tune of a traditional ballad which all must sing, and where on occasion every member of a festive throng must still improvise his stanza, conditions of a century ago favored communal verse in a measure seldom found with folk of such an advanced stage of civilization. The ballad was and is sung by this people 'not like dance-music, simply to order their steps,' but 'by its meaning and contents, to waken certain feelings. The dancers by their gestures

¹ Of the same kind; similar.

The Origin of the Ballad

and expressions . . . take pains . . . to show the various contents.' . . . They could also make a new ballad, in most dramatic fashion, at the dance; as for example, when some fisherman has had a mishap with his boat, sturdy companions push him out into the dancing throng, and first one and then another stanza is improvised upon the fatal theme, until a complete story of the situation, with much repetition, . . . uproarious refrain, and considerable dramatic action, is attained. If the song wins general favor, it is remembered and sung from year to year — a genuine traditional and communal ballad.”¹

Present Form of Ballads. — The word *ballad* came into general use in the time of Henry VIII as a name for narratives in rhyme set to music. The first *Song Book* in England was printed by Wynken de Worde in 1530. Most of the old ballads, as we have them now, are in the Elizabethan mold.

Minstrels Did Not Make Simple Ballads. — With the making of these popular ballads the minstrels had had nothing to do. Indeed, they probably scorned the simple tales composed by the people at their village dances, and sung over and over to the accompaniment of the goodwife's spinning wheel and milking pail. The minstrels, kept in the larger monasteries and in the great halls of the lords and landed gentry to amuse their masters on long winter evenings when time hung heavy, usually sang some elaborate tale of chivalry.

But Minstrels Helped Spread the Ballads. — But though minstrels did not have a part in the making of the

¹ *The Popular Ballad* by Francis B. Gummere.

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popular ballads, some of them did play a large part in making them known far and wide. Not all minstrels were fortunate enough to be retainers of great houses. Many roamed the countryside, singing to the simpler folk as well as to the gentry. Their songs were often the popular ballads picked up from the peasant folk and polished a bit, perhaps, in the retelling.

Goethe wrote the following ballad, describing a visit from such a minstrel :

THE MINSTREL

*Translated by Gideon Dickinson from the German
of*

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

“ What hear I by our castle-gate?

What notes upon the drawbridge ring?
Doth there some wandering minstrel wait
Before us in our hall to sing? ”

Thus spake the king. His page ran out,
And soon returned, with joyous shout,
Leading a gray-haired minstrel in.

“ Hail, noble king and lords! ” he cried ;

“ Hail, ladies fair of high degree !
Oh, what a heaven ! stars side by side !
Who knows what all their names may be ?
In lordly hall, where splendors shine,
Be closed mine eyes : here is no time
With wondering to gaze.”

The minstrel closed his wondering eyes,
And swept the sounding chords along :
Bold knights beheld, with deep surprise ;
Fair dames, with bowed head, heard the song ;

Characteristics of the Ballad

The king, well pleasèd with his strain,
Would give the minstrel golden chain
As guerdon ¹ for his minstrelsie.

“ Oh, give to me no golden chains :
Let them to thy bold knights be given,
By whose brave arms, on battle-plains,
Thine enemy's array is riven ;
Or on thy Chancellor bestow,
And let him still the golden show
With other weighty burdens bear.

“ I sing, as sings the summer bird
Whose home is in the greenwood tree :
The songs, from mine own bosom poured,
Are rich rewards — enough for me ;
But, might I claim one gift as mine,
Then be one draught of noblest wine
To me in golden goblet given.”

He took the wine ; he drank it all :
“ O draught as sweet as light from heaven !
Oh, happy be the princely hall
Where such sweet gifts are freely given !
While well ye fare, oh, think of me !
And thank God freely, as I ye,
For this rich draught of wine, now thank.”

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BALLAD

Simple Structure. — The traditional ballad almost always begins abruptly, usually at the very climax of a story, or at the last act, as we may say. It makes no

¹ Reward.

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explanations but tells its tale quickly ; gives no details ; offers no comment ; expresses no emotion. It contains much dialogue, and often moves forward by “ incremental repetition,” as in *Lord Randal*.

Ballad Conventions. — Some of the ballad common-places or conventions — that is, situations used over and over — are the making of a will or testament ; requesting to have a bed made as a sign of approaching death ; the growing of a rose and a brier from the graves of lovers ; the going into a far country for penance or as the last expression of despair ; the tirling at the pin to ask entrance ; the heroine’s sitting in her bower, sewing a silken seam ; the hero’s kissing the heroine upon both cheek and chin ; the youngest daughter’s being always the cleverest and most beautiful ; the asking of riddles upon whose correct answer life itself depends ; the leaning over the castle parapet of knight, husband, or lover ; the hero’s wiping his sword on grass or on his own sleeves before making the last desperate thrust.

Favorite Terms. — Favorite epithets are *lily-white* for hands ; either *milk-white* or *bonny gray* for palfreys ; *flaxen* for the hero’s hair and *bonny blue* for his eyes ; *cherry* for the heroine’s cheeks. Water is *wan* ; braes are *ferny* ; ships are *gude* ; wine is *blude-red* ; strokes are *sair*. A favorite form of expression is, “ They hadna been a week, a week,” or “ Light down, light down, Lady Margaret.” Certain numbers used repeatedly are *three, seven, twenty-four*.

Time in the Ballad World. — Ballad folk keep another calendar than the one observed by the business world of to-day. Theirs is the old one of the Church’s feasts

Characteristics of the Ballad

and fasts, by which the world lived for so many hundreds of years. Things do not happen in February or in November, but at Candlemas (February 2) or at Martinmas (November 11), as in the *Ballad from Froissart* and in *Barbara Allan*. They did not tell time by the clock, but by the time since sunrise or till midday. The bells of the parish churches and of the monasteries rang out the hours of prayer, and announced the passing of souls, as in *Barbara Allan*.

The Border Ballad. — The Border ballad is of later origin than the simple traditional ballad, and is a bit more elaborate. Border ballads are tales of raid or rescue, often of bride-stealing. They tell stories of valor, of daring and dash, as *John Armstrong*, and Sir Walter Scott's fine *Lochinvar*.

Robin Hood Ballads. — Akin to the Border ballads are the tales of the gallant outlaw, Robin Hood, but these latter are longer, introducing many more characters and details; they are smoother in the telling, containing very little repetition. They give the idealized joys of the greenwood — the gay hunt, the leaping stag, the clear bugle calls, the merry men in Lincoln green, fearless and immortally young.

Modern Ballads. — Many modern poets have written stories in ballad verse, some of them explicit imitations of the old ballads, like Thomas Campbell's *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, using simple language and conveying the story by hints. Other modern ballads are just narratives in verse, telling stirring adventures, like *The Revenge*. *The Ancient Mariner* is the most successful of all modern imitations in suggesting the mystery and other-worldliness of the old ballads.

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The Ballad Stanza. — The most usual ballad stanza is composed of four lines, of which the first and third contain four iambic feet, and the second and fourth three. Commonly, the second and fourth rhyme. Sometimes the stanza consists of but two lines; sometimes it has six. Remembering that ballads were not written down by an author who was careful about the exact number of syllables in a foot, we must not be surprised at often having to crowd in three or four extra syllables in a line. The thing is to listen to the beat and make it come right at any cost.

What is the use of reading the old ballads, do you say? They give us one of the few ways of coming in touch with our forefathers. These identical old songs that we sing or recite to-day, they sang in times long past. Who knows that the Normans would have won at Hastings had not Taillefer at the head of William's army sung so passionately of Roland and Oliver that he fired each man behind him to thrice his normal valor and strength? It is told of Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury (who died in 709), that "being desirous of instructing his semibarbarous countrymen, he was in the daily habit of taking his station on the bridges" and along the highways of his domain, as did the gleemen, or wandering harpers of the time. From his bridge parapet or his rock by the wayside, he sang ballads to the passers-by. When he had caught their attention and gathered a group about him, he spoke to them of the more serious subjects of which he would have them think. We should like well to know which ballads he sang.

The Ballad World

We read ballads now for the pure joy of their lilting melody, or for the delightful flavor of their quaint phrases. They tell us tales of long ago and far away which make us pleasantly sad, or gently mirthful, or thrillingly stirred ; and these are the proper services of romance.

THE BALLAD WORLD

The ballad world is a thrilling place. It is everywhere and nowhere. Castles high up on hills look down upon roads and little rivers, upon dark forests, over to foaming, perilous seas. But no man to-day knows the names of these castles or can tell us which roads to take to them. Often we must ford the little rivers, but we never learn their sources. We wander through the dark forests, meeting strange creatures, sad women, brave men, but these somber trees are unknown to us. We cross the stormy seas in frail boats, only to reach a far country, nameless and full of terrors.

If adventure is what you are looking for, the ballad world is the place to find it. Here a knight may discover and woo the loveliest lady in all the land ; or the fair lady of the cherry cheeks and lily-white hands may lose her heart to a true-love with " flaxen locks sweetly curled and eyes of lovely blue." Any day, while an old woman is sitting peacefully by the fire, even at midday, a ghost may rattle the latch and seek permission to sit in that other chair opposite her, and it will be long before she discovers he is a ghost and not some living wayfarer. Perhaps a squire, taking a walk on a sunny summer day, at noon becomes tired and drops down to rest under a great tree. All the world is silent, save

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for the singing of the lark ; gradually there grows upon his ear a faint tinkle of tiny bells ; nearer it draws and nearer ; around the shoulder of the hill comes riding " a lady bright " wearing a grass-green silken skirt and a



Castles high up on hills.

velvet mantle. The tinkling he heard came from the innumerable tiny silver bells fastened in her horse's mane. Before he knows it, she has whisked him away with her to Fairyland, where he has experiences too strange to tell to mortal ears. Many a knight has been carried away in this fashion.

Maybe a dashing knight rides up to the door, seems

The Ballad World

to fall in love instantly with a lovely face within, and announces that he will carry the lady away with him at once unless she can answer three riddles. But she, being the youngest and cleverest of her mother's three



Off they go "strange countries for to see."

daughters, sees through these riddles without any trouble and gives him witty answers, when poof! off in a cloud of sulphur, with clattering hoofs and waving tail, goes "auld Clootie," who was really no knight at all but just the devil up to another trick. The knights in the ballad world are often given to sudden cruel departures. Life within the castle grows tame, in spite of hawk and hounds; so off they go "strange countries for to see." They say carelessly they may be back "in a year or two or three, at the most"; some of the

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women left behind, being too timid and gentle to venture in search of them, die of "pure, pure grief." But many ballad heroines are brave enough to set out to find the lost lover, having incredible adventures by the way.

But how could the knights promise to return at a definite time when well they knew the perils of the road upon which they set off so gaily? Marvelous birds might bring them messages they could not disregard. Mermaids might rise from the foam at any moment and lure them to the ocean depths. Fairy folk were everywhere, casting spells upon the unwary.

Come and adventure in this ballad world. You will find life gay and cruel, filled with courtesy and killing. You may feast and you may starve in a siege. You may lose your head or you may deck it with a crown.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

(The Arabic numerals refer to lines; the Roman numerals, to stanzas.)

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury

This ballad belongs to the riddle class always so popular. It is one of the oldest, having been printed first about 1483. It suggests, as does *John Armstrong*, something of the ever-present jealousy felt by the king toward any too wealthy noble or prince of the Church.

8. They "rode post for him" — rode day and night, to command him to come to London to answer to the king for his excessive luxury of living.

Notes and Questions

11-12. His men wear much more sumptuous livery than do John Armstrong's (page 91), for of course the highest official of the Church in England would live in more state than would a Border chieftain, however powerful.

iv. How would these things work treason?

v. What sharp truth is concealed in the abbot's dutiful reply?

x. This crudely imaginative tale in rhyme tells us some truths about King John and helps us to see why he had to sign Magna Carta. What traits of character does the king show?

xi-xii. A favorite device of the ballads is to make the wise men of the land ponder in vain and at length over hard questions which a "silly" or, as we say to-day, a simple, uneducated shepherd, answers instantly. Since the shepherd's fellows in simplicity and in labor were the ones who made the ballads, they naturally rejoiced in putting down the wise and mighty and in exalting the lowly.

xvii. Strange likenesses between persons, and their exchanging of apparel are favorite devices of all romantic stories. Can you think of any examples in Shakespeare's plays? in *A Tale of Two Cities*?

xviii. A good picture of the pomp and circumstance with which the abbot traveled. Compare it with that of the abbot in *Ivanhoe*.

xxi. A wonderfully diplomatic answer, for even King John would admit himself worth one penny less than God.

xxiii. What does this answer show about the scientific knowledge of those old days?

On the shepherd's return, what account did he give the abbot of his experience? If he told him the whole truth, how would that probably cause the abbot to feel toward him? Where do you suppose the abbot went to wait for the shepherd, and what did he do in that period of anxious waiting?

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Try dramatizing this ballad.

Scene I — The abbot and the king, at Court. Let the king himself tell the abbot what he has heard about the churchman. Add a concluding speech by the abbot as he turns away sadly.

Scene II — The abbot and the shepherd, in the field. Let the abbot tell the shepherd of his vain search at Cambridge and at Oxford.

Scene III — The king and the shepherd, at Court.

Scene IV — The abbot and the shepherd. Make up the conversation between these two upon the shepherd's return.

Riddles Wisely Expounded

From the earliest times riddles have played an important part in stories of the people. Josephus, the Jewish historian, says that Solomon and Hiram, king of Tyre, sent each other cleverly constructed puzzles and enigmas to be solved, under penalty of forfeiting large sums of money in case of failure. It is also said that the "hard questions" the queen of Sheba put to King Solomon were really riddles. What riddles in the fairy tales and in the Bible do you recall? What do you know about the Sphinx and (Edipus)?

Even to-day riddles are usually asked in rhyme. The refrain in this ballad, meant to be sung in each stanza, unintelligible in itself, being just a combination of beautiful sounds, by mere repetition conveys a hazy suggestion of flitting loveliness.

3. Immediately we know he is not a true knight, else he would have been faithful to his own lady.

iii. They were industrious daughters, but he selects at once the youngest.

Notes and Questions

19-20. Why does he not ask her if she wishes to be his, instead of just taking it for granted?

43. Had you suspected his real nature?

What ballad conventions do you find in this tale?
See pages 355 and 356.

Proud Lady Margaret

i. What does the beginning at nightfall prepare you for? What other ballad ladies have you met, walking their castle parapets?

11-12. She speaks as if she lived alone in the castle.

v. What did Barbara Allan say very similar to this? See page 69.

vii. Of what is this the first hint? Does this contradict the idea of "gallant knight" in 7?

xvii. Now he calls her familiarly by her name. He alludes to the custom of washing the dead and shrouding them in fine linen.

xviii. Which stanza in *The Wife of Usher's Well* does this echo?

xix. In which other ballads do you find Dumfermline mentioned? Froissart says it was "a tolerably handsome town, where is a large and fair abbey of black monks, in which the kings of Scotland have been accustomed to be buried." Richard II (1377-1399) burned it. The unreasonable pride of his sister disturbed this dead man in his grave. What had disturbed the three sons of the Wife of Usher's Well?

102. Nobody knows now what "Pirie's chair" means. Do you suppose Lady Margaret changed?

Show how this ballad is a connecting link between the riddle type and the supernatural type, possessing elements of both.

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The Wife of Usher's Well

Martinmas (November 11) was the time when the country folk killed beeves and hogs for the winter supply of meat. Merrymaking and feasting lightened the burden of the work. But since at Martinmas nights were lang and mirk, it was also a favorable time for ghost-seeing.

This ballad tells of a household that could not make merry with the neighbors, for the mother could not cease mourning her three sons, all lost at sea at one time. She can only curse the sea and weep. See 4.

i. It is the dreaded sea that causes the tragedy. Why did they go to sea? Were they fishermen?

v-vi. What tells you that they came not really in earthly flesh and blood?

vii. What did their mother think? She shows no surprise at seeing them.

viii. "A peasant woman's mantle lasted many years, and was a kind of homely-sacred object to the children of the family." (Allingham) See xii.

ix-x. In folklore the break of day is announced to demons and ghosts by three cocks usually, a white, a red, and a black. Can you think of any other famous ghosts who fled away when the cock crew?

xii. How did they leave her? Did she wake before they left?

xiii. Did they see "the bonny lass" for the first time on the evening of their arrival? Or had one of them known and loved her? Did they speak much with her that evening? How much is hinted at in the one brief mention of her!

What commonplaces are found in this ballad?

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Thomas the Rhymer

Thomas the Rhymer, or True Thomas, was a real person — Thomas of Ercildoune, who lived probably between 1210 and 1297, the earliest Scottish minstrel of whom we know anything. He must have been a remarkable character, for during all these six hundred years his Scottish neighbors have continued to talk about his wonderful power to see into the future. This power was given him by the Fairy Queen, during his stay in the Fairy World. The story about his meeting with the Fairy Queen was firmly believed by the Scottish peasants for many centuries. Sir Walter Scott, who so dearly loved the old tales, rejoiced in owning the very spot on which the famous meeting was said to have occurred — by a gnarled and twisted old tree on a hillside near Abbotsford, in what is still called The Rhymer's Glen. Huntley Burn, or brook, runs through it.

i. What was he doing there? What time of day was it? When are fairies usually seen? How do you know he saw her a long way off? What did he do as he waited for her to draw near?

11. What was probably the only thing he saw weekly as gorgeous and as beautiful as the Elf Queen?

15-16. What caused her to select him to honor thus?

25. A mortal's kissing a fairy always put him in subjection to the powers of Fairyland.

viii-ix. Which lines give you the feeling of the supernatural?

x. Seeing ferlies apparently was made possible by laying his head upon her knee. The Fairy Folk used their powers in strange ways.

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xi-xiii. Which one of the roads does she describe by an adjective which shows she likes it? What makes you know that Elfland is in neither Hell nor Heaven?

xiv. What is one of the requirements for traveling in Elfland?

xv-xvi. What characteristics indicate that this is a supernatural region?

65. Can you see colors in the mirk night? What change must have come over the landscape? By what light did they see?

xviii. The unwillingness of True Thomas to possess a tongue that could never lie adds a touch of humor. On what occasions did he find a truthful tongue an embarrassment?

xx. What do you think he saw and heard in those seven years?

Read Sir Walter Scott's two poems in which he carries on the story of True Thomas and tells what became of him in the end. Then read Kipling's *Last Rhyme of True Thomas* in connection with them.

What new element does this story introduce into the ballad?

Tamlane

"It is the common opinion that persons falling under the power of the Fairies were allowed to revisit the haunts of men only after seven years had expired. At the end of seven years more they again disappeared, after which they were seldom seen among mortals. [See *Thomas the Rhymer*.] The accounts they gave of their situation differ in some particulars. Sometimes they were represented as leading a life of constant restlessness, and wandering by moonlight. According

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to others, they inhabited a pleasant region, where, however, their situation was rendered horrible by the sacrifice of one or more individuals to the devil, every seventh year. . . . Concerning the mode of winning or recovering persons abstracted by the Fairies, tradition differs; but the popular opinion . . . supposes that the recovery must be effected within a year and a day. . . . This feat, which was reckoned an enterprise of equal difficulty and danger, could be accomplished only on Hallowe'en, at the great annual procession of the Fairy Court" (Scott's note).

i-v. What has happened before the ballad begins? In line 7, what drew her thither? The first two lines of stanza v form one of the commonplaces or stock phrases of the ballad. Note similar ones in *Sir Patrick Spens* and *The Wife of Usher's Well*. What prompts him to forbid her breaking roses?

ix. Most ballad heroines do these things before starting on an adventure. They were necessary for swift action, which was made difficult by the long clinging gowns and long flowing locks of their more quiet hours, spent in sewing silken seams, or in looking over castle parapets for returning lords or lovers.

46. "Sainted in Christentie" means baptized in the Christian faith. Why does she suspect he was not?

xviii-xix. Read what Shakespeare says about fairies in *The Tempest* and in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

85. What is there in Tamlane's description of himself which is contrary to our idea of a romantic hero?

xxvi. Will he look different then from what he does now while she is speaking with him?

xxix-xxxii. Janet shows no surprise at such a story and offers no objection to such a perilous encounter with the

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powers of Fairyland. Such transformations were everyday affairs in the ballad world.

What did Tamlane and Janet say to each other the next Hallowe'en when the anniversary of his rescue came around?

Did Tamlane ever see the Fairy Queen again, or any of the fairy band?

Do *Tamlane* and *Thomas the Rhymer* give us the same impression of the Fairy Queen and of Fairyland? Are these impressions like those which we received from our childhood fairy tales?

The Gay Goss-Hawk

A goss-hawk is a goose hawk, a large, noble hawk which attacks rabbits, hares, and larger birds, such as cranes, geese, and pheasants.

i. This dialogue of master and bird gives the key of the tale at once — it will deal with marvels.

ii. The goss-hawk is troubled and sympathetic. Does "southern lass" give any hint of the reason for the master's unhappiness?

vi-ix. Were these details definite enough to mark out his true-love from her associates? See xii.

xiv-xix. Did her maidens hear anything unusual in the bird's song? Does a hawk sing, by the way?

xxiii. What was the reason for the mass and the ringing of the bells?

99. Do you know any other famous heroine who drank a sleeping potion?

xxvii. Were the step-mother's suspicions aroused? Was the lady conscious of this?

123-124. Why did they sew on bells?

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What unusual incidents are worked into this plot?

Write several stanzas, telling of the goss-hawk's return flight and of his delivering his message to his master.

Hynd Horn

In the age of chivalry, long metrical romances sung by the minstrels formed the most refined amusement of that period of hard living. These romances were often condensed by the humbler folk into ballads which they themselves sang. Such a ballad is *Hynd Horn*. It is almost impossible to read this refrain repeatedly without beating out a dance rhythm with voice and feet. One sees vividly a circle of people, hand in hand, dancing forward and back to this contagious melody.

9. Why was the king angry? Why was it to sea that he sent Hynd Horn?

31. How do you suppose he spent these years? And how did she spend them?

xii-xvi. How did Hynd Horn know he was a beggar-man?

xxix-xxx. Why? What does he appear to be?

When things just happen to fit together in a remarkable way, so as to give an ending to a difficult situation from which there seemed no escape, we speak of "the long arm of coincidence." What notable example of it occurs in this ballad? See how many traditional ballad incidents you find combined here.

The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

i. Was there any difference in the social standing of these lovers?

iii. What trade do you think a squire's son would choose to be apprenticed to?

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iv. Do you think he wrote her? Could she read, probably? Were reading and writing common accomplishments then? In *Ivanhoe*, who read the notes brought to the besieged in Front-de-Bœuf's castle?

v. What games did village maidens play then? Strutt's *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England* will tell you about many of them.

xi-xiii. Do you think he had meant to go back to look for his true love?

Have you any idea of what his life as an apprentice was like in London, probably in the sixteenth or seventeenth century? You can find out much about it in Besant's *London in the Time of the Tudors*. Read *The Friar of Orders Gray* for a story similar to this one. It is found in Percy's *Reliques*. •

The Douglas Tragedy

i-ii. Just when do you think the mother roused the family?

iii-v. This is the climax of a story. What more does the reader wish to know? Which word in stanza iii expresses the mood of the lovers?

vi-ix. What impression do you get of Lady Margaret?

x. Which word gives their feeling?

xi. Which is the most expressive word in this description?

xiv. How far apart do you suppose they lived?

xvi. Have you met anything similar to this in any other ballads?

xvii. Margaret's death is unexpected. What caused it?

xviii-xix. In which other ballads did this happen also?

xx. Did his enmity begin before or after the elopement?

Which ballad commonplaces and favorite expressions do you find in this ballad?

Notes and Questions

The Cruel Brother or The Bride's Testament

The refrain really says nothing, yet by its repeated mention of the lily gay and the sweet primrose, it implies continually the beauty and innocence of the lovely maiden who suffers so cruel and undeserved a fate.

ii-iii. Always in the old tales, the youngest was the most beautiful and the cleverest. Can you recall instances in the fairy tales? in the Old Testament stories? See *Riddles Wisely Expounded*.

viii-x. It seems curious to us that the whole family must consent, yet even in the eighteenth century in England, the maiden's brother often had as much voice as her father in determining whom she should marry.

41. Will your imagination help you to picture a wedding in ballad times, probably in the thirteenth or in the fourteenth century? How many of our modern customs go back that far? Brand's *Popular Antiquities* will help you to find out.

xvii. What caused her brother John to do this?

xviii. Did she not cry out?

xx. Making the will is a ballad convention met with very frequently. In which other ballads have you met it?

81. Who do you suppose asks her the questions?

xxii-xxiii. The silver shoes of her horse and the costly clothes of these stanzas suggest the fittings and furnishings of a high-born lady of the time.

xxvi. What do you think she meant by this?

105. Where was she buried? Who came to her burial?

Tell the story which "the best young man" told her parents in explanation of her death. Were they surprised to hear of it? What became of John?

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Bonny Barbara Allan

This is a pleasantly sorrowful ballad. A good many people rather enjoy a sad story of long ago. Do you?

This old ballad has been sung under many different circumstances. Away back in 1666, in London, a very gay gentleman named Samuel Pepys, who went everywhere and heard everything in the fashionable world, wrote in his diary that in the most famous theater in London he had heard the most famous actress of the time sing a "little Scotch song of Barbary Allen." A hundred years later, in 1765, Oliver Goldsmith records that people were still singing and liking it, but he heard it under humbler conditions, when the old dairy-maid in his father's home sang him "into tears with *Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-Night*, or *The Cruelty of Barbara Allen*."

i. What makes Martinmas (November 11) a suitable time for a sad story? Yet what makes it an unsuitable one also? See *The Wife of Usher's Well*.

9. Why did she go so slowly to the bedside of her sick lover?

v. How did she know what had happened in the tavern?

What emotion was strongest in Barbara Allan? Could this story have ended differently? Are you sorry for her?

Lord Lovel

i. A pretty picture of ballad life — the knightly lover, the fair lady, the castle gate, the proud-stepping, milk-white steed.

ii. What took him abroad?

iii. Does he sound like an eager lover?

Notes and Questions

- iv. The long arm of coincidence again. Where else have you met it? (See the notes on *Hynd Horn*, page 371.)
- ix. What other ballads end similarly?

This whole ballad is just a rippling melody, singing of unhappy young lovers of long ago. We know no more than that they loved and they died.

Lord Randal

Read this ballad slowly to get the full effect. Then you will feel the thrill of real solemnity which it gives. This solemn effect is largely due to the twice-asking of each question by the mother, and to her many times repeated "Lord Randal, my son, my handsome young man." This ballad is one of the best illustrations of the method of ballad-making. It starts with a situation hinting immediately of mystery and of much that has gone before. Short questions and answers reveal the story bit by bit. As we read on, these questions do not seem unusual or very keen, but when we come to the end we realize that they were chosen with much skill, for each leads directly to the next, gradually but surely unrolling the whole story before the reader. But the mystery of why these things happened is never revealed.

1. What probably prompts the mother to ask this question? Do you picture her as standing or sitting? Where?
- 3-4. How do you see Lord Randal as he answers her? Can you read his words in a way that will show his weariness and despair?
5. We often go into the woods alone. Why does she ask if he met anyone?

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9. Why should she think his true love had given him anything?

11. Eels were a favorite article of diet in those times. In fact they were the great standby of the wintertime; every household laid in barrels of them salted down. The substitution of some venomous reptile for a dish of them is said to have been a common method of poisoning persons who were objectionable.

13. Does this question suggest the mother's suspicion?

v. What makes her know her suspicion is correct?

24. Now Randal changes his refrain, when he can no longer conceal his illness and its cause.

25. What does the mother's immediately asking for his will tell us about Randal's condition?

Why did his true love do this terrible thing?

Where were the sister and the brother while this conversation was going on? How did the mother tell the story to them?

Let a girl and a boy read this as a dialogue, or better still, have them memorize the words and recite them as a little drama, trying to put into their voices the solemn feeling the story deserves.

Sir Patrick Spens

Sir Patrick's name does not appear in Scottish history connected with any such incident as this, but the incident is not at all an improbable one. In 1281, Margaret, daughter of Alexander III of Scotland, was married to Eric, king of Norway. She was conducted to her husband by many knights and nobles of her father's court, most of whom were drowned in a storm on the return voyage.

Notes and Questions

5. What motive prompted the eldern knight? Why did his suggestion carry weight?

v. This is a stock situation in a ballad; the recipient of a letter always laughs at the first line and weeps at the second.

vi. Again the dread of the sea. So great was the terror of navigating the northern seas in the winter that Scottish law declared no ship should sail with freight between the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude (October 29) and Candlemas (February 2). What two feelings conflict in Sir Patrick's mind?

vii. Which feeling wins?

29. Who were on board such a ship on such a mission?

xxi-xxii. Hints of the coming tragedy.

xxiii-xxv. In what indirect ways does the ballad tell that the ship was wrecked and her passengers and crew drowned?

What is your opinion of Sir Patrick? Can you tell from what you formed it?

This ballad is a fine example of how much, in ballads in general, you have to read between the lines in order to get the whole story.

In *Penelope's Progress* by Kate Douglas Wiggin, there is a vivid account of a dramatization of *Sir Patrick Spens* by two American girls and four Scotch children, who had caught the true spirit of the old ballads.

The Bonny Earl of Murray

The earl of Murray was James Stewart, "a comely personage of a great stature, and strong of body like a kemp" (a champion). His youth, beauty, and accomplishments made him a favorite — too great a favorite for his own good. It is thought that jealousy

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of him made the king willing to believe him guilty of treachery when Murray's mortal enemy, the earl of Huntly, accused him of it. The king gave Huntly commission to arrest Murray and bring him to trial. Murray, not suspecting any trap, came visiting his mother's house; but Huntly, warned of the visit, was lying in wait for him, surrounded the house, and commanded him to surrender. Upon his refusal, Huntly set fire to the house. Murray stayed in longer than anyone else, but at last was forced to come out, only to be slain immediately — in February, 1592. Huntly, sheltered under the king's commission, was not punished.

The ballad seems to start with a burst of horror. It is a peculiarly musical lament for a tragic fate, suggested in a few words.

i. His body lay unburied for several months, in the church at Leith, waiting for his murder to be avenged.

ii. Who speaks? Where was he? Who were around him, probably? What was Huntly's manner?

9. How do you think the earl of Murray looked in his happy days, when he was a "braw gallant"?

12. What kingly qualities did he have? Line 10 may help you to answer.

iii-v. Note the games played by the courtiers in Scotland and in England, in this time, which was also Shakespeare's time. Riding at the ring was catching on a lance's point small rings suspended in the air, as the rider rode past, full tilt. Handball was a great favorite in olden times of the Scottish gentry, from the king down. Playing at the glove was similar to riding at the ring, catching a glove instead of a ring.

Notes and Questions

vi. How casually the wife is mentioned! How would she hear the news, probably? What is the picture called up by "Come sounding thro' the town"?

Note how this ballad almost sings itself as you read it. Write a description of the taking of the news to the earl of Murray's wife.

Dramatize the scene at court when the king is told of Murray's capture and murder.

John Armstrong's Last Good-Night

This ballad gives a good picture of Border warfare in the early sixteenth century, showing the jealousy of the



JOHN ARMSTRONG'S TOWER

king at the strength of such bold, insubordinate chiefs as Johnie of Gilnockie or Guiltknock Hall, lord of lands claimed by both England and Scotland. He was the

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head of a desperate band of about three hundred horsemen who made every man for miles around pay heavily to be protected, or at least let alone, by him. Other Border chieftains also famous in the ballads were the earl of Bothwell and the lairds of Buccleuch and Johnston. These were imprisoned when James V, about 1530, undertook to bring these fierce leaders into subjection. It was at this same time that John Armstrong was captured by dishonorable means and put to death, with all his men.

7-8. Since his income is not from the regular sources of most landowners, whence must it come?

iii. What a goodly sight the steeds and riders must have made!

vi-vii. And a finer sight yet when he answered the king's summons. Why did John apparel his men so handsomely?

29-30. Is there an omen here?

39-40. What shows that the king mistook John for another king?

xi. What did John really feel when he said this?

xviii. A hero always made light of a wound; the worse it was, the less he must heed it. See the lady in *The Cruel Brother*.

82. This is the first mention of John's wife. Do you think she recognized the favorite horse a long way off? Did she watch as did the earl of Murray's wife?

xxiii. With what spirit did the lady receive the little foot-page's dreadful news? Fine horses really were fed bread and wine. See *Sohrab and Rustum* by Matthew Arnold.

xxiv. What other sons do you know who strove to avenge their fathers' deaths?

Compare John Armstrong's offense with that of the abbot of Canterbury.

Notes and Questions

Robin Hood's Birth, Breeding, Valor, and Marriage

Whether or not Robin Hood was a real person, there seems no way now of finding out, but through the tales told about him he has become a popular hero, representing the class of people who resented the harsh treatment of the nobles and of the rich religious orders. He was an outlaw because he and his class were opposed to the established government which worked such hardships on them. But he was the idealized champion of the oppressed, always showing daring, courtesy, and piety, as well as true loyalty to the king. In all the ballads only some one of the peasant class is ever allowed to be a match for Robin. Many tales are told about him, giving various accounts of his birth and adventures. This ballad gives a different version of his meeting with Little John from that given by the ballad which follows.

ii. Did Robin better this in *Ivanhoe*?

9-10. Thus Robin belonged to the gentry, though he ever defended the rights of the poor.

vii-viii. Such a pleasant, gay sight on that Christmas Eve.

35-36. How many hours for a horse carrying double? Do you suppose he found a good road, or did he follow woodland ways?

41-42. Can you not hear the laughter and jests and exchanging of news among these folk who did not meet so very often?

xii. What gives you the impression of bluff heartiness?

xv-xvii. Tables then were usually boards laid on trestles, so that your guest literally sat at your "board." These tables were taken down and put away when the meal was

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over, to leave more space, for the hall with its huge fire place was the living-room and the general gathering place for the household.

This is a fine picture of Christmas merrymaking in the country in England, as it was for centuries. Just such a one Shakespeare must have seen often. In such a house, far away from towns, lived a chaplain who said Mass every day in the squire's own chapel; here lived also a minstrel, who sang and juggled and amused the members of the household as they sat before the roaring fire, on long winter evenings. This ballad says Little John was such a minstrel page. Other ballads tell other stories of him.

xxii. Some time is supposed to elapse between this and **xxiii**, as Robin then has an organized band of many followers.

xxv-xxxi. What did Robin Hood most admire about Clorinda?

129-130. Warden pies were apple pies. No wonder Robin Hood's men were vigorous, if they always had such food.

Was Clorinda a good mate for Robin Hood? If so, what qualities made her so?

Write the conversation between Robin's mother and his father when she returned home without Robin.

Robin Hood and Little John

4. For which trade?

66-67. Yet Robin scorns to blow his bugle, which would bring him aid immediately.

xxi. Robin is a good loser. But note that the ballad allows him to lose to a yeoman, not to one higher in rank than he.

105. His livery was the special dress which all his followers wore. Compare the gay livery in which John Arm-

Notes and Questions

strong clad his men. What was Robin's livery? See 140-141.

xxxii-xxxiv. They probably gathered in a ring around a basin of water set upon a stump, and went through a parody of the baptismal service, or office, roaring with laughter at the mock religious act, for Robin feared neither priest nor devil.

How many of Robin Hood's thirty-nine other followers can you name?

Do you know any of Little John's later adventures? Read Howard Pyle's *Merry Adventures of Robin Hood* for thrilling accounts of him and of his comrades. In *Plays for Young People*¹ by Florence Ann Marsh, you will find a good play about Robin Hood and his adventures.

Robin Hood and Allin-a-Dale

ii-iii. Why did Robin not speak to him then?

xvi. Do you think Robin was disguised?

83-84. Why did Allin do this?

91-92. The English law still requires that the names of the prospective bride and groom be read out in church, by the minister, on three successive Sundays, so that if there is any reason why they should not marry, it may be made known in time. This is called "reading the banns."

xxiv. Robin acts as if the bishop's robes carried with them the bishop's authority.

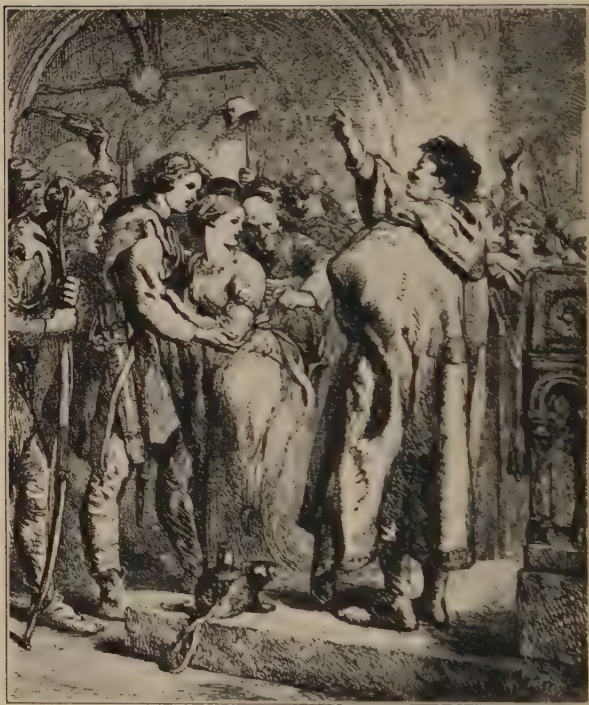
xxv. Little John makes fun of the custom of reading the banns.

This ballad makes a charming play. Try writing it for yourselves. Have two scenes.

¹ Published by Allyn and Bacon.

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Scene I — The woodland. Remembering that these Robin Hood ballads were sung before the time of Henry VIII, look in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* and see if you



THE MARRIAGE OF ALLIN-A-DALE

can find a love song appropriate for Allin to sing. Write additional speeches to fill in the gap between lines 56 and 57. Robin needed more details before he set out. Allin would naturally tell him more of his story upon finding that Robin meant to assist him.

Notes and Questions

Scene II — The church. Put some appropriate speeches into the mouth of the old knight and of the lass.

Think about all your characters. Try to imagine their thoughts that you may give them the right words. Which characters are generous, friendly, bold, humorous, rollicking? Which are irritable, solemn, timid?

Robin Hood Rescuing the Widow's Three Sons

6. A refrain probably sung with each stanza. Name some other ballads which have a refrain.

iv-vi. Robin names over the crimes for which men might justly be condemned to death, that he may find out before he interferes if these sons ought to suffer. This hanging of a man for slaying a deer was one of the typical injustices against which Robin Hood and his men were fighting. But even in the nineteenth century an Englishman could be hanged for stealing a sheep.

25-26. When did the friendship of another old woman help Robin out of a tight place?

31. A palmer was a traveler returned from the Holy Land, bearing with him a palm as the sign of his journey there. He doubtless wore a cockle-hat (a hat with cockle-shells about its crown) and carried a staff.

37-38. The exchange of garments is a favorite incident in ballads. With whom did Hynd Horn change? With whom did the abbot of Canterbury change?

51-52. He probably means that the tall crown will be battered in his first fight.

56. The bags he carried to hold the contributions of bread given by kind-hearted persons. He had other bags also. See xxiii.

61. These hose seem to have been somewhat like tights extending from knee to wrist.

68. "Good habit," that is, good dress told more about

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a man's social position then than it does to-day, for law required every person to wear clothes befitting his station in life. What effect does dress have in the ballad of *King Alfred and the Shepherd*?

97. In what spirit did the sheriff say this?

xxix. Robin shows even less respect for the law of the land than he does for the Church. Nottingham was the market town, and so was a fairly busy place. What do you suppose the townsfolk were doing while all this was happening?

Why was Robin Hood the idol of the poorer classes?

Robin Hood and the Bishop

2. The refrain was probably sung in every stanza.

iii. So many of Robin's adventures begin when he is walking alone in the merry greenwood, but within call of his band, who come to his assistance at just the right moment. Which ones can you recall which begin so? How did the bishop show his pride? Who were in his company? Whither were they bound?

iv. What did the bishop have against Robin?

34 35. One of the typical instances of Robin's befriending of the poor.

x. This exchanging of clothes is one of the ballad commonplaces. In which other ballads have you found it?

xii. What does Little John's mistake show?

xiv. Why does the bishop ask her for Robin Hood?

58-59. What other couple in the ballads rode on just such steeds?

xix. Where was Robin, probably? Had he seen and heard what preceded?

84 85. Why was the bishop carrying so much gold?



ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP

Notes and Questions

xxiii. Another time when Robin showed his utter disregard of the Church and the clergy.

xxiv. What was disgraceful about this?

What was Robin Hood's motive in robbing the bishop? Reading the Robin Hood parts of *Ivanhoe* will help you answer this.

Make a Robin Hood story of your own in which you tell how he came to give the old woman shoes and stockings one Saturday night.

Robin Hood's Death and Burial

ii. Most ailments were treated then by bleeding the sick person, that is, by opening a vein in the arm, and letting a certain amount of blood flow, reducing the body temperature. Sometimes it helped, especially in cases of what we would to-day call high blood pressure, but just as often, when the patient was weak and frail, it killed him. Robin trusts his cousin entirely, for he puts his life in her hands.

iv. The convent and the monastery were the first hospitals. The monks and the nuns were best skilled in the art of healing. Robin's cousin was the head of this convent of Kirkley. Being a gentlewoman, she had been taught how to care for the sick.

vii-viii. How do you explain her being able to do this without at least a protest from him? Can you think of a reason for such treacherous treatment of a sick man who was her kinsman?

Is this a satisfactory conclusion to the story of Robin Hood? Since even such a hero as Robin has to meet his fate sometime, is it less distressing to have him die by a woman's treachery, than by defeat in combat?

What characteristics have all the Robin Hood ballads

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in common? What favorite ballad terms and common-places do you find in them? In these ballads character is of importance for the first time. It is what Robin is, even more than what he does, that interests the hearers. He is the advocate of the downtrodden rural folk; he is generous, daring, courteous, loyal to his king even though he shoots his deer, truly pious even though he robs a bishop. Note that the setting is given in more detail, the hero is pictured at greater length, and more incidents are introduced into the plot.

Horatius

Lars Porsena (pôr'sën-â), about 509 B.C., brought his vast army to replace Tarquin, who had been banished for his tyranny, on the throne of Rome. Porsena's march on the city was so sudden and so rapid that the consul said, "The foe will be upon us before we can cut down the bridge." Horatius, the captain of the bridge over the Tiber connecting Rome with the Janiculum hill, exclaimed, "If two men will join me. I will undertake to give the enemy play till the bridge is cut down."

iv-viii. What idea of Porsena's force does this naming and describing of towns and rivers build up in the reader?

121. It has been said that there were thirty-seven gates in the wall which surrounded Rome. What caused the congestion at these gates now?

123. Why were the citizens "wan"?

189. Do you know of any other brands or swords which none but their owners could wield? See, in the *Odyssey*, chapter xxi, what is said of Odysseus' bow. Such mighty weapons as these indicate what kind of owners?

Notes and Questions

199. Sextus was loathed because of his unspeakable treatment of the noble Lucretia, which caused her to take her own life in grief and sorrow.

xxxii-xxxiii. This ballad is supposed to be sung by a minstrel two hundred or more years after the event. The minstrel laments the decay of Rome then, still several hundred years before Christ.

294-295. Why did the vanguard laugh?

360. Do you know the story of Romulus and Remus? Look it up in any history which tells of the founding of Rome. Then tell why the Three are called the she-wolf's litter.

378. How can you tell that Horatius struck an upward blow? Why was such necessary?

483. What would their grace have been?

499. What had both armies just seen the river do? (467-475)

526-529. How is Sextus' speech in keeping with his character?

530. How does Porsena show himself noble? In which other ballads have you met generous foes?

566-585. What few details in this indoor winter scene of old Rome do you need to change to make it modern?

In *The Revenge* read of a naval battle of a very few against a host.

Another feat as remarkable as Horatius' swim is told in chapter xxi of *The Count of Monte Cristo* by Dumas, when the hero is thrown into the sea securely tied in a sack, but finally swims safe to land. Odysseus, too, in the fifth chapter of the *Odyssey*, swims long and hard, helped by some gods and hindered by others. Can you recall any other famous feats in swimming?

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King Alfred and the Shepherd

- i. An involved way of saying there used to be much joking among the peasant folk.
- ii. What other famous rulers wandered in disguise, seeking



KING ALFRED REBUKED BY THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE

ing adventure? How did they escape from watchful attendants? Can the president of the United States wander so, now?

18. Jack Sauce — any saucy peasant boy.

Notes and Questions

20. A Monmouth cap was the ordinary flat cap worn by most working folk, for hats were none too common even among the gentry.

21. Just drifting along from point to point, staying or leaving as the spirit moved him.

vii. Why did a shepherd need such a bonnet rather than a cap? His scrip was his leather bag.

viii. Does the king speak as a ragged beggar should?

xiii. Benedicite — be ye blessed! — a usual greeting among the educated. Would a beggar use it? Did Alfred say this aloud?

64. Desired each other to cease fighting.

xviii-xxi. How much do clothes make the man? Some day read Carlyle's thoughts about clothes and what they mean, in his *Sartor Resartus*. Do you know Andersen's story, *The Emperor's New Clothes*?

xxiii-xxiv. A good picture of the living conditions of a shepherd in his own cottage.

xxvi-xxvii. The better food given the employees of a rich landowner.

117-118. A master hiring a servant always gave him a penny to seal the bargain.

xxxii-xxxiv. The wildest possibility he could think of was the actual truth! No wonder the king chuckled.

138. When the sheep cut or tore themselves on stones or thorns, the cuts were smeared with tar.

159-160. This was an ash-cake, cooked just as ash-cakes are still cooked in the south to-day in remote places.

xlx-xlvi. It was good for him to know "the country guise."

xlx-l. At once she harks back to her doubts of the stranger.

li. How did they happen to be within hearing of his horn?

Do you suppose Gillian and her husband treated subsequent beggars with more caution?

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Write a story telling what happened when the very next beggar called at their cottage. Perhaps he was a peddler who had had bad luck in his business, or a runaway servant, or a poor old man whose family had cast him adrift, or a rogue seeing what he could steal, or a returning pilgrim.

King Canute

5. Silver sticks and gold sticks were their symbols of office. Was such pomp appropriate for a seaside stroll? Why does Thackeray stress the king's pomp and state?



KING CANUTE COMMANDING THE SEA TO RETIRE

Notes and Questions

iii. What motive influenced them to act so? They acted like what animal?

14. Lampreys are eels. In what ballad were eels eaten with a fatal result?

xi. Do you note the funny rhymes? It was a trick Thackeray loved to play. His letters to his daughters were full of such fooling, usually accompanying delightful little pictures of his own sketching. What makes the rhymes in this stanza particularly funny?

xii. What old doctrine about kings does this refer to?

xiii-xv. What characteristic is the bishop showing?

Had Canute believed what the bishop told him of his power?

Who profited most from that day's object lesson, the king or the courtiers? Above all other things in the world, Thackeray hated toadyism, fawning upon those who have more money or a higher social position, for what one can get from them. Show how he lashes at it in this ballad, and in what spirit.

Taillefer the Minstrel

Tradition says Taillefer rode immediately before William, at the battle of Hastings, singing with a loud, clear voice the lay of Charlemagne and Roland, and the valiant deeds of the knights of long ago. As his reward for past services he had craved permission to strike the first blow; this he did, transfixing the first Englishman whom he attacked. Taillefer was probably not his name, but was an epithet given him, expressive of his strength and prowess.

ii-iii. What were his assigned duties? Singing was just an accompaniment to them.

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- 13. What was his station in life?
- vi. Did Taillefer mean his song for her ears? Would he dare?
- xi. How did he fan their fire?

Look up *The Song of Roland* in *The Story of Roland* by James Baldwin and in *Heroes of Chivalry* by L. Maitland, and read the song that rang out over Hastings field. In Bulwer-Lytton's *Harold, or The Last of the Saxon Kings*, Taillefer is an important character. In the description of the battle of Hastings, near the end of the book, there is a vivid picture of Taillefer leading the Norman host.

A Ballad from Froissart

- i. Candlemas is February 2. Do country roads invite travel at this time? Read the first stanza of Keats's *Ever of St. Agnes* for another poet's description of intense cold.
- ii. Why did they march at night and yet carry flaming torches?
- iv. Can you see why merchants with their rich stores were glad to march in the rear of this armed troop?
- v-vi. What details of an old city do these lines give?
- viii. Why did Pembroke feel it disgraceful to follow Chandos? Is your sympathy here with Pembroke or with Chandos?
- xi-xiv. Show how eye, ear, and palate were all made glad on this occasion.
- xv. Was this a surprising or unexpected incident?
- xvi. Did he wish to go to Pembroke's assistance? Why did he not?
- xvii. Now what emotion does Chandos' speech show?
- 69-70. What made a knight's ring the most personal

Notes and Questions

thing he could send as a token? Can you recall any other instances in which a ring was sent with a message?

xx-xxi. Do you approve or disapprove of Chandos' behavior?

xxii-xxv. How does the poet convey to us the sense of excitement and hurry? Who were left behind to watch them go?

To which class of ballads does this one belong?

Can you show that each of these stanzas contains two ordinary ballad stanzas?

How can you tell that this ballad belongs to a much more recent time than does *The Bonny Earl of Murray*, for instance?

The Heart of the Bruce

ii. Whither were they bound? See 29-30.

9-10. What does this indicate about their undertaking?

16. Whose was the one tranquil heart? See 27.

31-32. In the age of the crusades what was the dear desire of every knight's heart? Why had King Robert not been able to do this?

35-40. St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland, as St. George is of England and St. Denis of France. Why should he appear to Lord James? How is St. Andrew's cross made? Of what flag is it a part? Why?

43-44. Why does St. Andrew reproach Lord James?

80. Why would the coast of Spain rise *grimly* on their sheltered side?

xxiii. Who gives them this answer?

96. Why is it said the Cross is in danger? Of what religion were the Moors?

103. How could the Spanish king know they were Chris-

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tian knights even though he could not tell from what land they came?

129. By what means had the Spanish king probably



“Pass thou first, thou dauntless heart.”

heard of the brave deeds of Lord James? Who were the news carriers then?

149. Saracens were the Moslem enemies against whom the crusades were fought.

xlvi. What was evidently Lord James's fate?

185. To whom does King Alonzo speak?

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189. Who answers, for upon whom naturally falls this sad duty?

201. Bothwell was the name of Douglas's estate.



“God give thee rest, thou valiant soul!”

How was the Douglas's dream fulfilled?

In what ways is this a fitting subject for a ballad?

Read Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather* for the story of Bruce's heart.

Quivira

Francisco Coronado, when governor of a province in New Spain, heard a report of the Seven Cities of Cibola (now thought to have been Zuñi pueblos in New Mexico) which fired his imagination with visions of untold riches to be had for the taking. In February, 1540, he

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set out to find the Seven Cities, taking with him two hundred and fifty Spanish horsemen, many Spanish foot soldiers, several hundred friendly Indians, a provision train, and droves of live stock. In the course of months, Coronado captured the Seven Cities but found none of the fabulous wealth which had lured him. Exploring parties which he sent out visited the Hopi country in northeast Arizona and discovered and described the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. An Indian slave from the plains revived the hope of treasure with his tales of an Eldorado, a golden city, called Quivira, far to the northeast. Thither, in April, 1541, went Coronado with a small troop. Here in what is now central Kansas, Coronado found a few Indian settlements, but again no treasure. Though he found no gold-paved Quivira, Coronado's expedition did find the Grand Cañon and did enrich the world by giving it the first description of bison, of the prairies, and of the Zuñi pueblos. To his expedition was due a considerable increase of Christianity, for the heroic priests and friars who started out with him never went back, but spent their remaining years among the Indians, teaching the truth as they knew it.

7. High Emprise is bold adventure.

iii-vii. "By their fruits ye shall know them." What were Fray Padilla's fruits?

41-42. Why are the soldiers spoken of as "wayworn" while the friar is till "sturdy"? Had he been accomplishing what he set out to do?

48. Have you read *Pilgrim's Progress*? Christian is the hero of it.

56. The guarded blade was his sheathed sword.

Notes and Questions

57. Why is this a more appropriate measure of time here than "three months" would be?

Would you call Fray Padilla's life a successful one or an unsuccessful one?

Another very lovable brown-robed friar was St. Francis of Assisi. Read the story of his sermon to the birds and of his friendship with the wolf of Gubbio in *Everybody's St. Francis* by Maurice F. Egan. Longfellow has told the story of the sermon to the birds in a poem called *The Sermon of St. Francis*.

The Revenge

When Spain was rich and powerful, and becoming richer each month by her great fleets that brought home marvelous treasures of gold and precious stones, wrung in blood and anguish from the New World, England hated her and did all a deadly enemy could do to break her power. The English ships lay in wait for the Spanish treasure-ships, robbing and destroying them. The Spaniards, in their turn, tortured all the captured English. In 1591, the English heard that treasure-ships would pass the Azores on the way to Spain. Lord Thomas Howard, with six fighting ships, went out to Flores to attack the Spanish as they went by. Imagine their feelings when one bright morning news came that instead of treasure-ships, a great fleet of war vessels was bearing down on the six small English ships.

i. The *Revenge* was the same little ship of five hundred tons in which Drake had sailed against the Armada three years previously. "A pinnace like a flutter'd bird" —

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what makes this a good simile? Note how the rhymes within the lines give the sense of quickness with which Lord Thomas spoke in his agitation.

iii. What does Tennyson convey by the change in rhythm in this stanza?

v. What little word tells that this account is by an eye-witness?

viii. Have you seen pictures of the great grappling hooks which the sailors threw out to catch a ship and pull it close enough to enable them to leap aboard?

ix. Why did each draw back with shame?

xi. It seems a miracle that only forty were killed after such long hours of hot fighting. What did they specially dread at Spain's hands?

xiv. What last tribute did Grenville's bravery wring from the enemy? Which lines give the picture of mounting waters?

How did the narrator escape? Try to see the blue summer sea, and on it that brave little boat, skimming along the lane between the towering galleons. Read it with a swing; do not be afraid of emphasizing the glorious rhythm. Tennyson himself used to read it this way. It is said shaggy-headed old Carlyle delighted to sit and listen to him, swinging a rapturous foot in time with the beat of the words, and muttering, "Eh, Alfred, you've got the grip of it!"

Why does this story thrill us with pride?

Select lines in which the sound seems particularly fitted to the sense, as in stanza iii the handling of the sick men is indicated in the slow-moving lines,

Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below.

Notes and Questions

The Last Rhyme of True Thomas

Read again *Thomas the Rhymer*. When Thomas returned from Fairyland he brought back the gift of prophecy.

i, iv, v. Find out what ceremonies attended the making of a knight. Why was this honor to be given to True Thomas? Is there any modern custom similar to this?

7. The hawthorne, with its white blossoms, is believed to have supernatural power. Why was this a fitting place for a poet to be?

iii. What did the king see? What did True Thomas see in the same place?

v. In what spirit did the king say this?

vii. In what words does Thomas tell that he beheld a dreadful sight?

viii. How can he use such lance, shield, and spurs?

ix. The rings of the Gentle Folk are the curious bright green circles often seen under trees, where, it is said, the Fairy Folk dance. Also, a certain small, delicious mushroom, called the Fairy Ring, is often found growing in circles in meadows, presumably where fairy feet have defined the rings.

xi-xii. What messages do Thomas's Sendings bring him?

xiv-xv. How is Thomas's power greater than the king's?

xix. In what spirit does the king make his request?

xxi. What two things are to be contrasted?

xxiii-xxvi. What elements of the actual scene (xxvi) get into the king's first vision?

xxix-xxxi. What is the scene in xxxi made to reveal to the king?

xxxii-xxxvi. Into what is xxxvi transformed in the king's mind?

xxxviii. How does the poet say the king found it hard to return to the actual workaday world?

Appendix

x1. What is the outcome of 83-84? What could the king give the poet? What could the poet give the king? William Butler Yeats, a poet himself, put this same idea of the greatness of the poet's power into one of his poetical dramas which makes good reading — *On the King's Threshold*. Carlyle also wrote about it in "The Hero as Poet," in *Heroes and Hero Worship*.

Alan-a-Dale

In this, Scott elaborates upon the dash and daring of bold Alan, making him the ideal outlaw of the merry greenwood.

- i. How does Scott say, "Alan owned no land"?
- ii. Which of the baron of Ravensworth's possessions does he share?

iii. What has he in common with a knight? Why do the nobles "vail their bonnets" (offer respectful greeting) to him?

19. Do you think he is wooing the girl mentioned in the old ballad of *Robin Hood and Allin-a-Dale*? Can you piece together the old ballad and this one of Scott's into one continuous story?

iv. Why did the father remain steel and the mother stone, in spite of all Alan could say?

Lochinvar

i. Why rode he unarmed and alone? What impression of Lochinvar do you get from this stanza?

iv. Why was his suit denied? How did Ellen feel at hearing this?

25. Kissing the goblet or cup was an old custom. See Ben Jonson's song, "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

vi. A galliard was a stately old dance. Queen Elizabeth

Notes and Questions

was very fond of it and very proud of her dancing of it. Did any others dance, or did they all stop to watch Lochinvar and Ellen?

vii. Was Ellen expecting this? In line 41 we can see the flick of the horse's heels and hear the scrunch of the gravel in these short, quick monosyllables.

viii. Where did he take her?

Give the story of her home-coming as it was told by one of Lochinvar's servants.

The force of Lochinvar's comparison in 20 is better understood if one has read this passage from *Redgauntlet* by Sir Walter Scott: "When I reached the banks of the great estuary . . . the waters had receded from the large and level space of sand, through which a stream, now feeble and fordable, found its way to the ocean. . . . A number of horsemen were actually employed in hunting salmon. . . . They chased the fish at full gallop and struck them with their barbed spears. The riders began to make for shore. . . . One called out to me. . . . 'Soho, brother! . . . the tide will make presently. Best make haste! . . . He that dreams on the bed of the Solway, may wake in the next world. The sky threatens a blast that will bring in the waves three feet a-breast.' . . . I began to walk back towards the Scottish shore, a little alarmed at what I had heard; for the tide advances with such rapidity upon these fatal sands, that well-mounted horsemen lay aside hopes of safety if they see its white surge advancing while they are yet at a distance from the bank."

Note the illustration accompanying the poem; make a sketch of the interior of Netherby Hall.

Appendix

Jock of Hazeldean

Scott found the first stanza of this old ballad drifting about the countryside, and was so attracted by it that he completed the tale by the three other stanzas.

i. What is the picture called up? Where was Jock and who was he? Why does the lady weep? Is there more than one reason?

ii. Why does the speaker term it willful grief? What does young Frank have that Jock probably did not have?

iii. She is to have all that belongs to a lady of rank. A managed hawk was one taught all the tricks of hunting.

iv. In what other way than weeping did the lady show her devotion to Jock?

Could you prefix this to *Lord Ullin's Daughter* and make one complete story? State briefly the plot of the story you would then have.

Which tastes and treasures did the ballad lady and the ballad lord have in common?

Lord Ullin's Daughter

"Thomas Campbell, although boasting of high Scottish ancestry, might have been an American, if the Bostonians had not upset the tea that was passed to them without sugar; for when the Revolution broke out, his father was a prosperous merchant in Virginia. He returned with his family to Glasgow, where his son Thomas was born July, 1777."

i. What would the offer of such a tremendous fee make the boatman think?

ii. Why was it necessary to offer so much?

v-vi. What made the old ferryman willing to take the risk? Describe the scene before him.

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26. What old belief is referred to here?

viii. What did the approach of armed men signify?

ix. How had the lady learned so well what her father's wrath was like? When had she faced it?

xiv. What makes the ending of the story doubly pathetic?



LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

Do you feel sorry for the father at the close?

Have you read any other ballads which tell of lovely ladies who were drowned?

Appendix

A Runnable Stag

1-2. What time of year is this?

5. What makes this stag a prize worth hunting?

10. What figure of speech is "yap, yap, yap"? See *The Lady of Shalott*, ix-xii.

15-18. Did the pursuers actually catch sight of the lordly stag? What phrase is now added to the description of him given in 6-9?

24-27. How has the stag earned the adjective "wily"? Is the pursuing huntsman's admiration of him increasing or decreasing? Do you find still another adjective used of him now for the first time?

32. Why is the pack of hounds called resolute?

35. How do you account for this appearance?

vi. Which trait of the stag does the huntsman note with respect?

vii. In this contest between the stag and his pursuers, which qualities in him are matched against qualities in them?

64. When only does an animal turn at bay?

67-72. How does the pathos of these lines gain by recalling 16-17?

73. What hope could he have in his desperate circumstances?

75. What does this gesture express?

82-86. What is the forceful contrast suggested here?

87-90. Which adjective recalls his lightness and love of life?

Is this a satisfying ending to this ballad? On which side were your sympathies as you read? Why?

Find some lines in which the rhythm suggests the sound of galloping feet. Compare this account of the hunting of a stag with that in the first eight stanzas of

Notes and Questions

Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. Is the stag in Scott's poem also one "of warrant"? Which description of a hunt do you like better? Can you tell what makes you prefer it?

Nathan Hale

Nathan Hale (1756-1776) is one of the most dearly loved heroes of the Revolutionary War. At the out-



NATHAN HALE

Monument in City Hall Park in New York City.

Appendix

break of it he joined a Connecticut regiment and was made a captain in 1776. On September 21 of that year, when volunteers were asked for the dangerous mission of entering the British lines to obtain information, Hale offered himself and was accepted. Disguised as a Dutch schoolmaster he visited all the camps in New York and on Long Island, made drawings of the fortifications and was returning with his papers when he was trapped by British sentries. He was hanged in the early dawn of September 22, his last words being, tradition says, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

i. Do you remember the name of the figure of speech in which the sound conveys the sense? See *The Lady of Shalott*, ix-xii. Which is the line in this stanza containing this figure?

i-iii. To what three listeners did the night wind sigh a warning?

15-16. Why was he there?

vi. What do you think betrayed his presence to his enemies?

31. To whose ears does the owl's hooting seem to say this?

42. Far from repenting, what did he say, according to tradition?

49. Who says these words? Who is the king of terrors?

How soon do you know this is going to be a sad ballad?

What is the effect upon the reader of the repetition of the refrain?

Which is the finer courage, Nathan Hale's, or De Lorge's in *The Glove and the Lions*?

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The Relief of Lucknow

At Lucknow, India, in 1857, a very small company of English soldiers were besieged for twelve weeks by a much larger force of fierce and cruel Indian troops in rebellion. At last, September 25, when hope was nearly gone, came an English force to the rescue. The first indication of their approach was the faint sound of the distant bagpipes playing "the stern and vengeful slogan of the McGregors." As they drew nearer and saw the British flag still floating within the city, with thankful hearts the pipers broke into *Auld Lang Syne*.

2. What made them know it was the last day? What extra horrors besides hunger and thirst were felt by the besieged in such a place as Lucknow?

15-16. What was the contrast between her real situation and her imagined one?

v. Which details in this stanza suggest heat?

25. Who do you think is the "I" of the poem? See also 14-16.

29. Since Jessie could sleep amid the roar of guns, why was she aroused by the faint, far-off playing?

41. Had the men heard the pipes yet?

Two other famous poems have been written on this same subject, *The Defense of Lucknow* by Tennyson, and *The Pipes at Lucknow* by Whittier. Reading these two will give you a clearer understanding of the sights, sounds, and odors surrounding the besieged.

If you have never heard bagpipes, you can hear them by listening to the Victor record 55052, *Hail to the Chief*, and Victor record 17140, *The Battle of Killiecrankie*, played by the Sutcliffe troupe of pipers and drummers.

Appendix

The Ballad of East and West

5. The scene is on the Afghan border near Peshawur.
8. Why did he reverse the mare's shoes?
- 12-20. What do you know now about Kamal's haunts and activities?
- 21-22. Why did the colonel's son choose this horse for this work?
30. Are Kamal's words intended as a compliment?
32. Remember the "runnable stag's" fleetness and endurance.
38. Which horse is still running easily?
- 43-48. These concealed foes remind the reader of Fitz-James's experience with Roderick Dhu in *The Lady of the Lake*, canto v.
- 49-50. What claim does Kamal make which the colonel's son resents?
- 51-56. What does the colonel's son say is the real reason for Kamal's forbearance? But does he believe his own words?
58. How does the colonel's son show his disregard for all the dangers of which Kamal has told him?
64. What qualities in Kamal have won the admiration and respect of the colonel's son?
- 65-68. Now that the mare was lawfully Kamal's, why did he not keep her?
70. When had Kamal taken it from a foe? Was the colonel's son making a gift comparable in value and in sentiment to Kamal's?
79. How will living up to the words, "All her foes are thine," completely change all the lad's thoughts and acts? Has Kamal hitherto been friend or foe of the English?
- 84-86. How do you account for the selection of things by which they swore brotherhood?
90. Why had each Englishman enmity for the mountaineer?

Notes and Questions

What qualities in Kamal and in the colonel's son were stronger than their differences of race and of training?

What elements of Border life in Scotland and England are found here on the border of India? How do you explain the similarities?

Read some of Kipling's prose tales of this same region — *Plain Tales from the Hills, Stories of Mine Own People*.

Write an account of one incident of the later life of Kamal's son.

A Ballad for a Boy

ii. In 1759 the young English major-general Wolfe defeated Montcalm upon the Heights of Quebec.

16. Why did an English king sign himself king of France also? (See any English history of the reigns of William the Conqueror and Henry I.) Does George V sign himself thus?

28. In what spirit do the English prepare to meet the foe?

30. "Breton" means belonging to the province of Brittany in France.

31-32. Don't think that all French gentlemen of the eighteenth century were like the monsters of whom Dickens writes in *A Tale of Two Cities*. The marquis de la Fayette is a fair sample of the best type of French noblemen of that time, many of whom lost their lives for Louis XVI and his queen, Marie Antoinette.

38. Furl her sails.

39. What fact does this give about the narrator?

56. What does "in funeral guise" suggest to you?

58. What feeling inspired the Bretons to do this?

61. Name at least one of the nations fighting England in 1779.

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Do the ships seem to have been evenly matched?

What is unusual in this tale of a battle told by one of the defeated?

What part did fire play in the defeat of the great Armada in Elizabeth's reign? Consult your history of England again.

How does the conduct of the conquerors in this sea-battle compare with that of the conquerors in *The Revenge*?

Can you recall any other generous victors in either single combat or in battle?

The Laird o' Cockpen

The laird of Cockpen was a real person. He fought for Charles II at Worcester and formed one of the exiled king's little court at The Hague, where he amused the company by his skill as a musician. One of the airs he often played, called *Brose and Butter*, was an especial favorite of the king's. But Charles's memory was short. After the Restoration he completely ignored his old friend's appeal for the return of his property lost in following the royal standard. The king would not even grant Cockpen an audience. Then the laird, knowing the king purposed attending a certain service, managed to be the one to play for it. Everything went along with the usual decorum, till the time for the worshipers to leave the church, when, instead of walking out sedately to the solemn accompaniment of an anthem, they were hustled out to the lively strains of *Brose and Butter*. The king, knowing at once whose fingers were racing over the keys, hastened to the organ-loft and laughingly said Cockpen had "almost made

Notes and Questions

him dance." "I could dance, too, if I had my lands again," replied the laird, whereupon the king granted his request and restored his lands. Ever since, this old air has been called *The Laird o' Cockpen* instead of *Brose and Butter*.

i. Can you find any hint in this stanza as to why his wooing had been unsuccessful?

ii. What did she look like, that he thought her so well-fitted to preside over his table?

9. Is there a hint of character and habits in the phrase, "guid as when new"?

v. What is there in this stanza which seems to confirm the laird's opinion in ii?

vi. In what terms did he make known his errand? Was he justified in being amazed at her refusal? Did she offer any explanation?

28. What does he tell about himself in this line?

viii. What does her reflection reveal about her?

ix. What happened to bring about the happy ending? Who made the first advance? How was their wedding in keeping with the characters of both?

Jock Johnstone the Tinkler

i. How much of this story do you know right away?

v. Who proves to be the speaker in the first stanza? Why does Douglas call the other a saucy wight?

31. Where does the earl of Ross fit into the story?

xi. Why is Douglas astounded at the tinkler's offer?

xii-xiii. What side light does this throw on Douglas's reputation?

xvi. What is the difference in temperament between the priest and the tinkler? See xxx.

Appendix

xviii-xix. Which part of this answer made Douglas very angry?

xxxii. Just how had he lost his honor?

xxxiii. What is he desperately seeking to find in the tinkler's ancestry?

xxxvi. How would knighting the tinkler help the situation?

xlvi. For a squire to be skelpit or whipped by a tinkler was the last indignity.

xlvi. What old proverb describes Douglas's feelings at the sight of the misery of the others?

liv. Compare 39-42. What causes this sudden change? Compare with *King Alfred and the Shepherd*.

How does the tinkler differ from nearly all the other heroes of the ballads? What two qualities does he show, rarely found in tales of romance?

Read Burns's "A man's a man for a' that" and show how it expresses the underlying meaning of this ballad.

The Yerl o' Waterydeck

i. Who cried "Hey for hame"? Why did the skipper insist upon turning her prow to sea?

iv. Which one was unreasonable?

vii. What does *crept* tell you about the way he felt? Which acted more like one of royal blood, the king or his daughter?

ix. Do you think he saw it before she did?

47-48. What was the danger?

xiv. What did she mean to hint?

65. Why does the skipper bow low now?

xix. What do you think was the king's expression as he said this?

In how many ways and speeches did the princess prove herself fearless and true?

Notes and Questions

Can you find the main idea of *Jock Johnstone the Tinkler* repeated in this ballad?

If Lord Ullin's daughter had had the spirit and courage of this princess, how might the story of the former have been changed?

Explain the author's sub-title.

The Yarn of the Nancy Bell

4. What is the difference in saying "an elderly naval man," "an ancient mariner," or "an old sailor"?

ii. Bo'sun is the sailor's pronunciation of boatswain. Midshipmite is a humorous form of midshipman.

xi. What is the joke here? The old man says it so calmly that the reader does not take it in at first.

How does the writer make a tale of cannibalism really funny and not at all gruesome? This is one of the *Bab Ballads*, illustrated by the author with original and very humorous drawings. Read some of the other ballads in the volume.

King Edwin's Feast

Edwin was king of Northumbria or Deira, and Paulinus was one of four missionaries sent by Pope Gregory in 601 to convert him and all the other heathen Angles. King Edwin's marriage with the already converted Ethelburga, sister of Eadbald, king of Kent, gave Paulinus free way into northern England, and ultimately into the heart of Edwin. This famous incident, attributed to 627, is recorded in Bede's *Ecclesiastical History of England*.

i. A picture of the crowded group-feasting of our ancestors, when there was but little else to do in the winter.

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ii. Much such a scene as that, centuries later, in Cedric's hall, in *Ivanhoe*.

iii. Would so slight an incident usually cause such a group to wonder? Or did there seem something significant, out of the ordinary, about this sparrow?

v-vi. What does this profound, serious remark show about the group gathered in the hall? What was the religion of this group? Does it seem to have given its followers hope?

vii. Had the presence of Paulinus any effect upon their conversation or train of thought?

viii. How does Paulinus interpret the bird's flight from the room?

ix. Did they ever come to believe as Paulinus did?

The Lady of Shalott

5. Whose capital was Camelot? See Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

10. Notice the beautiful color words all through the poem, as here, "willows whiten."

19-23. Show how cleverly the poet selects his verbs here.

v. Do you recall any other highborn lady who wove mysteriously? Why has this lady of Shalott no other care?

vi. Is this the answer?

vii. What classes of people are lacking in her picture? Were these usually missing in a picture of medieval life? Why?

viii. The last two lines express the symbolism the poet has been using. What awakens her distaste for shadows?

ix-xii. What a wonderful picture of a knight! The poet paints him as the lady's young eyes see him, undulled by familiarity. To her he glows like a creature from some brighter world, for hers consists of four gray walls and four

Notes and Questions

gray towers. "Tirra lirra" is a charming onomatopœia. This is a formidable-looking word which means only "indicating the sense by the sound." *Murmur* is one, *hiss*



THE LADY OF SHALOTT

another, *cluck* another. Lines 10-11 are onomatopoeic. Find others in this poem.

xiv. Does her action follow immediately on her first vision?

143. Who heard her?

xix. Was the lady's last wish attained?

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Do not try to analyze this poem too closely. Read it for the exquisite beauty of the words and for the pictures they call up. The poet means it for a bit of symbolism. Tennyson's son, Hallam, explains it thus: "The new-born love for something, for someone in the wide world from which she has been so long secluded, takes her out of the region of shadows into that of realities." But she has not the strength necessary to deal with realities.

The Juggler of Touraine

This story was first told very, very long ago, in an old French poem whose title we translate as *Our Lady's Tumbler*. The legend itself is as old as the twelfth century.

In this poem is a wonderful picture of medieval life, the life of ballad times. Enough of this is given to show the excitements and difficulties, pleasures and pains, of a wandering juggler's life. Such jugglers, along with traveling groups of players, provided about the only amusements offered the populace.

9. Each medieval city had its central square for a market and for just such shows as Barnabas's. See the account of Esmeralda and her dancing goat in the square of Paris, in Hugo's *Notre-Dame*. The festival days were the great days of the Church, as Easter, Whitsunday, Shrove Tuesday, Lady Day (March 25), and days commemorating great saints, when gorgeous processions moved through the square, and later all kinds of performers amused the assembled crowds.

10-37. Here are all the classes of medieval society, mingling in one vast crowd. Do you find among them any you would expect to see in a city square? What hints of dress do you get? of trades or occupations?

Notes and Questions

iii. What character of to-day wears a costume very similar to this?

54. When the first epistle is finished, Mass is well along; people coming in then are shockingly late. Yet Barnabas could beguile stern duennas, the companions of young maidens, into this lateness.

62-73. Are Barnabas's tricks still done to-day? Can you name some conjurers or jugglers famous in recent years?

74-75. What was the difference in the reward then and now?

83-87. Which one of Æsop's fables do these lines bring to mind?

97-107. How did he show his real devoutness of heart? In the Middle Ages wayside shrines, usually crucifixes lifted high under little protecting pent-roofs, appeared at frequent intervals along the roads, reminding wayfarers of God and their duty. A candle was burned in the church before the picture of the Virgin, as an offering of love. As the candle burned and its smoke went up in the still air, so ascended to Heaven the prayers of him who placed the candle.

117. A mystery play was a play of a Bible scene, such as Noah and his ark, or the sacrifice of Isaac, sometimes played in the church by the clergy, sometimes in the public square by wandering players. One of the group of players was sure to do and say clownish things to make the people laugh.

132-144. Is this in keeping with Barnabas's character as we have seen it?

x. In what ways did the friars honor the Virgin?

230. What was Barnabas's daily grief?

250. What probably suggested his deed to him?

269. How does this line really show the depth of his ignorance? Where had he heard of St. Plato?

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270. Quintilian was one of the Fathers of the Church, who speculated much how One could be Three and Three One, and tried to explain how bread and wine become the Body and the Blood of Christ.

296. What difference was there between his worship and that of the friars?

Why did Barnabas win a sign from the Virgin when the others had not?

What details of life in the Middle Ages do you read between the lines of this poem?

The Glove and the Lions

i. King Francis I of France reigned from 1515 to 1547. What is it that is considered here a royal sport? How were the pastimes of that day in keeping with the serious occupations?

3. Did the women of that day have more or less courage than the women of to-day?

ii. Do present-day women look upon sights as fearsome as the combats of King Francis's lions?

What details suggest the strength of the beasts?

iii. Which phrases tell that De Lorge's lady is not an admirable person?

19. What did he read in the smile she gave him?

20. What did his bow say?

Was this the first time De Lorge had had an indication of the true nature of his lady?

Would he have been justified in declining to get her glove?

What is the difference between courage and foolhardiness?

Notes and Questions

What is the difference between De Lorge's courage and that of Horatius?

Francis took great pride in his gay court, to which he invited lords and ladies, artists and poets. He liked to be attended by a throng. On a gala day from 6000 to 18,000 horses stamped their feet and champed their bits near the royal residence. It was in his reign that the ladies first left the seclusion of their stern gray castles and came to see and to participate in the magnificent festivities furnished by the king, for Francis said that a court without ladies was a year without a spring, a summer without roses.

King Robert of Sicily

8. A burden or refrain is found in *Hynd Horn* and in *The Cruel Brother*.

12. In olden times a learned person or scholar was called a clerk. Nearly all clerks were members of religious orders.

13. As the Magnificat is sung at vespers every day, the king must have heard these words many times before. What may have caused him to wonder now for the first time what they meant?

21-22. What evidently is his feeling toward this religious service?

49-58. By what was the king usually recognized at a glance?

79. Why do his words sound audacious or insolent to the bystanders?

80. Was it strange that none recognized the king's face or voice?

91-94. What first replaces his wrath with alarm?

97-102. How does the jester's lodging indicate the esteem in which men held him?

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105-108. Did the courtiers feel a difference in the ruler on the throne? Had King Robert been benign or gracious?

111-118. Do you think he made a satisfactory jester? Compare him with Touchstone in *As You Like It*.

163. Why was it the king's brother, Pope Urbane, rather than his brother the emperor who felt a curious troubling of the heart at the poor jester's appeal? Remember the nature of the daily duties of each.

176-180. What caused King Robert to feel humble for the first time?

191. Do you think the angel asked his question now more hopefully? What might have given him grounds for hope?

215-216. Were they surprised to find him thus?

Can you imagine some incidents of those three years which King Robert spent as jester in his own court? What were some things he experienced then for the first time?

Is this the story of a dream, or a legend of a miracle?

The Burial of Sir John Moore

Sir John Moore, commanding the British forces fighting in Spain against Napoleon, was killed in the battle of Corunna, January 16, 1809, when 70,000 French endeavored to prevent 25,000 English from embarking at the end of a long hard retreat. Sir John was struck early in the battle and died in the moment of victory, after which the English had to hurry to their ships.

Though the English then "carved not a line," the French Marshal Ney very soon afterward erected a monument to France's gallant foe, whose tomb now bears this inscription:

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JOHN MOORE

Leader of the English Armies
Slain in Battle, 1809

v. Were their fears justified? See note above.

What details suggest the great hurry of the moment?
In what lies the pathos of this poem?

Read Rupert Brooke's sonnet, *The Soldier*. How is the sonnet as true of Sir John Moore as of Brooke himself?

High-Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire

This incident is said to have happened in 1571.

i. What details give you the feeling of approaching danger? *The Brides of Enderby* was the tune agreed upon as a signal of warning to the village when any disaster threatened.

12-14. What seemed the only unusual thing to be seen, when the bells rang this day?

iv-v. What makes life seem so peaceful and secure in this scene? How can you tell the river runs through low-lying lands? Of what does the repeated "mellow, mellow; hollow, hollow" remind you? Say them softly, and listen carefully.

51-56. What is another proof here of the stillness of the air? Is Saturday evening in the country different from other evenings?

57. Swannerds are swanherds.

ix. What dangers were the bells wont to announce? Remember the location, and the century.

xiii-xv. A mighty wave or wall of water rushed in from the sea.

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136. Why had she not taken warning when she heard the bells?

xxi. What words in the description of the river attribute to it a feeling of sadness for what it has seen?

What makes this poem so musical?

What details does the poet use to build up the picture of the quiet eventide into which the eygre rushed?

The Jackdaw of Rheims

The author characterizes this poem as "a doggerel version of an old Catholic legend I picked up out of a High Dutch writer."

1-5. A typical gathering of the Middle Ages, "a motley rout."

7. The Lord Primate was the first in rank, the cardinal.

11. How sonorous and imposing sound his titles!

14-28. What do the jackdaw's tricks tell of his life previous to this time? Comfits and cates were preserves, candied fruits, cakes, etc. What was the predominant feeling of the other persons in the presence of the archbishop? Why did the jackdaw's acts scandalize the "goodly company"?

34-51. How does the author poke fun at the solemn state with which the archbishop washed his hands?

65-79. What makes this scene so much funnier than a similar search by just ordinary folk?

83. From his book he read the solemn curses, the candle typifying the divine spirit inspiring him, the bell calling the attention of the hearers to the solemn words. In such a manner were medieval sinners sometimes banned or cursed by the Church. Most of the medieval world greatly dreaded such a curse, expecting to see it fulfilled immediately.

113. What led them to cry this?

Review

What side light on the solemn monks does the presence of the little jackdaw give? Why do we feel so friendly toward him?

REVIEW

When we travel in other lands, we learn something of the customs and of the languages of those lands. Now that you have been living in the ballad world for some weeks, what have you learned of its customs and of its language?

1. What are some phrases frequently used by ballad folk? Which are their favorite adjectives? their favorite numbers?

2. How does a maiden wear her hair? What is her usual occupation? When she wishes to take a walk, what preparation does she make? Where does a lady often take her exercise?

3. What are a man's chief treasures? What are his most common occupations?

4. What games are played?

5. What is the first thing a person does when he knows death is near?

6. What guests, unusual to us, often visit in the ballad world?

7. How may you get to Elfland? What gift may be made you there?

8. How do ballad folk feel toward the sea? What use is made of the sea in ballads? How many boats in the ballads can you recall? Where were they going? Who were the passengers? What were their fates?

9. What do you know about ballad steeds — their colors, their uses, their differences?

Appendix

10. What are some of the riddles asked in the ballad world?

11. Can you identify the following ballad characters?

Who served the queen of Elfland seven years?

Who rescued her lover from the fairies?

Who answered the king's three riddles?

Who sailed to Noroway in the winter time?

Who gave his true love seven living lavrocks on a silver wand?

Who defended the bridge?

Who became blood-brother to a Hindu?

Who led the army into battle, singing the Song of Roland?

Who bade the sea retreat?

Who sought the golden city?

12. Give some examples of effective use of repetition.

13. Which modern ballad seems to you most like the old ones?

14. In which poem is a sparrow important? In which a glove? In which a ring? And in which a loom?

WORD LIST

[The following word list, which repeats most of the definitions given in the footnotes, will be convenient for reference, and also useful for review in mastering the vocabulary of ballads.]

a' : all

abbot : head of monastery

aboon : above

abune : above

ae : only one, sole

aff : off

aik : oak

ain : own

Alesandre : Alexandria

Allemaine : Germany

almoner : monk who gives
alms at monastery gate

Word List

amain : with force	bane : bone
amorous : quick to love	basket-hilt sword : sword whose handle is protected by a basket-shaped guard
ance : once	bauld : bold
ane : one	bawbee : half-penny
anither : another	bay : position where no escape is possible
anon : at once	bay antler : branch of deer's horn next above brow
apace : rapidly	beaker : a large cup or goblet
Apennine : pertaining to the Apennines, a chain of mountains in Italy	beard : bristle-like hairs in heads of barley
araid : arrayed	belled : roared
arras : woven hangings on the walls	ben : in, toward the inner part of the house
aske : asp	Benedicite : Bless you
atabals : small Moorish drums	benign : kind and gentle
athwart : across	bent : grass
auld : old	beset : bordered
Ave : Ave Maria, "Hail Mary," the first words of a prayer to the Virgin Mary	beshrew : fie upon
awa : away	besprent : sprinkled over
aye : continually, always	betide : befall, happen to
ayont : beyond	bide : stay, endure
ba' : ball	bigly : spacious, pleasant
baffle : foil, confuse	birk : birch
bairn : child	birled : hummed
baith : both	bladder (verb) : inflate, swell out like a bladder
baldric : belt worn over one shoulder and across breast to support sword or bugle	blade : wild, reckless fellow
bale : blaze	bland : gentle
ban : curse	blazon : coat of arms
	blee : complexion
	blew : blue

Appendix

blithe : gay, mirthful	brook (verb) : bear, tolerate
blude : blood	broom : a wild shrub with yellow blossom
bode : foretell	brouct : brought
Book : Bible	broun : brown
boon : gift	buckler : shield
borrow : set free, ransom	bugelet : bugle
bo'sun : petty officer of a ship who has charge of anchors, cables, etc.	burgher : citizen
boued : bowed	burn : brook
boun' : domain	buskin : laced boot coming half way up the leg
bounce : bluster, swagger	but : unless
bour : bower, boudoir	but and : and also
bower : chamber, apart- ment	byre : cow stable
brace : pair, couple	cade : brought up by hand, pet
brae : hillside	calkins : calks, spurs on a horse's shoe to prevent slipping
braid : broad, long	cam : came
brak : broke	Candlemas : February 2
brake : brushwood	canna : cannot
brand : sword	cannilie : cautiously
brash : illness	carles : peasants
brattled : rattled	carline wife : old peasant woman
braw : brave, handsome	casque : helmet
brawn : flesh of the boar	cast a compass roun' : draw a circle
bree : brow	cates : cakes and custards
breech-bolt : a part of a rifle	cauld : cold
breeks : breeches	champaign : open country
breid : bread	changing : exchanged
bricht : bright	channerin' : fretting
brig : two-masted, square- rigged vessel	
brocket : two-year-old deer having but one fork to his antler	

Word List

chaps : lips
charger : spirited horse
chaynes : chains; (page 3)
men who wear chains
cheik : cheek
chide : scold
churl : peasant, rough fellow
churlish : belonging to the
peasant class
chuse : choose
claith : cloth
cleuch : narrow glen
clinking : striking
cloaths : clothes
cloistral : pertaining to a
cloister, secluded
clootie : devil
close : inclosure
clout : cloth, patch
clouted : patched, clotted
cloutie : patched
cloven : split, divided into
two parts
clown : peasant, countryman
cock-heeled : cork-heeled
coft : learned
comely : handsome
comfits : dry sweets such as
dates
Comitum : business center
of ancient Rome
conflagration : great fire
consul : chief magistrate of
Roman Republic
contre : oppose

coomb : bowl-shaped hollow
cope : long mantle worn
by priests
copse was drawn : deer was
driven from its hiding
place
corporal : a low non-com-
missioned officer in army
cosh : entertained
cot : cottage, hut
countenance : favor, ap-
proval
cowl : monk's hood
coye : coquettish, shy
craven : cowardly
craw : crow
credo : creed, "I believe"
cressets : tall torches
croun : crown, head
croupe : the portion of a
horse's back behind his
saddle
crow : crowbar
crozier : cross-tipped staff
carried by a bishop
crypt : underground cham-
ber of a church
cuirass : breastplate
cuist : cast
cumber : obstruct
curb : that which restrains

daft : silly, foolish
dais : raised platform in a
hall

Appendix

dam : female parent	doun : down
Damas : Damascus	dour : hard
dastard : coward	dower : gift
daunton : frighten	down : tract of open up- land
daur : dare	drammock : raw oatmeal and water
daw : dawn	dree : suffer, endure
dead-bell : bell tolled to announce a death	droll : clown
debonair : gentle or cour- teous	dub : bestow knighthood by striking shoulder with a sword
dee : die	duenna : elderly woman who acts as guardian to a younger woman
deere : injury	dule : sorrow
dell : small valley, ravine	dun : horse of dull brown color
demur : exception	dune : done
deride : laugh at, scorn	dusk (verb) : darken
descant : discourse or talk at length	dye : die
descry : perceive	earnest : pledge
despoil : rob	ebbe : flowing of the tide away from land
diadem : crown	e'e : eye
diaper : linen or cotton cloth	eer : ere, before
dighted : dressed, bound up	eerie : uncanny, terrifying
dike : ditch	effulgence : splendor
dinna : do not	eldern : old
dissembling : pretending	eldormen : counselors
dochter : daughter	ell : forty-five inches
doe : female deer	elrish : weird, ghostly
dole : charitable gift of money	emboss : ornament with raised work
don : sir; gentleman	
doublet : jacket	
dought : could, would be able	
doughty : daring	

Word List

eneugh : enough	flang : flung
enquire : seek	flawn : custard pie
ere : ever	fleur-de-lis : the royal emblem of France
erst : once, formerly	flyte : quarrel with
even claith : fine cloth	foray : raid
ewer : pitcher	ford : shallow part of the stream that can be crossed on foot
eyass : young hawk	foretop : platform at head of a foremast
eygre : high wave	frae : from
fa' : fall	frater : brother
faction : dissension	fray : brother
fader : father	free : supple, bending without breaking
faem : foam	freit : superstitious notion, fancy
fagot : bundle of sticks	friar : brother, member of a religious order
fain : gladly, desired to; constrained	frigate : warship with upper deck carrying from 24 to 50 guns
fane : church	from's : from his
fare : go, travel	furrow : trench made in ground by plow
farre : far	gae : go
fashes in the flood : troubles on the sea	gaed : went
fashious : troublesome	gaffer : old man
Fathers : Senators	gallant : gay, dashing gentleman
fawn : young deer	galleon : a sailing war vessel with three or four decks
feather : follow against the wind	
feckless : worthless	
fell : barren hill; hide or skin	
fence : defense	
ferlie : wonder, miracle	
finikin : delicate	
firmament : sky	
flagon : a large drinking vessel	

Appendix

galliard : gay, old-fashioned dance	groat : old English coin worth about eight cents in our money
gane : gone; need	gude : good
gang : go	guid : good
garner : gather	guise : manner, behavior
gat : got	gun-deck : lower deck on which guns were carried
gear : clothes	gurly : stormy
geere : possessions	gut : narrow strait or channel
gelding : a horse	
gemmy : bright, full of gems	
gi' : give	
gibe : expression of ridicule	ha' : hall; have
gie : give	hadna : had not
gied : gave	hae : has
gien : given	haft : handle
gig : a long ship's boat	haggard : worn and anxious in appearance
gillore : galore	haill : hale
gin : if; because; even if	half-fou : half-bushel
gird : bind	hallow : make sacred
golden galaxy : Milky Way	haly : holy
gonfalon : banner carried on a lance	hame : home
good b'w'ye : good be with you, or good-by	hap : wrap
goodwife : mistress of the house	harbored : traced to its hiding place
gorge : overload, satiate	harbored : guide, leader
gouden : golden	Harlequin : character in pantomime commonly dressed in many-colored clothes and carrying a wooden sword
gowd : gold	harness : equipment, armor
grange : farm	harp and carp : play and recite, as a minstrel does
greaves : armor for shins	
grimace : twisting of face, smirk	
grissell : gray horse	

Word List

harpit : played	ilka : each
harry : plunder, lay waste	ill-washen : not washed
Hastings field : site of the battle in which William the Conqueror defeated the Saxons in 1066	clean, poorly washed
hatchway : opening in a deck	imprecation : curse
haud : hold	intil : into
hauden : held	Islington : a small town near London
hauld : hold	
hautboy : a wooden wind instrument	jackal : a dog-like, flesh-eating animal
heath : tract of land grown over with heather	Janiculum : a hill across the Tiber from Rome
helm : helmet	jeopardy : danger
henchman : attendant, squire	jet : strut
hersell : herself	journeyman : a mechanic or artisan who has served his apprenticeship
hie : hurry; high	jow : stroke of a bell in tolling
hind : laborer	jowl : cheek
hing : hang	
hippocras : spiced wine	kaim : comb
hold : part of vessel where the cargo is stored	keel : lowest timber of a vessel
holland : unbleached linen	keep : castle
holy maidens : Vestal Virgins	kell : cap of network for a woman's hair
hooly : slowly	ken : recognize
housings : ornamental trappings of a horse	kent : recognized
hurden : coarse linen	kilted : tucked up
hynd : courteous, gentle young man	kine : cows
	kirk : church
	kirtle : petticoat
	kite : a bird of prey of the hawk family
I'te : I will	

Appendix

knaw : know	lily leven : lovely lawn or glade
knicht : knight	lin : stop, stay
knowes : hillocks	ling : heather
kye : kine, cows	list : desire
lackey : footman	litany : series of prayers for deliverance from evils
laggard : a loiterer, one who acts slowly	loch : lake
laid down : decorated	lookit : looked
laigh : low	loot : let
laird : lord	lore : learning
laith : unwilling	loun : loon, rogue
lamprey : an eel-like fish	lout : awkward fellow ; (verb) bow clumsily
lang : long	lowne : softly
lap : leaped, bent wildly	luikit : looked
larboard : left side of ship	lyart : gray
laud : praise	
lavrocks : larks	maces : war clubs
Lawlands : Lowlands, southern Scotland	maen : mourn
lay : song	Magnificat : song of Virgin Mary
lea : open plain	maik : mate
leal : true, loyal	mair : more
lease : leash, three	mak : make
leavened : made light by the action of fermentation	manage : train
lee : open plain ; side of vessel protected from the wind ; lie	mantle : shawl
lee-long : live-long	margin : edge
leuch : laughed	mark : pay careful attention
lieu : place	marshal : official of high rank who superintends ceremonies
lift : air, sky	mart : market place
light down : get down	Martinmas : Feast of St. Martin, November 11

Word List

- mass-book** : book of church services
- matins** : morning prayers
- maun** : must
- mauna** : must not
- mazed** : bewildered
- meet** : suitable, proper
- meikle** : much
- melick** : clover
- men-at-arms** : armed men
- menial** : domestic servant
- mere** : sea, lake
- merk** : old silver coin of Scotland worth $27\frac{1}{2}$ cents
- mettled** : brave, spirited
- mew** : sea gull
- Michaelmas** : September 29, St. Michael's Day
- mickle** : much
- midmost** : middle
- midshipmite** : midshipman, a sailor receiving naval education
- mien** : appearance, bearing
- mincing** : usually applied to a prim, affected manner of walking
- minion** : favorite servant
- mirk** : dark
- missal** : book containing services of the church
- mitre** : official headdress of a bishop
- molten** : made of melted metal
- monie** : many
- mony** : many
- mould** : a fine rich soil
- muckle** : big
- muir** : moor
- muleteers** : drivers of mules
- musqueteer** : foot-soldier with a musket
- must** : grape juice
- muster-roll** : list of all men in a ship's company
- mutch** : a woman's close-frilled cap
- na** : no
- nae** : no
- naething** : nothing
- ne** : nor
- neist** : next
- nere** : never
- nether** : lower
- nicht** : night
- nine gods** : the nine great gods of the Etruscans, who inhabited a part of what is now Italy
- noble** : old coin valued at about six shillings, eight pence; (verb) ennoble, make noble
- noo** : now
- nor** : than
- Noroway** : Norway
- Nurscia** : a goddess of the Volscians

Appendix

- o'er** : too
o'erword : inner meaning
Ohon : alas
ominous : foretelling evil
ony : any
or : before
ore : o'er, too
orison : a prayer of deep devotion
Our Lady of Sancerre : a shrine of the Virgin Mary
outen : out from
owergangs : is greater than
owre : over, too
Oxenford : Oxford
- pad** : slow-paced horse
Palatinus : one of the seven hills of Rome
palfrey : woman's saddle horse
pall : mantle or cloak ; altar cloth
pallet : small rough bed
Pantaloön : in pantomimes an absurd old man on whom the clown plays tricks
Pater : the Lord's Prayer, from the first word, " Our Father "
- paughty** : haughty, insolent
pedigree : family history
peewit : sandpiper
penance : something done to make up for a wrong committed
phlegm : bad humor
Phoebus : the sun
picket : military guard
pie : magpie
piebald : spotted
pike : a weapon with a spearhead at one end
pike-staff : long staff with metal point
pin : peg
pin'd : fastened
pinnacle : a small sailboat
plat : twined together
plaudits : applause
plenary absolution : full forgiveness
pleugh : plow
ply : use diligently
port : bearing
Portingale : Portugal
portmantle : traveling bag
prate : be foolishly talkative
preen'd hersell : arranged her clothing
presage : foretell
prick : spur
prigged : stolen
prink'd : adorned
prior : the monk next in rank below the abbot
prithee : I pray thee
prow : the bow of a ship

Word List

- pu'd** : pulled
- punchinello** : a character in a puppet show
- quaff** : drink deeply
- quarry** : creature hunted
- quarter-deck** : deck for officers only
- quarter-guard** : guard mounted in camp in front of each battalion
- quid** : piece of tobacco
- quip** : short sarcastic remark
- quire** : part of church where choir sit
- quo'** : quoth, said
- rabble** : noisy crowd or mob
- rade** : rode
- ramp** : rear up and spring
- raw** : row
- rax** : tear
- ray** : array
- reck** : care, mind
- rede** : counsel
- reefer** : midshipman
- refectory** : dining hall
- refrain** : leave
- reft** : took away, robbed
- reified** : stolen
- renoun** : honor
- repair** : return
- restitution** : act of making good a loss
- richt** : right
- rid** : rode
- riddled** : pierced with holes in many places
- rin** : run
- rive** : tear
- roan** : a horse, bay or brown, spotted with gray
- rochet** : ceremonial garment of a bishop
- rock Tarpeian** : lofty cliff in Rome from which traitors were hurled
- roister** : rough fellow, blusterer, swaggerer
- Roland** : a brave knight in the court of Charlemagne (eighth century)
- rough** : angry
- roundly** : boldly
- row-foot** : standing in a row
- rue** : regret
- russet gray** : homespun gray
- sacristan** : sexton
- sae** : so
- saft** : soft
- Saint Jone** : Saint John
- sair** : sore, severe, heavy
- sall** : shall
- Sanctus** : the bell rung when bread and wine are blessed in the Mass
- sappers** : soldiers digging tunnel

Appendix

Saracen : Mohammedan	skeely : skillful
sark : shirt	skelp : blow or slap
sarvitor : servitor	skelpit : struck
saul : soul	slack : village green, common
saut : salt	slogan : battle cry of a Highland clan
scaur : scar, crack	snaffle-bars : a part of a horse's bit
scorpe : mock ; steep slope	snell : keen, piercing cold ; severe
scour : move swiftly	snood : band a young woman ties about her hair
scrip : pouch or wallet	sot : drunkard
sea-maw : sea gull	spak : spoke
seditious : tending to excite rebellion	spar-deck : upper deck
seer : prophet	spawn : offspring
seizin : estates	speer : ask
sen : sent	speird : asked
seneschal : steward of a castle	spight : spite
sets with : pleases, charms	spit : long pointed rod on which meat is roasted
shallop : a little open boat	splent : armor of thin metal plates
sheaves : slices	stack : grain
sheen : shining bright	stalls : choir seats in a cathedral
sheugh : trench	standard : ensign or flag
shoon : shoes	stane : stone
shot-window : perhaps a bow-window	starboard : right side of ship
shuttle : an instrument used in weaving	stark : stiff
sic : such	stay : large rope or wire which supports the mast of a ship
siccan : such	
sich : such	
siller : silver	
silly : helpless, frail, simple, childlike	
sin' : since	
sire : father	

Word List

stead : place
steek : stitch
steer : cattle
stench : strong offensive odor
step-minnie : stepmother
stern-light : starlight
stint : stop
St. John's Eve : June 23
stole : richly embroidered scarf
stour : battle
St. Pancras : a northern borough of London
strak : struck
straws : strews
stude : stood
succor : aid, relief
suld : should
sune : soon
sunkets : choice victuals
swain : young country fellow
sward : turf
swarthy : dark
syke : marsh
syne : since; then; after a while, afterward
tabard : short sleeveless garment worn over armor
tae : toe
ta'en : taken
taffrail : rail around vessel's stern

tail : attendants, followers
tak : take
tale : number
tally ho : a cry to urge on the hounds
tane : taken
tar-box : box of salve for anointing sores on sheep
tartan : woolen cloth woven with a checkered or cross-barred pattern
tattoo : signal to return to quarters, usually about 9 P.M.
tauld : told
tawse : a leather strap
teind : tribute
terse : short
tether : fasten by a rope
tett : tassel
thae's : these are
thanes : warrior companions
thegither : together
thews : muscles
thir : those
thorn : a prickly tree
tide : stream
tight : well-built
tinkler : wandering mender of household utensils
tint : lost
tire : attire, dress
tother : other
toun : town
traitery : treachery

Appendix

tribune : officer who protected the poor	wafer : small colored slip of adhesive paper for sealing documents
trigged : dressed	waist : middle of the ship
tireme : warship with three banks of oars	wale : choose, select
trow : think or suppose	waly : alas
tryst : market	wan : won ; pale
trysting : meeting	wand : bough, stick
tufted the covert : searched all through the shady places	wane : grow less
tufters : hunters beating the thickets to drive out game	wap : stuff
twa e'en o' tree : two wooden eyes	warder : guard
twae : two	ware : commodity, article
twigged : noticed	warld : world
ty'd : tied	warrant : sufficient age to be hunted
unco : uncanny ; very	waste : waist
unicorn : a fabled animal with a horn on its forehead	wastrel : wandering
untaen : untaken	wat : wet
unwonted : unaccustomed	waur : worse
vail (verb) : lower or take off, doff	weal : happiness
van : front of an army	weedy : ill-kept
Vespers : evening prayers	weel : well
Virgilian : patterned after the verse of Virgil	weel-tappit : well crested
wa' : wall	ween : know
wad : would	weet : wet
wae : woe	weird : fate
	welkin : sky
	weltering : violently tossing
	Westmerland : Westmoreland, a northern county of England
	wether : male sheep
	wha : who
	whare : where
	whaur : where

Suggestions for Further Reading

whenas : whenever	yard : long piece of timber attached to a mast to support a sail
whey : watery part of milk after curd is removed	yate : gate
whig : curd, buttermilk	yaud : work horse
whit : speck, smallest particle	ye : you
white money : silver	yeomen : holders of land next in rank below gentlemen
wi' : with	yerl : earl
wight : man	yestreen : yesterday evening
wily : crafty	yett : entrance
win : come to, get	yettling pan : small iron pot with legs
win to : climb up	
windlass : a machine used for hoisting weights	
winna : will not	
wis : know, think	
wittles : victuals	
Wodnesday : Wednesday	
wold : rolling upland	Zodiac : imaginary belt in the heavens divided into twelve parts represented by signs, as the Lion, the Crab, etc.
wot : knows	
wow : oh my!	
wraith : spirit	
wrang : wrong	

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER READING

A Book of Ballad Stories, Mary Macleod

A Book of Romance, Andrew Lang

Ballads and Other Poems, William Makepeace Thackeray

Ballads of Scotland, William Edmondstoune Aytoun

Border Minstrelsy, Sir Walter Scott

English and Scottish Popular Ballads, F. J. Child

Forty Singing Seamen, Alfred Noyes

Ingoldsby Legends, R. H. Barham

Appendix

- Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*, Howard Pyle
Oberon's Feast, Robert Herrick
Oberon's Palace, Robert Herrick
Oxford Book of Ballads, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch
Salt Water Ballads, John Masfield
Sohrab and Rustum, Matthew Arnold
Some British Ballads, illustrated by Arthur Rackham
The Ancient Mariner, S. T. Coleridge
The Bab Ballads, W. S. Gilbert
The Boy's Percy, Sidney Lanier

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